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INEBRIATE ASYLUMS, AND A VISIT TO ONE.

THERE are two kinds of drunkards, — the Regular and the Occasional. Of each of these two classes there are several varieties, and, indeed, there are no two cases precisely alike; but every drunkard in the world is either a person who has lost the power to refrain from drinking a certain large quantity of alcoholic liquor every day, or he is one who has lost the power to refrain from drinking an uncertain enormous quantity now and then.

Few get drunk habitually who can refrain. If they could refrain, they would; for to no creatures is drunkenness so loathsome and temperance so engaging, as to seven tenths of the drunkards. There are a few very coarse men, of heavy, stolid, animal organization, who almost seem formed by nature to absorb alcohol, and in whom there is not enough of manhood to be ashamed of its degradation. These Dr. Albert Day, the superintendent of the New York State Inebriate Asylum, sometimes calls Natural Drunkards. They like strong drink for its own sake; they have a kind of sulky enjoyment of its muddling effect upon such brains as they happen to

have; and when once the habit is fixed, nothing can deliver them except stone walls and iron bars. There are also a few drunkards of very light calibre, trifling persons, incapable of serious reflection or of a serious purpose, their very terrors being trivial and transitory, who do not care for the ruin in which they are involved. Generally speaking, however, drunkards hate the servitude into which they have had the misfortune to fall; they long to escape from it, have often tried to escape, and if they have given up, it is only after having so many times slid back into the abyss, that they feel it would be of no use to climb again. As Mrs. H. B. Stowe remarks, with that excellent charity of hers, which is but another name for refined justice, "Many a drunkard has expended more virtue in vain endeavors to break his chain than suffices to carry an ordinary Christian to heaven."

The daily life of one of the steady drunkards is like this: upon getting up in the morning, after a heavy, restless, drunkard's sleep, he is miserable beyond expression, and almost helpless. In very bad cases, he will see

double, and his hands will tremble so that he cannot lift to his lips the glass for which he has a desire amounting to mania. Two or three stiff glasses of spirituous liquor will restore him so far that he can control his muscles, and get about without betraying his condition. After being up an hour, and drinking every ten or fifteen minutes, he will usually be able to eat a pretty good breakfast, which, with the aid of coffee, tobacco, and a comparatively small quantity of liquor, he will be able to digest. After breakfast, for some hours he will generally be able to transact routine business, and associate with his fellows without exciting their pity or contempt. As dinner-time draws near, he feels the necessity of creating an appetite; which he often accomplishes by drinking some of those infernal compounds which are advertised on the eternal rocks and mountain-sides as Bitters,—a mixture of bad drugs with worse spirits. These bitters do lash the torpid powers into a momentary, morbid, fierce activity, which enables the victim to eat even a superabundant dinner. The false excitement subsides, but the dinner remains, and it has to be digested. This calls for an occasional drink for three or four hours, after which the system is exhausted, and the man feels dull and languid. He is exhausted, but he is not tranquil; he craves a continuation of the stimulant with a craving which human nature, so abused and perverted, never resists. By this time it is evening, when all the apparatus of temptation is in the fullest activity, and all the loose population of the town is abroad. He now begins his evening debauch, and keeps up a steady drinking until he can drink no more, when he stumbles home to sleep off the stupefying fumes, and awake to the horror and decrepitude of a drunkard's morning.

The quantity of spirituous liquor required to keep one of these unhappy men in this degrading slavery varies from a pint a day to two quarts. Many drunkards consume a quart of whiskey every day for years. The regular al-

lowance of one gentleman of the highest position, both social and official, who made his way to the Inebriate Asylum, had been two quarts of brandy a day for about five years. The most remarkable known case is that of a hoary-headed man of education and fortune, residing in the city of New York, who confesses to taking "fifty drinks a day" of whiskey,—ten drinks to a bottle, and five bottles to a gallon. One gallon of liquor, he *says*, goes down his old throat every day of the year. Before he is fit to eat his breakfast in the morning he has to drink twelve glasses of whiskey, or one bottle and one fifth. Nevertheless, even this poor man is able, for some hours of the morning, to transact what people of property and leisure call business, and, during a part of the evening, to converse in such a way as to amuse persons who can look on and see a human being in such bondage without stopping to think what a tragedy it is: This Old Boy never has to be carried home, I believe. He is one of those most hopeless drunkards who never get drunk, never wallow in the gutter, never do anything to scare or startle them into an attempt to reform. He is like a certain German "puddler" who was pointed out to me in a Pittsburgh iron-works, who consumes exactly seven dollars' worth of lager-beer every seven days,—twenty glasses a day, at five cents each. He is also like the men employed in the dismal work of the brewery, who are allowed as much beer as they can drink, and who generally do drink as much as they can. Such persons are always fuddled and stupid, but seldom drunk enough to alarm their neighbors or themselves. Perhaps they are the only persons in all the world who are in any degree justified in passing their lives in a state of suspended intelligence; those of them at least whose duty it is to get inside of enormous beer-barrels, and there, in darkness and solitude, in an atmosphere reeking and heavy with stale ale, scrape and mop them out, before they are refilled. When you see their dirty, pale faces at the "man-hole" of the barrel,

down in the rumbling bowels of the earth, in one of those vast caves of beer in Cincinnati, you catch yourself saying, "Drink, poor devils, drink! Soak what brains you have in beer!" What can a man want with brains in a beer-barrel? But, then, you think again, even these poor men need their brains when they get home; and *we* need that they should have brains on the first Tuesday in November.

It is that *going home* which makes drunkenness so dire a tragedy. If the drunkard could only shut himself up with a whiskey-barrel, or a pipe of Madeira, and quietly guzzle himself to death, it would be a pity, but it could be borne. He never does this; he goes home to make that home perdition to some good souls that love him, or depend upon him, and cannot give him up. There are men at the Asylum near Binghamton, who have admirable wives, beautiful and accomplished daughters, venerable parents, whose portraits are there in the patient's trunks, and who write daily letters to cheer the absent one, whose absence now, for the first time in years, does not terrify them. *They* are the victims of drunkenness,—they who never taste strong drink. For *their* deliverance, this Asylum stands upon its hill justified in existing. The men themselves are interesting, valuable, precious, worth every rational effort that can be made to save them; but it is those whom they have left at home anxious and desolate that have the first claim upon our consideration.

With regard to these steady, regular drunkards, the point to be noted is this: very few of them can stop drinking while they continue to perform their daily labor; they absolutely *depend* upon the alcohol to rouse their torpid energies to activity. Their jaded constitutions will not budge without the spur. Everything within them gapes and hungers for the accustomed stimulant. This is the case, even in a literal sense; for it seems, from Dr. Day's dissections, that the general effect of excessive drinking is to enlarge the globules of which the

brain, the blood, the liver, and other organs are composed, so that those globules, as it were, stand open-mouthed, empty, athirst, inflamed, and most eager to be filled. A man whose every organ is thus diseased cannot usually take the first step toward cure without ceasing for a while to make any other demands upon himself. This is the great fact of his condition. If he is a true drunkard, i. e. if he has lost the power to do his work without excessive alcoholic stimulation, then there is no cure possible for him without rest. Here we have the simple explanation of Mrs. Stowe's fine remark just quoted. This is why so many thousand wives spend their days in torment between hope and despair,—hope kindled by the husband's efforts to regain possession of himself, and despair caused by his repeated, his inevitable relapses. The unfortunate man tries to do two things at once, the easiest of which is as much as he can accomplish; while the hardest is a task which, even with the advantage of perfect rest, few can perform without assistance.

The Occasional Drunkard is a man who is a teetotaler for a week, two weeks, a month, three months, six months, and who, at the end of his period, is tempted to drink one glass of alcoholic liquor. That one glass has upon him two effects; it rouses the slumbering demon of Desire, and it perverts his moral judgment. All at once his honor and good name, the happiness and dignity of his family, his success in business, all that he held dearest a moment before, seem small to him, and he thinks he has been a fool of late to concern himself so much about them. Or else he thinks he can drink without being found out, and without its doing him the harm it did the last time. Whatever may be the particular delusion that seizes him, the effect is the same; he drinks, and drinks, and drinks, keeping it up sometimes for ten days, or even for several weeks, until the long debauch ends in utter exhaustion or in delirium tremens. He is then compelled to submit to treatment; he must needs go to

the Inebriate Asylum of his own bedroom. There, whether he raves or droops, he is the most miserable wretch on earth; for, besides the bodily tortures which he suffers, he has to endure the most desolating pang that a decent human being ever knows, — the loss of his self-respect. He abhors himself and is ashamed; he remembers past relapses and despairs; he cannot look his own children in the face; he wishes he had never been born, or had died in the cursed hour, vividly remembered, when this appetite mastered him first. As his health is restored, his hopes revive; he renews his resolution and he resumes his ordinary routine, subdued, distrustful of himself, and on the watch against temptation. Why he again relapses he can hardly tell, but he always does. Sometimes a snarl in business perplexes him, and he drinks for elucidation. Sometimes melancholy oppresses him, and he drinks to drive dull care away. Sometimes good fortune overtakes him, or an enchanting day in June or October attunes his heart to joy, and he is taken captive by the strong delusion that now is the time to drink and be glad. Often it is lovely woman who offers the wine, and offers it in such a way that he thinks he cannot refuse without incivility or confession. From conversation with the inmates of the Inebriate Asylum, I am confident that Mr. Greeley's assertion with regard to the wine given at the Communion is correct. That sip might be enough to awaken the desire. The mere odor of the wine filling the church might be too much for some men.

There appears to be a physical cause for this extreme susceptibility. Dr. Day has once had the opportunity to examine the brain of a man who, after having been a drunkard, reformed, and lived for some years a teetotaler. He found, to his surprise, that the globules of the brain had not shrunk to their natural size. They did not exhibit the inflammation of the drunkard's brain, but they were still enlarged, and seemed ready on the instant to absorb the fumes of alcohol, and resume their for-

mer condition. He thought he saw in this morbid state of the brain the physical part of the reason why a man who has once been a drunkard can never again, as long as he lives, safely take one drop of any alcoholic liquor. He thought he saw why a glass of wine puts the man back instantly to where he was when he drank all the time. He saw the citadel free from the enemy, swept and clean, but undefended, incapable of defence, and its doors opened wide to the enemy's return; so that there was no safety, except in keeping the foe at a distance, away beyond the outermost wall.

There are many varieties of these occasional drunkards, and, as a class, they are perhaps the hardest to cure. Edgar Poe was one of them; half a glass of wine would set him off upon a wild, reckless debauch, that would last for days. All such persons as artists, writers, and actors used to be particularly subject to this malady, before they had any recognized place in the world, or any acknowledged right to exist at all. Men whose labors are intense, but irregular, whose gains are small and uncertain, who would gladly be gentlemen, but are compelled to content themselves with being loafers, are in special danger; and so are men whose toil is extremely monotonous. Printers, especially those who work at night upon newspapers, are, perhaps, of all men the most liable to fall under the dominion of drink. Some of them have persuaded themselves that they rest under a kind of necessity to "go on a tear" now and then, as a relief from such grinding work as theirs. On the contrary, one "tear" creates the temptation to another; for the man goes back to his work weak, depressed, and irritable; the monotony of his labor is aggravated by the incorrectness with which he does it, and the longing to break loose and renew the oblivion of drink strengthens rapidly, until it masters him once more.

Of these periodical drunkards it is as true as it is of their regular brethren, that they cannot conquer the habit

without being relieved for a while of their daily labor. This malady is so frequent among us, that hardly an individual will cast his eyes over these pages who cannot call to mind at least one person who has struggled with it for many years, and struggled in vain. They attempt too much. Their periodical "sprees," "benders," or "tears" are a connected series, each a cause and an effect, an heir and a progenitor. After each debauch, the man returns to his routine in just the state of health, in just the state of mind, to be irritated, disgusted, and exhausted by that routine; and, at every moment of weakness, there is always present the temptation to seek the deadly respite of alcohol. The moment arrives when the desire becomes too strong for him, and the victim yields to it by a law as sure, as irresistible, as that which makes the apple seek the earth's centre when it is disengaged from the tree.

It is amazing to see how helpless men can be against such a habit, while they are compelled to continue their daily round of duties. Not ignorant men only, nor bad men, nor weak men, but men of good understanding, of rare gifts, of the loftiest aspirations, of characters the most amiable, engaging, and estimable, and of will sufficient for every purpose but this. They *know* the ruin that awaits them, or in which they are already involved, better than we other sinners know it; they hate their bondage worse than the most uncharitable of their friends can despise it; they look with unutterable envy upon those who still have dominion over themselves; many, very many of them would give all they have for deliverance; and yet self-deliverance is impossible. There are men among them who have been trying for thirty years to abstain, and still they drink. Some of them have succeeded in lengthening the sober interval, and they will live with strictest correctness for six months or more, and then, taking that first fatal glass, will immediately lose their self-control, and drink furiously for days and nights; drink until they are obliged to use

drunken artifice to get the liquid into their mouths, — their hands refusing their office. Whether they take a large quantity of liquor every day, or an immense quantity periodically, makes no great difference, the disease is essentially the same; the difficulties in the way of cure are the same; the remedial measures must be the same. A drunkard, in short, is a person so diseased by alcohol, that he cannot get through his work without keeping his system saturated with it, or without such weariness and irritation as furnish irresistible temptation to a debauch. He is, in other words, a fallen brother, who cannot get upon his feet without help, and who can generally get upon his feet with help.

Upon this truth Inebriate Asylums are founded; their object being to afford the help needed. There are now four such institutions in the United States: one in Boston, opened in 1857, called the Washingtonian Home; one in Media, near Philadelphia, opened in 1867, called the Sanitarium; one at Chicago, opened in 1868; and one at Binghamton, New York, called the New York Inebriate Asylum. The one last named was founded in 1858, if the laying of the corner-stone with grand ceremonial can be called founding it; and it has been opened some years for the reception of patients; but it had no real existence as an asylum for the cure of inebriates until the year 1867, when the present superintendent, Dr. Albert Day, assumed control.

The history of the institution previous to that time ought to be related fully for the warning of a preoccupied and subscribing public, but space cannot be afforded for it here. The substance of it, as developed in sundry reports of trials and pamphlets of testimony, is this: Fifteen or twenty years ago, an English adventurer living in the city of New York, calling himself a doctor, and professing to treat unnamable diseases, thought he saw in this notion of an Inebriate Asylum (then much spoken of) a chance for feathering his nest. He entered upon the enterprise

without delay, and he displayed a good deal of nervous energy in getting the charter, collecting money, and erecting the building. The people of Binghamton, misled by his representations, gave a farm of two hundred and fifty-two acres for the future inmates to cultivate, which was two hundred acres too much; and to this tract farms still more superfluous have been added, until the Asylum estate contains more than five hundred acres. An edifice was begun on the scale of an imperial palace, which will have cost, by the time it is finished and furnished, a million dollars. The restless man pervaded the State raising money, and creating public opinion in favor of the institution. For several years he was regarded as one of the great originating philanthropists of the age; and this the more because he always gave out that he was laboring in the cause from pure love of the inebriate, and received no compensation.

But the time came when his real object and true character were revealed. In 1864 he carried his disinterestedness so far as to offer to *give* to the institution, as part of its permanent fund, the entire amount to which he said he was entitled for services rendered and expenses incurred. This amount was two hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars, which would certainly have been a handsome gift. When he was asked for the items of his account, he said he had charged for eighteen years' services in founding the institution, at thirty-five hundred dollars a year, and the rest was travelling-expenses, clerk hire, and salaries paid to agents. The trustees were puzzled to know how a man who, at the beginning of the enterprise, had no visible property, could have expended so much out of his private resources, while exercising an unremunerated employment. Leaving that conundrum unsolved, they were able at length to conjecture the object of the donation. One of the articles of the charter provided that any person giving ten dollars to the institution should be a stockholder, and entitled to a vote at the election of trustees. Every gift of ten

dollars was a vote! If, therefore, this astounding claim had been allowed, and the *gift* accepted, the audacious villain would have been constituted owner of four fifths of the governing stock, and the absolute controller of the entire property of the institution! It was a bold game, and the strangest part of the story is, that it came near succeeding. It required the most arduous exertions of a public-spirited board of trustees, headed by Dr. Willard Parker, to oust the man who, even after the discovery of his scheme, played his few last cards so well that he had to be bought off by a considerable sum cash down. An incident of the disastrous reign of this individual was the burning of one of the wings of the building, after he had had it well insured. The insurance was paid him (\$81,000); and there was a trial for arson,—a crime which is easy to commit, and hard to prove. Binghamton convicted the prisoner, but the jury was obliged to acquit him. The man and his confederates must have carried off an enormous booty. The local trustees say, in their Report for 1867:—

“Less than two years ago the Asylum received about \$81,000 from insurance companies for damage done by fire to the north wing. About \$20,000 have since been received from the counties; making from these two sources about \$100,000; and, although the buildings and grounds remain in the same unfinished state as when the fire occurred, except a small amount of work done in one or two wards in the south wing, the \$100,000 have nearly disappeared. . . . Aside from the payment of interest and insurance, this money has been expended by Dr. —, and in just such ways as he thought proper to use it.

“It may well be asked why this is so? The answer is, that Dr. — assumes and exercises supreme control, and allows no interference, at least on the part of the resident trustees. . . .

“His control and management of everything connected with the institution has been as absolute in fact, if not in form, as if he were its sole proprietor.

He goes to Albany to obtain legislation giving him extraordinary police powers, without as much as even informing the trustees of his intentions. When the iron grates for the windows of the lower ward were obtained, the resident trustees knew nothing of the matter, until they were informed that the patients were looking through barred windows. Everything has been done in the same way. He is not known to have had any other official relation to the institution by regular appointment than that of corresponding secretary, and yet he has exercised a power over its affairs which has defied all restraint. He lives there with his family, without a salary, and without individual resources, and dispenses hospitality or charity to his kindred with as much freedom and unreserve as if he owned everything, and had unlimited means at his command. In fact, incredible as it may seem, he claims that he is virtually the owner of the institution. And his claim might have challenged contradiction, had his plans succeeded."

Such things may be done in a community where almost every one is benevolent enough to give money towards an object that promises to mitigate human woe, but where scarcely any one has leisure to watch the expenditure of that sacred treasure!

The institution, after it was open, remained for two years under the blight of this person's control. Everything he did was wrong. Ignorant, obstinate, passionate, fussy, and false, — plausible and obsequious at Albany, a violent despot at the Asylum, — he was, of all the people in the world, the precisely worst man to conduct an experiment so novel, and so abounding in difficulties. If he had a theory, it was that an inebriate is something between a criminal and a lunatic, who is to be punished like the one and restrained like the other. His real object seemed to be, after having received payment for a patient six months in advance, to starve and madden him into a sudden departure. The very name chosen by him for the institution proves his hopeless

incompetency. "Inebriate Asylum!" That name to-day is, perhaps, the greatest single obstacle to its growth. He began by affixing a stigma to the unfortunate men who had honored themselves by making so gallant an effort at self-recovery. But let the man and his doings pass into oblivion. There never yet was a bad man who was not, upon the whole, a very stupid ass. All the genuine intelligence in the world resides in virtuous minds. When, therefore, I have said that this individual was an unprincipled adventurer, I have also said that he was signally incapable of conducting an institution like this.

While we, in the State of New York, were blundering on in this way, permitting a million dollars of public and private money to be lavished in the attempt to found an asylum, a few quiet people in Boston, aided by a small annual grant from the Legislature, had actually established one, and kept it going for nine years, during which three thousand inebriates had been received, and two thousand of them cured! The thing was accomplished in the simplest way. They hired the best house for the purpose that chanced to be vacant, fitted it up at the least possible expense, installed in it as superintendent an honest man whose heart was in the business, and opened its doors for the reception of patients. By and by, when they had results to show, they asked the Legislature for a little help, which was granted, and has been renewed from year to year ever since. The sum voted has never exceeded five thousand dollars in any year, and there are three men in Boston at this moment reclaimed from drunkenness by the Washingtonian Home who pay taxes enough to support it.

In an enterprise for the management of which no precedents exist, everything of course depends upon the chief. When you have got the right man at the head you have got everything, and until you have got the right man there you have got nothing. Albert Day, the superintendent for nine years of the Washingtonian Home at Boston, and,

during the last year and a half the superintendent of the Asylum at Binghamton, has originated nearly all that is known of the art of curing the mania for alcohol. He struck into the right path at once, guided by instinct and sympathy, rather than by science or reflection. He was not a professional person; he was simply a business man of good New England education, who had two special qualifications for his new position, — first, a singular pity for drunkards; and, secondly, a firm belief that with timely and right assistance, a majority of them could be restored to self-control. This pity and this faith he had possessed for many years, and they had both grown strong by exercise. When he was a child upon his father's farm in Maine, he saw in his own home, and all around him, the evils resulting from the general use of alcoholic liquors, so that when the orators of teetotalism came along, he was ready to receive their message. He is one of the very few persons now living in the world who never partook of an alcoholic beverage, — so early was he convinced of their preposterous inutility. Losing his father at thirteen, he at once took hold of life in the true Yankee way. He tied up his few worldly effects into a bundle, and, slinging it over his shoulder, walked to a farmer's house not many miles away, and addressed to him a plain question, "Do you want to hire a boy?" to which the farmer with equal directness replied, "Yes." From hoeing corn and chopping wood the lad advanced to an apprenticeship, and learned a mechanical trade; and so made his way to early marriage, decent prosperity, and a seat in the Legislature of Massachusetts. From the age of sixteen he was known, wherever he lived, as a stanch teetotaler, and also as one who would befriend a drunkard after others had abandoned him to his fate.

I once heard Dr. Day relate the occurrence which produced in his mind the conviction that drunkards could be rescued from the domination of their morbid appetite. One evening, when

he came home from his work, he heard that a certain Jack Watts, the sot of the neighborhood, was starving with his wife and three young children. After tea he went to see him. In treating this first patient, Albert Day hit upon the very method he has ever since pursued, and so I beg the reader will note the manner in which he proceeded. On entering his cottage he was as polite to him, as considerate of his dignity as head of a household, as he could have been to the first man of the village. "Mr. Watts," said he, after the usual salutations, "I hear you are in straitened circumstances." The man, who was then quite sober, replied: "I am; my two youngest children went to bed crying for food, and I had none to give them. I spent my last three cents over there," pointing to a grog-shop opposite, "and the bar-keeper said to me, as he took the money, says he, 'Jack Watts, you're a fool,' and so I am." Here was a chance for a fine moral lecture. Albert Day indulged in nothing of the kind. He said, "Mr. Watts, excuse me for a few minutes"; and he went out, returning soon with a basket containing some flour, pork, and other materials for a supper. "Now, Mrs. Watts, cook something and wake your children up, and give them something to eat. I'll call again early in the morning. Good night."

Perfect civility, — no reproaches, — no lecture, — practical help of the kind needed and at the time needed. Observe, too, that the man was in the condition of mind in which patients usually are when they make the *confession* implied in entering an asylum. He was at the end of his tether. He was — to use the language of the bar-room — "dead beat."

When Mr. Day called the next morning, the family had had their breakfast, and Jack Watts smiled benedictions on the man whom he had been wont to regard as his enemy, because he was the declared enemy of Jack Watts's enemy. Now the time had come for a little talk. Jack Watts explained his

circumstances ; he had been out of work for a long time, and he had consumed all his substance in drink. Mr. Day listened with respectful attention, spoke to him of various plans for the future, and said that for that day he could give him a dollar's worth of wood-chopping to do. Then they got upon the liquor question. In the softened, receptive mind of Jack Watts Albert Day deposited the substance of a rational temperance lecture. He spoke to him kindly, respectfully, hopefully, strongly ; Jack Watts's mind was convinced ; he said he had done with drink forever. He meant it, too ; and thus he was brought to the second stage on the road to deliverance. In this particular case, resting from labor was out of the question and unnecessary, for the man had been resting too long already, and must needs to go to work. The wood was chopped. The dollar to be paid for the work at the close of the day was a fearful ordeal for poor Jack, living fifteen yards from a bar-room. Mr. Day called round in the evening, paid him the dollar without remark, fell into ordinary conversation with the family, and took leave. John stood the test ; not a cent of the money found its way into the till of the bar-keeper. Next morning Mr. Day was there again, and, seeing that the patient was going on well, spoke to him further about the future, and glided again into the main topic, dwelling much upon the absolute necessity of total and eternal abstinence. He got the man a place, visited him, held him up, fortified his mind, and so helped him to complete and lasting recovery. Jack Watts never drank again. He died a year or two ago in Maine at a good age, having brought up his family respectably.

This was an extreme case, for the man had been a drunkard many years ; it was a difficult case, for he was poor and ignorant ; and it made upon the mind of Albert Day an impression that nothing could efface. He was living in Boston in 1857, exercising his trade, when the Washingtonian Home was opened. He was indeed one of the originators of the movement, and took

the post of superintendent, because no one else seemed capable of conducting the experiment. Having now to deal with the diseased bodies of men, he joined the medical department of Harvard University, and went through the usual course, making a particular study of the malady he was attempting to cure. After nine years' service he was transferred to the Asylum at Binghamton, where he pursues the system practised with success at Boston.

I visited the Binghamton Asylum in June of the present year. The situation combines many advantages. Of the younger cities that have sprung into importance along the line of leading railroads there is not one of more vigorous growth or more inviting appearance than Binghamton. Indications of spirit and civilization meet the eye at every turn. There are long streets of elegant cottages and villas, surrounded by nicely kept gardens and lawns, and containing churches in the construction of which the established barbarisms have been avoided. There is a general tidiness and attention to appearances that we notice in the beautiful towns and villages of New England ; such as picturesque Northampton, romantic Brattleboro', and enchanting Stockbridge, peerless among villages. The Chenango River unites here with the Susquehanna ; so that the people who have not a river within sight of their front doors are likely to have one flowing peacefully along at the back of their gardens. It is a town, the existence of which in a State governed as New York is governed shows how powerless a government is to corrupt a virtuous and intelligent people, and speaks of the time when governments will be reduced to their natural and proper insignificance. Such communities require little of the central power ; and it is a great pity that that little is indispensable, and that Albany cannot be simply wiped out.

Two miles from Binghamton, on a high hill rising from the bank of the Susquehanna, and commanding an extensive view of the beautiful valleys of both rivers, stands the castellated palace

which an adventurer had the impudence to build with money intrusted to him for a better purpose. The Erie Railroad coils itself about the base of this eminence, from the summit of which the white puffs of the locomotive can be descried in one direction nine miles, and in the other fifteen miles. On reaching this summit about nine o'clock on a fine morning in June, I found myself in front of a building of light-colored stone, presenting a front of three hundred and sixty-five feet, in a style of architecture that unites well the useful and the pleasing. Those numerous towers which relieve the monotony of so extensive a front serve an excellent purpose in providing small apartments for various purposes, which, but for them, could not be contrived without wasting space. At present the first view of the building is not inviting, for the burnt wing remains roofless and void,—the insurance money not having been applied to refitting it,—and the main edifice is still unfinished. Not a tree has yet been planted, and the grounds about the building are little more pleasing to the eye than fifty acres of desert. On a level space in front of the edifice a number of young men were playing a game of base-ball, and playing it badly. Their intentions were excellent, but their skill was small. Sitting on the steps and upon the blocks of stone scattered about were fifty or sixty well-dressed, well-looking gentlemen of various ages, watching the game. In general appearance and bearing these persons were so decidedly superior to the average of mortals, that few visitors fail to remark the fact. Living up there in that keen, pure air, and living in a rational manner, amusing themselves with games of ball, rowing, sailing, gardening, bowling, billiards, and gymnastic exercises, they are as brown and robust as David Copperfield was when he came home from the Continent and visited his friend Tradles. Take any hundred men from the educated classes, and give them a few months of such a life as this, and the improvement in their appearance will

be striking. Among these on-lookers of the game were a few men with gray hairs, but the majority were under thirty, perhaps thirty-two or thirty-five was about the average age.

When I looked upon this most unexpected scene, it did not for a moment occur to me that these serene and healthy-looking men could be the inmates of the Asylum. The insensate name of the institution prepares the visitor to see the patients lying about in various stages of intoxication. The question has sometimes been asked of the superintendent by visitors looking about them and peering into remote corners, "But, Doctor, where do you *keep* your drunkards?" The astonishment of such inquirers is great indeed when they are informed that the polite and well-dressed gentlemen standing about, and in whose hearing the question was uttered, are the inmates of the institution; every individual of whom was till very recently, not merely a drunkard, but a drunkard of the most advanced character, for whose deliverance from that miserable bondage almost every one had ceased to hope. A large majority of the present inmates are persons of education and respectable position, who pay for their residence here at rates varying from ten to twenty dollars a week, and who are co-operating ardently with the superintendent for their recovery. More than half of them were officers of the army or navy during the late war, and lost control of themselves then. One in ten must be by law a free patient; and whenever an inebriate really desires to break his chain, he is met halfway by the trustees, and his board is fixed at a rate that accords with his circumstances. A few patients have been taken as low as five dollars a week. When once the building has been completed, the grounds laid out, and the farms disposed of, the trustees hope never to turn from the door of the institution any proper applicant who desires to avail himself of its assistance. The present number of patients is something less than one hundred,

which is about fifty less than can be accommodated. When the burnt wing is restored, there will be room for four hundred.

Upon entering the building, we find ourselves in a spacious, handsome, well-arranged, and well-furnished hotel. The musical click of billiard-balls, and the distant thunder of the bowling-alley, salute the ear; one of the inmates may be performing brilliantly on the piano, or trying over a new piece for next Sunday on the cabinet organ in the temporary chapel. The billiard-room, we soon discover, contains three tables. There is a reading-room always open, in which the principal periodicals of both continents, and plenty of newspapers, are accessible to all the patients. A small library, which ought to be a larger one, is open at a certain hour every day. A conservatory is near completion, and there is a garden of ten acres near by in which a number of the inmates may usually be seen at work. A croquet-ground is not wanting, and the apparatus of cricket is visible in one of the halls. The chapel is still far from being finished, but enough is done to show that it will be elegant and inviting soon after the next instalment of excise-money comes in. The dining-room is lofty and large, as indeed are all the public rooms. The private rooms are equal, both in size and furniture, to those of good city hotels. The arrangements for warming, lighting, washing, bathing, cooking, are such as we should expect to find in so stately an edifice. We have not yet reached the point when housework will do itself; but in great establishments like this, where one man, working ten minutes an hour, warms two or three hundred rooms, menial labor is hopefully reduced. In walking about the wide halls and airy public apartments, the visitor sees nothing to destroy the impression that the building is a very liberally arranged summer hotel. To complete the illusion, he will perhaps see toddling about a lovely child with its beautiful mother, and in the large parlor some ladies visiting

inmates or officers of the institution. The table also is good and well served. A stranger, not knowing the nature of the institution, might, however, be puzzled to decide whether it is a hotel or a college. No one, it is true, ever saw a college so handsomely arranged and provided; but the tone of the thing is college-like, especially when you get about among the rooms of the inmates, and see them cramming for next Monday's debate, or writing a lecture for the Asylum course.

This institution is in fact, as in appearance, a rationally conducted hotel or Temporary Home and resting-place for men diseased by the excessive use of alcoholic drinks. It is a place where they can pause and reflect, and gather strength and knowledge for the final victorious struggle with themselves. Temptation is not so remote that their resolution is not in continual exercise, nor so near that it is tasked beyond its strength. There lies Binghamton in its valley below them in plain sight, among its rivers and its trees, with its thousand pretty homes and its dozen nasty bar-rooms. They can go down there and drink, if they can get any one to risk the fifty dollars' fine imposed by the law of the State upon any one who sells liquor to an inmate of the Asylum. Generally, there is some poor mercenary wretch who will do it. Until it has been proved that the sight of Binghamton is too much for a patient, the only restraint upon his liberty is, that he must not enter the town without the consent of the superintendent. This consent is not regarded in the light of a permission, but in that of a physician's opinion. The patient is supposed to mean: "Dr. Day, would you, as my medical adviser, recommend me to go to Binghamton this morning to be measured for a pair of shoes? Do you think it would be salutary? Am I far enough advanced in convalescence to trust myself to breathe the air of the valley for an hour?" The doctor gives his opinion on the point, and it is etiquette to accept that opinion without remark.

Not one patient has yet visited the town, with the consent of the superintendent, who has proved unequal to the temptation. If an inmate steals away and yields to his craving, he is placed in confinement for a day or two, or longer if necessary. It occasionally happens that a patient, conscious of the coming on of a paroxysm of desire, asks to have the key of his room turned upon him till it is over. It is desired that this turning of the key, and those few barred rooms in one of the wards, shall be regarded as mere remedial appliances, as much so as the bottles of medicine in the medicine-chest. It is, however, understood that no one is to be released from confinement who does not manifest a renewed purpose to refrain. Such a purpose is sometimes indicated by a note addressed to the superintendent like the following, which I happened to see placed in his hands:—

“DR. DAY:—

“DEAR SIR: I cannot let the circumstance which happened yesterday pass by without assuring you that I am truly sorry for the disgrace I have brought on the institution, as well as myself. I certainly appreciate your efforts to guide us all in the right direction, and more especially the interest that you have taken in my own welfare. Let me assure you now, that hereafter, as long as I remain with you, I shall use every endeavor to conduct myself as I should, and cause you no further trouble.”

Lapses of this kind are not frequent, and they are regarded by the superintendent as part of the means of restoration which the institution affords; since they aid him in destroying a fatal self-confidence, and in inculcating the idea that a patient who lapses must never think of giving up the struggle, but renew it the instant he can gain the least foothold of self-control.

The system of treatment pursued here is founded on the expectation that the patient and the institution will co-operate. If a man does not desire to

be reclaimed, and such a desire cannot be awakened within him, the institution can do no more than keep him sober while he remains an inmate of it. There will, perhaps, one day be in every State an asylum for incurable drunkards, wherein they will be permanently detained, and compelled to live temperately, and earn their subsistence by suitable labor. But this is not such an institution. Here all is voluntary. The co-operation of the patient is assumed; and when no desire to be restored can be roused, the experiment is not continued longer than a few months.

The two grand objects aimed at by the superintendent are, to raise the tone of the bodily health, and to fortify the weakened will. The means employed vary somewhat in each case. The superintendent designs to make a particular study of each individual; he endeavors to win his confidence, to adapt the treatment to his peculiar disposition, and to give him just the aid he needs. As the number of patients increases, this will become more difficult, if it does not become impossible. The more general features of the system are all that can be communicated to others, and these I will endeavor briefly to indicate.

It is interesting to observe the applicants for admission, when they enter the office of the Asylum, accompanied generally by a relative or friend. Some reach the building far gone in intoxication, having indulged in one last farewell debauch; or having drunk a bottle of whiskey for the purpose of screwing their courage to the sticking-point of entering the Asylum. A clergyman whom this institution restored told me that he reached Binghamton in the evening, and went to bed drunk; and before going to the Asylum the next morning he had to fortify his system and his resolve by twelve glasses of brandy. Sometimes the accompanying friend, out of an absurd kind of pity for a poor fellow about to be deprived of his solace, will rather encourage him to drink; and often the relatives of an

inebriate can only get him into the institution by keeping him intoxicated until he is safe under its roof. Frequently men arrive emaciated and worn out from weeks or months of hard drinking; and occasionally a man will be brought in suffering from delirium tremens, who will require restraint and watching for several days. Some enter the office in terror, expecting to be immediately led away by a turnkey and locked up. All come with bodies diseased and minds demoralized; for the presence of alcohol in the system lowers the tone of the whole man, body and soul, strengthening every evil tendency, and weakening every good one. And this is the reason why men who are brought here against their will are not to be despaired of. Alcohol may only have suspended the activity of their better nature, which a few weeks of total abstinence may rouse to new life. As the health improves, ambition often revives, the native delicacy of the soul reappears, and the man becomes polite, docile, interested, agreeable, who on entering seemed coarse, stupid, obstinate, and malign.

The new-comer subscribes to the rules, pays his board three months in advance, and surrenders all the rest of his money. The paying in advance is a good thing; it is like paying your passage on going on board ship; the voyager has no care, and nothing to think of, but the proposed object. It is also one more inducement to remain until other motives gain strength.

Many hard drinkers live under the conviction that if they should cease drinking alcoholic liquors suddenly, they would die in a few days. This is a complete error. No "tapering off" is allowed here. Dr. Day discovered years ago that a man who has been drinking a quart of whiskey a day for a long time suffers more if his allowance is reduced to a pint than if he is put at once upon the system of total abstinence. He not only suffers less, but for a shorter time. The clergyman before referred to informed me that, for two years and a half before entering

the Asylum, he drank a quart of brandy daily, and he felt confident that he would die if he should suddenly cease. He reached Binghamton drunk; he went to bed that evening drunk; he drank twelve glasses of brandy the next morning before eleven o'clock; he went up to the Asylum saturated with brandy, expecting to make the preliminary arrangements for his admission, then return to the hotel, and finish the day drinking. But precisely at that point Albert Day laid his hand upon him, and marked him for his own. Dr. Day quietly objected to his return to the town, sent for his trunk, caused the tavern bill to be paid, and cut off his brandy at once and totally. For forty-eight hours the patient craved the accustomed stimulant intensely, and he was only enabled to sleep by the assistance of bromide of potassium. On the third day the craving ceased, and he assured me that he never felt it again. Other morbid experiences he had, but not that; and now, after two years of abstinence, he enjoys good health, has no desire for drink, and is capable of extraordinary exertions. Other patients, however, informed me that they suffered a morbid craving for two or three weeks. But all agreed that the sudden discontinuance of the stimulant gave them less inconvenience than they had anticipated, and was in no degree dangerous. It is, indeed, most surprising to see how soon the system begins to rally when once it is relieved of the inimical influence. Complete recovery, of course, is a slow and long effort of nature; but the improvement in the health, feelings, and appearance of patients, after only a month's residence upon that breezy hill, is very remarkable.

There is an impression in the country that the inmates of such asylums as this undergo some mysterious process, and take unknown medicines, which have power to destroy the desire for strong drink. Among the quack medicines of the day is a bottled humbug, pretending to have such power. It is also supposed by some that the plan which Cap-

tain Marryat mentions is efficacious, — that of confining a drunken sailor for several days to a diet of beef and brandy. Accounts have gone the rounds of the papers, of another system that consists in saturating with brandy every article of food of which the inebriate partakes. Patients occasionally arrive at the Asylum who expect to be treated in some such way; and when a day or two passes without anything extraordinary or disagreeable happening, they inquire, with visible apprehension, "When the treatment is going to begin." In this sense of the word, there is no treatment here. In all nature there is no substance that destroys or lessens a drunkard's desire for intoxicating liquors; and there is no such thing as permanently disgusting him with brandy by giving him more brandy than he wants. A drunkard's drinking is not a thing of mere appetite; his whole system craves stimulation; and he would drink himself into perdition while loathing the taste of the liquor. This Asylum simply gives its inmates rest, regimen, amusement, society, information. It tries to restore the health and renew the will, and both by rational means.

Merely entering an establishment like this is a long step toward deliverance. It is a confession! It is a confession to the patient's family and friends, to the inmates of the Asylum, and, above all, to himself, that he has lost his self-control, and cannot get it back without assistance. He comes here for that assistance. Every one knows he comes for that. They are all in the same boat. The pot cannot call the kettle black. False pride, and all the thin disguises of self-love, are laid aside. The mere fact of a man's being an inmate of an inebriate asylum is a declaration to all about him that he has been a drunkard, and even a very bad drunkard; for the people here know, from their own bitter experience, that a person cannot bring himself to make such a confession until, by many a lapse, he has been brought to despair of self-recovery. Many of these men were thinking of the asylum for years before they could summon

courage to own that they had lost the power to resist a physical craving. But when once they have made the agonizing avowal by entering the asylum, it costs them no great effort to reveal the details of their case to hearers who cannot reproach them; and, besides relating their own experience without reserve, they are relieved, encouraged, and instructed by hearing the similar experience of others. All have the same object, the same peril, the same dread, the same hope, and each aids the rest as students aid one another in the same college.

In a community like this, Public Opinion is the controlling force. That subtle, resistless power is always aiding or frustrating the object for which the community exists. Public Opinion sides with a competent superintendent, and serves him as an assiduous, omnipresent police. Under the coercive system once attempted here, the public opinion of the Asylum applauded a man who smuggled a bottle of whiskey into the building, and invited his friends into his room to drink it. An inmate who should now attempt such a crime would be shunned by the best two-thirds of the whole institution. One of their number, suddenly overcome by temptation, who should return to the Asylum drunk, they would all receive as cordially as before; but they would regard with horror or contempt a man who should bring temptation into the building, and place it within reach of those who had fled hither to avoid it.

The French have a verb, — *se dépayser*, — to uncountry one's self, to get out of the groove, to drop undesirable companions and forsake haunts that are too alluring, by going away for a while, and, in returning, not resuming the old friends and habits. How necessary this is to some of the slaves of alcohol every one knows. To many of them restoration is impossible without it, and not difficult with it. To all such, what a refuge is a well-conducted asylum like this! Merely being here, out of the coil of old habits, haunts, pleasures, comrades, temptations, which had proved too much for them a thousand

times, — merely being away for a time, so that they can calmly survey the scenes they have left and the life they have led, — is itself half the victory.

Every Wednesday evening, after prayers, a kind of temperance meeting is held in the chapel. It is the intention of the superintendent, that every inmate of the Asylum shall become acquainted with the nature of alcohol, and with the precise effects of alcoholic drinks upon the human system. He means that they shall comprehend the absurdity of drinking as clearly as they know its ruinous consequences. He accordingly opens this meeting with a short lecture upon some one branch of the subject, and then invites the patients to illustrate the point from their own experience. At the meeting which I happened to attend the subject of Dr. Day's remarks was suggested (as it often is) by an occurrence which had just taken place at the institution, and had been the leading topic of conversation all that day. At the last meeting, a young man from a distant State, who had been in the Asylum for some months and was about to return home, delivered an eloquent farewell address to his companions, urging them to adhere to their resolution, and protesting his unalterable resolve never, never again to yield to their alluring and treacherous foe. He spoke with unusual animation and in a very loud voice. He took his departure in the morning by the Erie Road, and twelve hours after he was brought back to the Asylum drunk. Upon his recovery he related to the superintendent and to his friends the story of his lamentable fall. When the train had gone three hours on its way, there was a detention of three hours at a station that offered little entertainment to impatient travellers. The returning prodigal paced the platform; found it dull work; heard at a distance the sound of billiard balls; went and played two games, losing both; returned to the platform and resumed his walk; and there fell into the train of thought that led to the catastrophe. His reflections were like

these: "How perfect is my cure! I have not once *thought* of taking a drink. Not even when I saw men drinking at the bar did it cross my mind to follow their example. I have not the least desire for whiskey, and I have no doubt I could take that 'one glass' which Dr. Day keeps talking about, without a wish for a second. In fact, no man is perfectly cured till he can do that. I have a great mind to put it to the test. It almost seems as if this opportunity of trying myself had been created on purpose. Here goes, then, for the last glass of whiskey I shall take as long as I live, and I take it purely as a scientific experiment." One hour after, his friend, who was accompanying him home, found him lying in a corner of a bar-room, dead drunk. He had him picked up, and placed in the next train bound for Binghamton.

This was the text of Dr. Day's discourse, and he employed it in enforcing anew his three cardinal points: 1. No hope for an inebriate until he thoroughly distrusts the strength of his own resolution; 2. No hope for an inebriate except in total abstinence as long as he lives, both in sickness and in health; 3. Little hope for an inebriate unless he avoids, on system and on principle, the occasions of temptation, the places where liquor is sold, and the persons who will urge it upon him. Physicians, he said, were the inebriate's worst enemies; and he advised his hearers to avoid the tinctures prepared with alcohol, which had often awakened the long-dormant appetite. During my stay at Binghamton, a clergyman resident in the town, and recently an inmate of the Asylum, had a slight indisposition resulting from riding home from a meeting ten miles in the rain. One of the physicians of the place, who knew his history, knew that he had been an inebriate of the most pronounced type (quart of liquor a day), prescribed a powerful dose of brandy and laudanum. "I dare not take it, doctor," he said, and put the damnable temptation behind him. "If I *had* taken it," said he to me, "I should

have been drunk to-day." The case, too, required nothing but rest, rice, and an easy book. No medicine was necessary. Dr. Day has had under his care a man who, after being a confirmed drunkard, had been a teetotaler for eighteen years, and had then been advised to take wine for the purpose of hastening a slow convalescence. His appetite resumed its old ascendancy, and, after drinking furiously for a year, he was brought to the Asylum in delirium tremens. Dr. Day expressed a strong hope and belief that the returned inmate mentioned above had *now* actually taken his last glass of whiskey; for he had discovered his weakness, and was in a much more hopeful condition than he had been before his lapse. The Doctor scouted the idea that a man who has the misfortune to break his resolution should give up the struggle. Some men, he said, *must* fall, at least once, before the last rag of self-confidence is torn from them; and he had had patients who, after coming back to him in Boston four times, had conquered, and had lived soberly for years, and were still living soberly.

When the superintendent had finished his remarks, he called upon his hearers to speak. Several of them did so. One young gentleman, an officer of the army during the war, made his farewell speech. He thanked his companions for the forbearance they had shown him during the first weeks of his residence among them, when he was peevish, discontented, rebellious, and had no hope of ever being able to conquer his propensity, so often had he tried and failed. He would have left the Asylum in those days, if he had had the money to pay his fare on the cars. He felt the importance of what Dr. Day had advanced respecting the occasions of temptation, and especially what he had said about physicians' prescriptions, which he knew had led men to drink. "If," he added, "I cannot live without alcohol, I would rather die. For my part, I expect to have a struggle all my life; I don't think the

time will ever come when it will be safe for me to dally with temptation, and I feel the necessity of following Dr. Day's advice on this point." He spoke in a simple, earnest, and manly manner. He was followed by another inmate, a robust, capable-looking man of thirty-five, who also spoke with directness and simplicity. He hoped that fear would help him to abstain. If he could only keep sober, he had the best possible prospects; but if he again gave way, he saw nothing before him but infamy and destruction. He spoke modestly and anxiously, evidently feeling that it was more than a matter of life and death to him. When he had concluded, a young gentleman rose, and delivered a fluent, flowery address upon temperance; just such a discourse as might precede a lapse into drinking.

On Monday evening of every week, the Literary Society of the institution holds its meeting, when essays are read and lectures delivered. The course of lectures delivered last winter are highly spoken of by those who heard them, and they were all written by inmates of the Asylum. Among the subjects treated were: Columbus, a Study of Character; Goldsmith; The Telegraph, by an Operator; Resources of Missouri; Early English Novelists; The Age, and the Men for the Age; Geology; The Passions, with Poetical Illustrations; The Inebriate Asylum, under the Régime of Coercion. It occasionally happens, that distinguished visitors contribute something to the pleasure of the evening. Mrs. Stowe, the newspapers inform us, was kind enough some time since to give them a reading from Uncle Tom's Cabin; and the copy of the book from which she read was a cheap double-columned pamphlet brought from the South by a freedman, now the porter of the Asylum. He bought it and read it while he was still a slave, little thinking when he scrawled his name across the dingy title-page that he should ever have the honor of lending it to the authoress.

Nearly twelve years have now elapsed

since Dr. Day began to accumulate experience in the treatment of inebriates, during which time he has had nearly four thousand patients under his care. What proportion of these were permanently cured it is impossible to say, because nothing is heard of many patients after they leave; but it is reasonably conjectured that two thirds of the whole number were restored. It is a custom with many of them to write an annual letter to Dr. Day on the anniversary of their entering the Home under his management, and the reading of such letters is a highly interesting and beneficial feature of the Wednesday evening temperance meetings. The alcoholic mania is no respecter of persons. Dr. Day has had under treatment twenty-one clergymen, one of whom was a Catholic priest (who had delirium tremens), and one a Jewish Rabbi. He has had one old man past seventy, and one boy of sixteen. He has had a Philadelphia "killer," and a judge of a supreme court. He has had steady two-quarts-a-day men, and men who were subject only to semi-annual debauches. He has had men whose "tears" lasted but forty-eight hours, and one man who came in of his own accord after what he styled "a general spree" of three months' continuance. He has had drunkards of two years' standing, and those who have been slaves of strong drink for thirty years.

Some of his successes have been striking and memorable. There was Dr. X—— of Tennessee, at thirty-five a physician of large practice, professor in a medical college, happy in an excellent wife and seven children. Falling into drink, he lost at length his practice, his professorship, his property, his home; his family abandoned him to his fate, and went to his wife's father's in another State; and he became at last a helpless gutter sot. His brother, who heard by chance of the Home in Boston, picked him up one day from the street, where he lay insensible, and got him upon the train for the East. Before he roused from his drunken stupor, he was half-way across Virginia. "Where am

I?" he asked. "In Virginia, on your way to Boston." "All right," said he, in a drunkard's drunkenest manner, — "all right! give me some whiskey." He was carried into the Home in the arms of men, and lay for some weeks miserably sick. His health improved, and the *man* revived. He clutched at this unexpected chance of escape, and co-operated with all his heart with the system. Dr. Day wrote a hopeful letter to his wife. "Speak not to me of a husband," she replied; "I have no husband; I buried my husband long ago." After four months' stay in the institution, the patient returned home, and resumed his practice. A year after, his family rejoined him. He recovered all his former standing, which to this day, after nine years of sobriety, he retains. His ninth annual letter to his deliverer I have read. "By the way," he says, in a postscript, "did you receive my letters each year of the war?" Yes, they reached Dr. Day months after they were written; but they always reached him. The secret of this cure, as the patient has often asserted, was total abstinence. He had attempted to reduce his daily quantity a hundred times; but never, until he entered the Home, was he aware of the physical *impossibility* of a drunkard's becoming a moderate drinker. From the moment when he had a clear, intellectual comprehension of that truth, the spell was broken: abstinence was easy; he was himself again.

Then there was Y——, a Philadelphia street savage, — one of those firemen who used to sleep in the engine-house, and lie in wait for rival companies, and make night and day hideous with slaughter. Fearful beings were those Philadelphia firemen of twenty years ago! Some of them made a nearer approach to total depravity than any creatures I have ever seen that wore the form of man, — revelling in blood, exulting in murder, and glorying in hellish blows with iron implements, given and received. It was difficult to say whether it gave them keener delight to wound or to be wounded. In all com-

munities where external observances and decorums become tyrannical, and where the innocent pleasures of youth are placed under a ban, there is sure to be a class which revolts against the invisible despot, and goes to a horrid extreme of violence and vice. This Y—— was one of the revolvers. Once in many weeks he would return to his decent home, ragged and penniless, to be reclothed. It is only alcohol that supports men in a life of *wanton* violence like this; and he, accordingly, was a deep and reckless drinker. His sister prevailed upon him, after many months of persuasion, to go to the Home in Boston, and he presented himself there one morning, black all over with coal-dust. He explained his appearance by saying that he had come from Philadelphia in a coal-vessel. Dr. Day, who had been notified of his coming, received him with that emphatic politeness which produces such magical effects upon men who have long been accustomed to see an enemy in every one who behaves decently and uses the English language in its simplicity. He was exceedingly astonished to be treated with consideration, and to discover that he was not to be subjected to any disagreeable process. He proved to be a good, simple soul, very ignorant, not naturally intelligent, and more capable, therefore, of faith than of knowledge. The Doctor won his confidence; then his good-will; then his affection. Something that was read in the Bible attracted his attention one day, and he asked to be shown the passage; and this was the beginning of his reading the Bible regularly. It was all new to him; he found it highly interesting; and, this daily reading being associated in his mind with his reform, the book became a kind of talisman to him, and he felt safe as long as he continued the practice. After a six-months' residence, he went to work in Boston, but always returned to spend the evening at the Home. At the beginning of the war he enlisted. He was in Colonel Baker's regiment on the bloody day of Ball's Bluff, and was one of the gallant handful of men who res-

cued from the enemy the body of their slain commander. He was one of the multitude who swam the Potomac amid a pattering rain of bullets, and walked barefoot seven miles to camp. The first man that met him there offered him whiskey. Mistaken kindness! Senseless offer! A man who is sinking with fatigue wants rest, not stimulation; sleep, not excitement. "Don't offer me *that*," he gasped, shuddering. "I dread that more than bullets." Instead of the whiskey, he took twelve hours' sleep, and consequently awoke refreshed, and ready for another day's hard service. At Antietam he had the glory and high privilege of giving his life for mankind. A bullet through the brain sent him to heaven, and stretched his body on the field in painless and eternal sleep. It lies now in a cemetery near his native city; a monument covers it; and all who were connected with him are proud to point to his grave and claim him for their own. What a contrast between dying so, and being killed in a motiveless street-fight by a savage blow on the head with a speaking-trumpet!

Perhaps, long as this article already is, I may venture to give, with the utmost possible brevity, one more of the many remarkable cases with which I became acquainted at the Asylum.

One Sunday morning, a loud ringing of the front-door bell of the Home in Boston induced Dr. Day himself to answer the summons. He found a man at the door who was in the most complete state of dilapidation that can be imagined, — ragged, dirty, his hat awry, torn and bent, spectacles with one eye gone and the other cocked out of place, the perfect picture of a drunken sot who had slept among the barrels and cotton-bales for six months. He was such a person as we thoughtless fools roar at in the theatre sometimes, about 10.30 P. M., and who makes the lives of sundry children and one woman a long and hopeless tragedy up in some dismal garret, or down in some pestilential cellar.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the superintendent.

"My name is A. B——; will you take me in?"

"Have you a letter of introduction from any one?"

"No."

"We must have something of the kind; do you know any one in Boston?"

"Yes; there is Dr. Kirk; *I've preached in his church*; he ought to know me; I'll see if he does."

In a few minutes he returned, bearing a note from that distinguished clergyman, saying that he thought he knew the man; and upon this he was admitted.

He was as complete, though not as hopeless a wreck as he appeared. He had been a clergyman in good standing and of ability respectable; but had insensibly fallen under the dominion of a mania for drink. For ten years he had been a downright sot. He had not seen his family in that time. A benevolent man who chanced to meet him in New York described to him the Washington Home, made him promise to go to it, and gave him money for the purpose. He immediately spent the money for drink; but yet, in some forgotten way, he smuggled himself to Boston, and made his appearance at the Home on that Sunday morning. Such cases as this, hopeless as they seem, are among the easiest to cure, because there are knowledge, conscience, and pride latent in the man, which begin to assert themselves as soon as the system is freed from the presence of alcohol. This man was easily made to see the truth respecting his case. He soon came to understand alcohol; and this alone is a surprising assistance to a man at the instant of temptation. He remained at the Home six months, always improving in health, and regaining his former character. He left Boston twenty-two months ago, and has since lived with perfect sobriety, and has been restored to his family and to his profession.

Inebriate asylums, rationally conducted, cannot fail to be worth their cost. They are probably destined to become as generally recognized a neces-

sity of our diseased modern life as asylums for lunatics and hospitals for the sick. It is not necessary to begin with a million-dollar palace, though it is desirable that the building should be attractive, airy, and large enough to accommodate a considerable number of patients. When the building has been paid for, the institution may be self-sustaining, or even yield a profit. It is possible that the cure of inebriates may become a specialty of medical practice, to which men, gifted with the requisite talent, will devote their lives. The science of the thing is still most incomplete, and only one individual has had much success in the practice. Albert Day is a good superintendent chiefly because he is a good Yankee, not because he is a great scientific healer. It seems instinctive in good Yankees to respect the rights and feelings of others; and they are accustomed to persuade and convince, not drive, not compel. Albert Day has treated these unfortunate and amiable men as he would have treated younger brothers taken captive by a power stronger than themselves. His polite and respectful manner to his patients on all occasions must be balm to men accustomed to the averted look and taunting epithet, and accustomed, too, to something far harder to bear, — distrust and abhorrence of themselves. Others, of course, will originate improved methods, and we shall have, at length, a Fine Art of assisting men to overcome bad habits; but *this* characteristic of Dr. Day will never be wanting to an asylum that answers the end of its establishment.

The disease which such institutions are designed to cure must be very common; for where is the family that has not a drunkard in its circle of connections? It is true that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; but not on that account must the pound of cure be withheld.

The railroad which connects New York and Binghamton is the Erie, which is another way of saying that I was detained some hours on the journey home; and this afforded me the novel

experience of working my way up town in a New York street-car an hour or two before daylight. The car started from the City Hall at half past two A. M., and received, during the first three miles of its course, twenty-seven persons. It so happened that nearly every individual of them, including the person coming home from the Asylum, was out of bed at that hour through alcohol. There were three drunken vagabonds asleep, who were probably taking a cheap lodging in the car by riding to Harlem and back, — two hours and forty minutes' ride for fourteen cents. In one corner was coiled away a pale, dirty, German Jew of the Fagin type, very drunk, singing snatches of drinking choruses in broken English. Next to him was his pal, a thick-set *old* Charley Bates, also drunk, and occasionally joining in the festive songs. A mile of the ride was enlivened by an argument between C. Bates and the conductor, on the subject of a cigar, which Mr. Bates insisted on smoking, in violation of the rule. The controversy was carried on in "the English language." Then there were five German musicians, perfectly sober and very sleepy, with their instruments in their hands, returning, I suppose, from some late saloon or

dance-house. One woman was in the car, a girl of twenty, who appeared to be a performer in a saloon, and was now, after having shed her spangles and her ribbons, going home in dirty calico drawn tight over a large and obvious hoop, under the protecting care of a nice young man. There were several young and youngish men, well-dressed, in various stages of intoxication, who had probably been at the lawless "late houses," singing and drinking all night, and were now going home to scare and horrify mothers, sisters, or wives, who may have been waiting five hours to hear the scratch of their latch-key against the front door.

What a picture did the inside of that car present, when it was filled upon both sides with sleepy, bobbing drunkards and servants of drunkards, the girl leaning sleepily upon her neighbor's shoulder, the German musicians crouching over their instruments half dead with sleep, old Fagin bawling a line of a beery song, and the conductor, struggling down through the midst, vainly endeavoring to extract from boozy passengers, whether they were going "through," or desired to be dropped on the way. It was a fit ending to a week at the Inebriate Asylum.

PETROLEUM IN BURMAH.

ON the east bank of the Irrawaddi River, about six hours by a war-boat, above the great barbaric town of Mahgwé, and nearly midway between the northern frontier of the new British-Indian possessions and Amarapoorá, the "Throne of the Golden Foot," is the considerable village of Ye-nan-gyoung, or "Fetid-water Rivulet," of which the name explains the fame. It is an odd, rather than picturesque little town, its lack of beauty being offset by the aspect of fantastic remoteness, that sort of Chinese wall-paper pattern,

which it derives from the numerous pagodas and multi-roofed kyoungs, or Buddhist monasteries, that crown the eminences round about it. Between these eminences, in shady holm-like hollows, the flimsy bamboo houses are scattered irregularly; and below them creeps sluggishly the oily-looking stream from which the town derives its appellation, — the internal supply of water being quite cut off through all the dry season, though the stream then borrows enough from the Irrawaddi to form, for a short distance above its mouth, a

convenient harbor for war-boats and the lighter trading craft. A narrow stretch of alluvial slope, skirting the sandy channel, nourishes an oasis of noble mango-trees, interspersed with palms, and affords a refreshing contrast to the desert of sterile, burning heights, drearily relieved by grim euphorbias in the background and on either hand. On these heights, and as far as the eye can reach from them eastward, the face of the land is, for the most part, gray and naked, hard and hot,—the soil sandy and stony, with no more herbage between the “thin bandith” of scraggy bush than may pitifully serve to redeem the surface from absolute desertness. Substantial trees, with comely foliage, appear only in the bottoms; but on every side fossil wood abounds, and as late as 1856 there was a ruined temple on a hill-top, surrounded by posts of that material.

As for the town itself, an all-pervading coal-tarry fragrance proclaims its rich and nasty staple, while innumerable potters’ kilns dotting the outskirts, and piles of earthen jars lining the beach, relate to the eye the same golden story which the unctuous abomination of odor so triumphantly imparts to the nose. “Fetid-water Rivulet” (what a perfect nitrous-oxide of a name to set before the mind’s nose of an imaginative stock-taker!) is eminently a place for surfeited and *blasé* Petroleans to get away to; if for such there be an oily Eden outside of Venango County, it is this.

The principal wells are about three miles from the town, near the village of Twen-goung. You ride to them on small, tough ponies, generally very pretty, but very perverse, and equipped with a tolerable saddle, somewhat English-looking, except for an unsightly hump on the pommel, and distressingly small stirrups, made to be gripped with the great toe of the naked foot, and rudely hitched to the two ends of a piece of rope, which is twisted into the girth on the seat of the saddle. Thus grotesquely mounted, you wind through the ravines and climb the steep sides

of the rotten sandstone hills, till you reach the plateau where the wells are,—“an irregular table, with a gently sloping surface, forming a sort of peninsula among the ravines.”*

The wells, of which there are said to be about a hundred, all told (though nearly twenty are exhausted, or no longer worked), are most numerous along the upper surface of this plateau, and on the sides and spurs of the ravines that bound it on the north and southeast. The area within which all these wells are included does not exceed half a square mile,—though there is another and smaller group in a valley about a mile to the southward; in some places they are less than a hundred feet apart. The oil appears to be found in a bed of impure lignite, with much sulphur. In one of the valleys a stratum of this was observed outcropping, with the petroleum oozing from between the laminæ; and Captain Yule concludes that it was in this way that the oil was originally discovered,—“some Burman, with a large inductive faculty, having been led to sink a shaft from above.”

There are no diversities in the appearance of the wells; all, without exception, are rectangular orifices about four and a half feet by three and a half, and lined with horizontal timbers to the bottom. Their depth varies in noticeable proportion with the height of the well-mouth above the river level, but all are sunk much below the level of the ravine bottoms that bound the plateau; some of those on the top of the plateau are one hundred and eighty, one hundred and ninety, and even two hundred and seventy feet deep, to the oil,—the deepest of all about three hundred and six feet.

The machinery used in drawing the oil is of the most primitive description,—simply a rude attempt at a windlass, mounted on the trunk of a small tree,

* So described by Captain Henry Yule, of the Bengal Engineers, late Secretary to the Governor-General’s Envoy, and to whose superb work, *A Narrative of a Mission to the Court of Ava in 1855*, the writer of this paper is largely indebted for his materials.

laid across two forked uprights ; a gurah, or earthen pot, is let down and filled, and then a man or woman walks down the slope of the hill with the rope.

In this northern group there were, in 1855, about eighty wells yielding oil ; in the southern (the only other group known to foreigners), not more than fifty, if so many, and the oil obtained from them was of inferior quality, and mixed with water. In both groups there are many exhausted wells.

The Burmese have no record or tradition of the original discovery of petroleum, no note of the time, or of the flow, since the first shaft was sunk. The wells are private property. Twenty-three families of Ye-nan-young are supposed to be the representatives and natural heirs of the "mute, inglorious" explorers who first found and drew the oil ; to these the ground belongs, and chief among them is the myo-thoo-gyee of Ye-nan-young, who lately was also myit-tsin-woon, or chief magistrate of the great river.* The twenty-three proprietors constitute a kind of corporate body for the protection of their joint interests in the land, but each holds individual and exclusive rights in his own wells. When any one proprietor has sunk a well, no other member of the association may dig within thirty cubits of it, — hence much protracted litigation on boundary questions ; but neither can any member sell or mortgage to parties outside of the association. Not only do they mortgage, but formerly they intermarried, only among the stockholders ; of late years, however, this exhausting custom has not been honored by those most nearly concerned.

No stranger is allowed to dig a well ; for though the incorporated proprietors hold no written grant or confirmation

of their exclusive privilege, they are recognized and upheld in it by the Burmese authorities. But aside from the influence they can thus bring to bear against interlopers, to prevent them from sinking wells on or near their "claims," there are also the great expense, the dearth of capital, and the uncertainty of returns, to deter any intruding speculator from competing with them. The cost of digging a well 150 cubits deep is, at least, 2,000 tikals, — about eleven hundred dollars, the tikal being equivalent to a trifle more than a rupee and a quarter ; 2,000 tikals is a great sum in Burmah, and, after all, the money may be lost in an empty hole ; for it often happens that a well-dug within a few yards of others that are flowing freely is found to be quite dry. The work of excavation, as it approaches the oily stratum, becomes dangerous, and the laborers are often rendered senseless by the exhalations ; even in wells that have been long worked this sometimes happens. "If a man is drawn up with his tongue hanging out," said a Burmese overseer, "the case is hopeless. If his tongue is not hanging out, he may be brought round by hand-rubbing and kneading his whole body." Captain Macleod, in 1838, saw a gang engaged in sinking a well which had reached a depth of 125 cubits ; each workman in his turn remained below only from fifteen to thirty seconds, and appeared dangerously exhausted on coming to the surface.

The yield of the wells varies remarkably ; some afford no more than five or six viss (the viss being equivalent to $3\frac{6\frac{5}{100}}{100}$ pounds), while others give 700, 800, 1,000, and even 1,500 viss daily. The average yield in the northern group may be stated at 220, and in the southern at 40 viss. If a well be allowed to lie fallow for a time, the yield is found to be diminished when work on it is resumed. The oil is described, by the Burmese overseers, as gushing like a fountain from openings in the earth. It accumulates in the well in the afternoon and night, is drawn off in the morning, and then carted in earthen

* "Thoo-gyee (great man) is the head man of a small circle of villages. Myo is properly a fortified place, and hence a city, or chief town, of a district. The Myo-thoo-gyee is the Mayor, or town magistrate, and may be the deputy of the Myo-woon, who is the Governor, or Lord Lieutenant of the District. The Myo-tsa is the 'Eater,' a prince, princess, or court official, to whom the revenues of the district have been assigned as an apanage. Myo-ok is a subordinate town magistrate under the myo-thoo-gyee." — YULE.

pots, of ten viss each, to the river-side, where it is sold. Formerly it brought one tikal the hundred viss, or about sixteen shillings English the ton. Since the annexation of Pegu, the demand at Rangoon has carried it up to thirty-five shillings.

Burmese jealousy and suspicion are so easily excited that it is impossible to pursue a careful train of inquiry concerning even the most insignificant of their interests without giving umbrage to officials and provoking an ingenious conspiracy of false information. But from notes taken on the spot from time to time, under the most favorable circumstances, the inquirers being visitors, extraordinary and honored guests of the King, and the monopolizing gentlemen in the oil line correspondingly amiable and confiding, it is fair to conclude that from the eighty wells yielding oil in the northern group, at the daily average of 220 viss from each well, the annual product is not less than 6,424,000 viss; and from the fifty wells of the southern group, at an average of 40 viss, 730,000 viss in the year; making the total annual yield from the two groups 7,154,000 viss, or about 11,690 tons. This estimate agrees at all points with the statement made to Major Phayre, the British Envoy, by the Myo-ok of Ye-nan-gyoung, a man of sound information, intelligent, candid, without dissimulation or reserve. He furthermore explained that out of 27,000 viss, which formed the whole monthly yield of his wells, 9,000 went in the form of wages to his workpeople, 1,000 to the King, and 1,000 to the Myo-tsa or "Eater" — happily titled! — of the district.

Mr. Crawford, in the Journal of his Embassy (1827), estimated the annual exportation of petroleum at 17,568,000 viss, basing his calculations upon the number of boats employed in transporting it. He makes the number of wells 200, and the average daily yield of each 235 viss. But Mr. Crawford's accuracy is not a thing to take for granted; in one place he describes the pits as "spread over a space of sixteen square miles." To carry from the wells to

the river seventeen and a half millions of viss a year, at the average ascertained cart-load of 120 viss, would require 400 carts a day; but the carts seldom make more than one trip in the day between Ye-nan-gyoung and the wells, and from 160 to 170 is the usual number of loads. The carts are small, and the compact and sturdy cattle that draw them share with their masters a comfortable exemption from overwork.

The most common mode of shipping the oil to Rangoon is in the singular craft called *pein-go*. This is an awkward-looking sloop, flat-bottomed, or nearly so, having no solid canoe or keel-piece, as in the splendid but fantastic *hnau*, but entirely composed of planks, which extend throughout the length of the vessel, — wide in the middle, and tapering to stem and stern, like the staves of a cask. A wide gallery or sponson of bamboo, doubling the apparent beam of the boat, runs the entire circuit of the gunwale. The *pein-go* is usually propelled with oars or poles, though occasionally carrying sail, but never that great bellying spread of light cotton cloth which makes a fleet of *hnaws* before the wind, with their vast gleaming wings and almost invisible hulls, resemble a flight of monster butterflies skimming the silver surface of the Irrawaddi.

The oil is often shipped *in bulk*. Amidships the boat is left empty, to permit the baling of water, which, as heavier than the oil, settles into this, the lowest part of the hull. Forward and aft, the hold is divided into two great cisterns, and into these the oil is "dumped," like grain. Such a boat can carry 10,000 viss of oil, or about fifteen tons, very much more than could be stowed by means of earthen pots. Eight men, paid at the rate of six tikals a month, compose the crew, and the craft may be chartered for the run to Rangoon for one hundred tikals.

In the immediate vicinity of the wells, embedded in shaley layers, are many small, irregular patches of coaly matter, obviously the remains of mineralized fragments of wood, which have been

deposited in the silty drift, and subsequently fossilized.* Portions of this are a true jet coal with a brilliant lustre and perfectly conchoidal fracture; other parts are powdery, friable, and like charcoal; and every intermediate state may be seen. In conjunction with these little seams and patches of coaly matter there is invariably a thick inflorescence of sulphur, imparting a well-marked color to all about it. Traces of this may be found in many other parts also, and not in connection with the patches of coal; but in nine cases out of ten the development of sulphur accompanies the appearance of the coal. In several localities along the banks of the watercourse the petroleum is observed actually oozing out from the rock; and in one place it is very clearly seen to exude along the walls of a crack or break which has been filled up with calcareous sand.

No complete section of any of the wells has been obtained. In all cases they are carefully lined with timbers as the sinking proceeds; and as this process is continued from the very top to the very bottom, no examination of the sides of a well or pit can be made. The soft and insecure nature of the materials through which the sinkings are carried renders this precaution necessary; and where the adventure has been unsuccessful, or when the well seems exhausted, all the timbering is removed, and the sides allowed to fall in. The natives say that, after passing through the sandstones and shales visible at the surface and in the ravines adjoining, they sink through what they term a black soil or "black rock," about ten feet thick. This is evidently their name for the dark bluish-gray or blackish shales, or clunchy clays. Under this they cut through a yellow soil, from which they say the petroleum flows. Between the black and the yellow "rocks" there is commonly, though not always, a greenish bed, oily, and strongly impregnated with petroleum, — which,

in all probability, is but the ordinary shaley clay, charged with the oil. Mr. Oldham supposed the "yellow rock" to be clayey beds, from which, or on which, sulphur has been segregated or thrown out, as an efflorescence.

The wells, which are sunk vertically, and are in all cases rectangular, are invariably provided with the rude cross-beam supported on ruder stanchions; this, in its turn, supports the small wooden drum or cylinder over which slides the rope used in hauling up the oil. In all probability this is the same contrivance, without improvement, which was devised when the first well was dug. The oil thus raised is poured into a greater gurrah,* or into a small basin or tank excavated close to the well-mouth, from which it is again potted, and so carted to Ye-nan-gyoung for shipment. Each gurrah holds about ten viss of oil, and ten or twelve gurrachs constitute a load. When first drawn, it presents in mass a peculiar yellowish-green color, is watery rather than oily, and of the consistence of common cream.

The wells do not range in any particular line or direction; there is nothing to point to the occurrence of any fault or disturbance along the line of which the petroleum might issue; and the varying depths of the wells themselves, according to their position (those on the top of the plateau being in all cases deeper than those on the slope of the hillside, and this approximately in the same ratio as the surface of the ground is higher in the one place than in the other), indicate a decided horizontality in the source of supply. This, says Mr. Oldham, is a question of considerable importance; for if it be the case that one bed or layer of peculiar mineral character is the source of the petroleum, the probability — nay, the

* There was formerly a kind of gurrah, strong and glazed, manufactured at Martaban, Pagan, and Monchoboo, and known in Western India as Pegu jars, which were of the enormous capacity of 200 viss or about 182 gallons. Queer stories are told of resident foreigners smuggling their little daughters out of the country in Pegu jars, to elude the Burmese law, which imposes a heavy penalty on the exportation of native females of every kind.

* Notes on the Geological Features of the Banks of the Irrawaddy. By T. Oldham, Esq., Superintendent of the Geological Survey of India.

certainly—is that the supply must be gradually diminishing. It does not appear that the number of wells has increased of late years, while the demand for the oil has certainly multiplied more than fourfold, and is still increasing.*

The temperature of some of the oil, drawn up quickly from a depth of 270 feet, was 99°, — the air being 79.25° at the time. This temperature would appear to indicate a deeper source for the petroleum than the bed from which it actually issues. Mr. Oldham is not, however, with those who think that such conclusions, based solely on thermometrical observations, can be admitted as against the other clear proofs, that the supply is actually from the beds from which the oil issues; he thinks the increase of temperature must be considered as due to chemical changes in progress in those beds, and resulting in the production of petroleum from the vegetable matter embedded in the rocks.

Each head of the twenty-three families in whom the proprietorship of the wells was supposed to be vested was registered by sovereign edict as a Thu-thé or “rich man,” almost the only hereditary title in Burmah out of the royal family. A woon or a thoo-gyee is made or unmade with a nod, and not only the rank and title and emoluments, but in many cases even the private possessions, of the incumbent disappear with the office. Any subject of the “Lord of the Celestial Elephant” (so that he be not of the class of slaves or outcasts) may aspire to the first office in the state, and such offices are often held by persons of the meanest origin. The first woman who ever sat

on the throne of Burmah, side by side with the awful “Master of the Supernatural Weapon,” and shared his title of “Sovereign Lord,” was the daughter of a jailer; and her brother, Men-tha-gyee, “The Great Prince,” had been a fishmonger. With every new promotion in office a new title is conferred; but, without office, no title.

To the order of Thu-thé certain privileges of questionable advantage are attached. The title being hereditary, the son or grandson of a thu-thé may be a “rich man” without a tikal to tickle a poonghee with. Being under the protection of the court, he is subject only to *regular* extortion; it may be frequent, but it must be periodical. He enjoys the exalted privilege of making presents to the King on public holidays and “Beg-pardon Days”; and especially of lending money (when he has any) to the princes and high officers of state, who cannot return it without offending against an ancient and irrevocable custom. If he happens to be the proud possessor of one fair and dainty daughter, she may be complimented with an invitation to the palace “for adoption and instruction”; and the right to decline the honor shall not cost the paternal thu-thé more than a couple of thousands of tikals or so.

Thu-thé is not without education. When he was as yet scarce ten years old, his father sent him to the monastery, where he was taught to read, write, and cipher; in consideration of which he served the priests in a menial capacity, and shared his noble drudgeries with a stripling of the blood royal. He has the Then-pong-Kyee, or spelling-book, by heart, can repeat and copy the Men-ga-la-thok, or moral lessons, is advancing to the study of astrology, and the Thaddu-Kyau or Pali grammar; and even looks forward with presumptuous aspirations to the day when the Then-gyo, or book of metaphysics, may be unsealed to him.

As for his standing in the Church, he devoutly worships the Buddha; keeps his commandments, and honors his priests; refrains from intemperance,

* “The ordinary price of petroleum, before the British annexation of Pegu, was, at the village of Ye-nan-gyoung, from 10 to 14 annas per 100 viss. It has since increased from 1 rupee to 1 rupee 8 annas; and an agent for a mercantile house at Rangoon, who was there at the time of our visit (1855), stated that he had to pay even so much as 2 rupees 4 annas for 100 viss. At Rangoon the price used to be from 2 rupees to 2.8; it now is never less than 5 rupees, and has been so high as 25 rupees per 100 viss. An export duty of 10 per cent is now charged on this oil; the Burmese government charge also 3 per cent. Under the former system, it is stated, the charges including the established *douceurs* to brokers, &c., were not less.” — OLDHAM.

falsehood, theft, adultery, and murder ; regards the images and the temples more dearly than himself ; hearkens to the precepts of religion at full moon, new moon, and quarters ; makes offerings for the support of the poonghees ; and assists at funerals and pious processions. Thu-thé is respectable.

When the Myo-ok of Ye-nan-gyoung told Major Phayre that of the monthly yield of the wells 9,000 viss went in wages to the laborers, it was the *free* laborers he meant ; if any labor can be termed free under a government which claims every subject—of either sex or any age, and from the most illustrious woon-gyee to the abjectest crawling leper—as the slave of the sovereign, in mind, body, and estate, with life, services, and possessions, and as completely a property of the King as the awful fly-flapper or the sublime spittoon. Still it is a sort of technical freedom which is enjoyed in Burmah by those hewers of wood and drawers of water, or oil, who belong to the King alone,—the freedom of being forgotten by their capricious and besotted owner ; and to such as these exclusively, we must suppose, the Myo-ok's 9,000 viss a month were paid. For of the drawers of oil the greater number, no doubt, were of those who are not free, even by so much as a figure of speech ; slaves, not of the King alone, but of other slaves, by whom they are never forgotten,—“slave-debtors,” whose services are held in mortgage for their own debts or the debts of their fathers, or, if not their services, perhaps their charms,—since among them are found pretty and tender daughters, who never owed a tikal in their lives ; and hereditary slaves, prisoners of war or their children, bestowed by royal grant on their captors, or sold for a price in open bazaar,—but these latter are not very common, custom in Burmah dealing mildly with such captives, and willingly converting them into slave-debtors, with the right to work out their own ransom. That ugly old woman, who walks off so sullenly down the slope with the end of

the windlass rope, is the wife of a stubborn Peguan, caught on the English side in 1853, when Captain Loch's force was taken in ambuscade at Doonobyoo by Nya-Myat-Toon, the jungle chief, and almost cut to pieces. That pretty young *mainma* who coquets so archly with her betel-box, idling among the gurrahs, is daughter to the master of an oil-boat, who owed the Myo-ok's father five hundred tikals before she was born ; and the Myo-ok has inherited the claim. The provoking jauntiness of the white jacket that she calls an *engi* hides but little, and the barbaric *naivets* of the skimmed petticoat (*thabi*), open at the side, ingenuously discloses much of her supple form. Hers is the true modesty of nature,—else the superior decency of the Myo-ok's *putso*, drawn about his loins like a shawl, and falling in broad, deep folds to the knee, even concealing the elaborate and expensive tattooing which vanity and custom alike prompt him to display, would put her to the blush. The cumbrous cylinders of silver that so monstrously deform the dainty lobes of her ears are a gift from the Myo-ok ; and the witching lotos, that with the skilful simplicity of an intuitive refinement adorns her raven hair, she found in the weird tank down by the Kyoung.

At Ye-nan-gyoung, as at Boston, there are seven days to the week. Ta-nen-ganwa, Ta-neng-la, Eu-ga, Buddha-hu, Kyatha-bada, Thaok-kyia, and Chaua. The day begins with the dawn, and has a natural division into sixty or more parts called *nari*. The longest day or night has thirty-six naris ; the shortest, twenty-four. There is also a popular division for the allotment of labor and rest, into eight watches of three hours each,—four for the day and as many for the night. A copper cup with a perforated bottom, set in a vase of water, serves for a timekeeper. A certain mark to which it sinks in a certain time stands for a *nari*, and naris and watches are struck on a bell.

The Burmese month is divided into the waxing and the waning moon. The

first day of their increasing moon corresponds to the first of our month, and the first of their waning moon to our sixteenth. The new moon, the eighth of the increase, the full moon, and the eighth of the wane, are days of public worship, when the people meet for devotion in the temples; but the days of the new and the full moon are kept holy with peculiar respect.

On the west side of the river, close to the village of Memboo, and nearly opposite Mahgwé, are some curious "mud volcanoes." As you approach them from the huts, the first "signs" you meet with are several little streams of bluish muddy water, which now and then smokes, and is decidedly saline. On topping a trifling rise in the road, a little more than a mile from Memboo, you have before you a vast lake of blue mud, with here and there a projecting hump, looking soft and sloshy. Gradually the scene opens a little, and from the expanse of mushiness several queer conical hills are seen, rearing their heads boldly. From these, in radiating lines, flows of the mud can be traced, marked by the different degrees of consolidation they have acquired, and the consequently different modes in which they reflect the light, as well as by the peculiar manner in which the drying of the mass has produced jointing or "division planes" on it. At short intervals a hollow, gurgling sound is heard, followed by a kind of stuffed *flop* in the mud.

Passing to these hills across the mud, which to your surprise you find tolerably firm and foot-worthy, you mount the side of one which appears more active than the others, and perceive that the conical hollow, or crater, of the volcano is filled nearly to the brim with bluish-gray, oily-looking mud, — liquid mud, — about as stiff as heated pitch, although, of course, less sticky. This crateriform hollow is not exactly at the top of the cone, but at one side, and a little below the summit.

As you watch it, all the surface of the liquid mud within heaves and swells upward like the throes of the human

chest in laborious inspiration; then suddenly a great bladder-like expansion is thrown up, and, breaking, falls back into the caldron below with a sullen flop. At one side is a narrow channel, the bottom of which is just above the level of the mucilaginous mass when at rest, but through which, at each successive eructation, a portion is ejected, and comes flowing down the side of the cone in a regular sewer it has formed for itself, its course marked by thin filmy flakes of earth-oil, with which it is partially associated. These thin films follow the curved bands of the quasi-viscous mass, and so produce regular scallops of color on the surface of the stream of mud. The mixture of mud and muddy water thus thrown out is only slightly saline to the taste, but is largely used in the preparation of salt near by; the process being similar to that employed elsewhere in Burmah, and consisting simply of lixiviating the mud, collecting the water thus passed over it, and concentrating it to crystallization over slow fires.

All the while a strong odor of petroleum is emitted, and that oil is continually thrown out in small quantities with the mud; but there is no smell of sulphuretted hydrogen or of carbonic acid.

Of the many cones, the highest stands about fifteen feet above the general level of the mud around, and is of very regular form. From the very summit of this, Mr. Oldham saw a little jet of mud projected at intervals to the height of a foot or more. The most active cone is not more than twelve feet high; the "crater" being about four feet wide at top, and a little below the summit. Another principal cone, of from twelve to fifteen feet, stands to the south of these; and remains of others, now inactive and partially washed away, are near it. The people of the village say that occasionally one of these, which has been for months or years extinct or inactive, will again begin to heave and discharge mud; while frequently, in others which are in operation, the position of the discharging orifice will be altered.

The eructations, or heaves, of the

most active of these vents are very irregular as to time, as well as force. They are governed by no law which can be traced with accuracy, although there does appear to be an uncertain approximation to some law by which the most vigorous outbursts occur at intervals of about thirty seconds; these greater shocks being accompanied and followed by many slighter motions, or the bursting of small bubbles in the interval.

The channel, or canal, raised above the general level, is very quickly formed by the mud flowing down the side of the cone. The mud on the edges and sides drying more rapidly than toward the centre, small raised banks are formed, between which the still fluid mud, ejected at each strong burst, flows in a more or less continuous stream. Occasionally the side bursts, or is broken down, and then the fluid finds an outlet, and cuts a side or branch channel in which the same phenomena are repeated. While the mud is yet fluid and in motion, curved lines of structure, produced by the more rapid flow of the centre, as compared with that of the sides, can readily be traced. But when dried and solid, the desiccation of the mass of mud containing so large a quantity of moisture results in numerous wide cracks, and open joints or fissures, traversing the mud, with comparatively definite direction in the lines, — the most marked being at right angles to the sides of the channel in which the mud has flowed; and others, again, nearly at right angles to those, “diceing up” the whole mass rudely into square fragments.

Half a mile northward from these mud cones there is a group of petroleum springs, rising out of the level flats at the foot of the small range of hills. Mr. Oldham found one in lively operation in a pool, or hole, about three feet six inches wide; it was continually bubbling up. There is a free discharge of gas or air; and, after the bubbles have burst, the oil can be seen floating on the surface of the water in flaky thin coatings, displaying the most beautiful prismatic colors. The wall of this

particular pool, or spring, was on a level with the ground around, or barely raised above it; but to the north, about twenty yards off, there was a mound which at first sight was supposed to be a kind of coaly lignite, but which on examination proved to be a cone of mud, originally thrown out by springs similar to those described above, but which must have brought with it a much larger proportion, relatively, of petroleum than the springs then in operation. The petroleum had impregnated the muddy mass, and formed a brown-black substance, readily inflammable, and in fact an earthy-brown coal. Fragments of vegetables, leaves, &c. were embedded in it, and in some of the smaller cavities were portions of the petroleum consolidated into a hard, black, pitchy substance. This conical heap was between eight and ten feet high, and about twenty-five feet in diameter at the base. Other small springs are found to the north of this, and in the same line. The villagers say no flame is ever seen to burst from these springs, but that occasionally smoke is; but as they said this only occurred in cold weather, the “smoke” was probably no more than the heated air of the spring coming suddenly in contact with the colder atmosphere, and so producing a cloud.

The petroleum of Burmah always resembles a thin treacle of a greenish color; and in the open air its odor is not unpleasant. It is universally used as a lamp-oil all over the Empire, for domestic purposes and public illuminations. The poonghees, or priests, who are the only physicians, also apply it abundantly as a liniment for bruises, swellings, and sores, and even administer it internally in cholera, and as a “pain-killer” generally. In the Chinese Geography, translated in Thévenot's *Voyages Curieux*, it is recommended as a sovereign remedy for itch,* — a statement which its sul-

* “To the north lies Zorzania [the kingdom of Georgia, bordering on Armenia], near the confines of which there is a fountain of oil, which discharges so great a quantity as to furnish loading for many camels. The use made of it is not for the purpose

phurous affinities render highly probable.

The wood-work and planking of houses, especially the fine fantastic carvings which so profusely adorn the roofs and porticos of the Kyoungs, are painted with petroleum almost to the point of saturation, to preserve them from the ravages of insects. And in this connection it may not seem irrelevant to help the reader to a just idea of the opulent magnificence, the marvellous delicacy, and bewildering elaborateness of Burmese wood-carving, gilding, and mirror-blazoning, by transcribing a passage from Captain Yule's description of the *Maha Oomiyepuina*, a royal monastery at Amarapoorā:—

"In this second building the three spires remain ungilt, the work probably having been interrupted by the civil commotions of 1852. The contrast thus arising between the mellow color of the teak and the brilliant mass of gold is no detriment to the effect. The posts of the basement, instead of being wholly gilt, are covered with scarlet lacker, banded with gilded carving. From post to post run cusped arches in open filigree-work of gilding, very delicate and beautiful.

"The corbels bearing the balcony are more fantastic and less artistic than those of the Toolut Boungyo.* Instead of dragons, they here consist of human figures in rich dresses, with the scallop wings of the Burman military costume, and wearing the heads of various animals,—elephants, bulls, &c. These figures are all in different dancing atti-

of food, but as an unguent for the cure of cutaneous distempers in men and cattle, as well as other complaints; and it is also good for burning. In the neighboring country no other is used in their lamps, and people come from distant parts to procure it,"—MARCO POLO.

"Near to this place [Baku in Shirvan, on the border of the Caspian] is a very strange and wonderful fountain under ground, out of which there springeth and issueth a marvellous quantity of black oyl, which serveth all the parts of Persia to burn in their houses; and they usually carry it all over the country upon kine and asses, whereof you shall oftentimes meet three or four hundred in company."—JOHN CARTWRIGHT, *The "Preacher's Travels."*

* The Maha Toolut Boungyo is the residence of the Tha-thana Bain, "The Defender of the Faith," High-Priest and Patriarch of all the poonghees.

tudes, and all jewelled and embellished in sparkling mosaic of mirror and gilding."

[In the Toolut Boungyo the corbels, or brackets, represent griffins or dragons with the head downward, the feet grasping the post, and the tail rising in alternate flexures, which seem almost to writhe and undulate.]

"The balcony balustrade is quite unique. Instead of the usual turned rails, or solid carved panels, it is a brilliant openwork of interlacing scrolls; the nuclei of the compartments into which the scrolls arrange themselves being fanciful, fairy-like figures in complete relief, somewhat awkward in drawing, but spirited in action. Below this balcony is an exquisite drooping eaves-board, in shield-like tracery, with interlacing scrolls cut through the wood, like lace-work.

"The staircase parapets (gilt masonry) are formed in scrolls of snakes, scaled with green looking-glass, and each discharging from its mouth a wreath of flowers in white mirror mosaic. The posts are crowned with tapering *htees*,* inferior in effect to the imperial crowns of the other monastery. The panels of the walls in the upper stories are exquisitely diapered and flowered in mosaic of looking-glass, while the eaves-crests and ridge-crest (the latter most delicate and brilliant) are of open carving in lattice-work, and flame-points tipped with sparkling mirror. The indispensable religious pinnacles or finials, with their peculiar wooden vanes or flags, are of unusually fanciful and delicate carving, each crowned with its miniature golden *htee* and bells."

Yet in all the generations since that Burman with a large inductive faculty sank the first shaft, these Pathan-like artificers, "designing like Titans and executing like jewellers," have not been able to devise anything better to draw their petroleum with than a rude earthen pot,—anything better to burn it in than another pot, with some cotton-seeds for a wick.

* Umbrellas, or canopies, of gilt iron filigree.

THE MAN AND BROTHER.

II.

DIALOGUES similar in nature to the following were quite frequent in the office of the Bureau Major.

"I wants to know ef I can't hev my little gal," explains a ragged freedwoman of an uncertain age.

"I suppose you can, if you can prove that she is yours, and if you have not bound her out as an apprentice."

"I ha'n't bound her out. I let Mr. Jack Bascom, up to Walhalla, have her to stay with him awhile, an' now I wants her back, an' I sont to Mr. Bascom more'n-a month ago to fotch her back, an' 'pears like he ain't gwine to fotch her."

"Perhaps she is very well off with Mr. Bascom; I understand that he is a man of property. What do you want her back for?"

"I wants to see her. She's my little gal, an' I has a right to hev her, an' I wants her."

Here a citizen who was lounging in the office took part in the conversation.

"Look here, aunty, you had better leave your girl with Mr. Bascom; he is a very kind, honorable man. Besides, he made twenty-five hundred bushels of corn this last season, and it stands to reason that she won't suffer there, while you, probably, don't know whether you'll have enough to go upon through the winter. It's going to be a hard winter for poor folks, aunty, and you'd better take as light a load into it as you can."

"I don't keer for all that," persists the short-sighted, affectionate creature. "Yes, I does keer. But I can't go without seein' my little gal any longer. I ha'n't sot eyes on her for nigh four months, an' I can't stan' it no longer. 'Pears like I don't know how she's gettin' on."

"But you must have faith," I said, attacking her on the religious side, always an open one with the negroes.

However sinful their lives may chance to be in practice, they feel bound to admit the authority of certain doctrines. "It's your duty to have faith," I repeat. "If you have put your child into the hands of a decent man, well off in this world's goods, — if you have done by her to the best of your intelligence, — you must trust that God will do the rest. You are bound to believe that he will take just as good care of her as if you were there and saw it all."

"Yes, that's so; that's true preachin'," responded the woman, nonplussed at discovering that preaching could be made so practical as to apply to Bureau business. "But I don't keer for all that. Yes, I does keer, but I wants to see my little gal."

"Suppose you should move up to Walhalla yourself? Then your child could keep her good place, and still you could see her."

"No, no, I can't do that," she affirmed, shaking her head with energy.

"Ah, aunty! I see through you now," said I. "You have a lot of old cronies here; you love to gossip and smoke pipes with them; you care more for them than for your girl. All you want of her is to wait on you while you sit and tattle. You just want her to go for water and to put a chunk of fire on your pipe."

"No, no, no!" denied the aunty, but she looked dreadfully guilty, as though my charge were at least half true. The result was, that, by dint of ridicule, coaxing, and arguing, I prevailed upon her to leave her child with Mr. Jack Bascom, in whose care the pickaninny was of course far better off than she could have been with her poverty-stricken parent.

Other women wanted their children, male and female, big and little, brought back from Florida, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Arkansas. It was useless to say,

"They have but just gone; they have not fulfilled a quarter of their year's contract; besides, they are earning far more than they can here." A combination of affection, stupidity, and selfishness easily responded, "I don't keer for all that, an' I wants to see 'em." The only effective opposition which the Bureau Major could raise consisted in declaring with official firmness and coldness, "I have no transportation for such purposes."

A middle-aged freedwoman came to me with a complaint that her son-in-law would do nothing for the support of his wife and children.

"He's down on the railroad twenty-five miles below yere, an' he's git'n' good wages, an' I can't keep 'em no longer."

"Won't he have them with him?" I inquired.

"Yes, he's sонт for 'em once or twice; but I ain't gwine to let 'em go so fur off. Ef he wants my da'ter, he's got to live with her, and she's got to live with me."

"Very well; then you may continue to support her," was of course my decision.

Another granny pestered me by the hour for a week together to induce me to save her youngest son Andy from being deported. Andy had stolen a pig; as a consequence he was in jail, awaiting trial; but the sheriff was willing to release him on condition that he would take a contract out of the State; and consequently a planter who was going to Florida had hired him, paid his jail fees, and secured his liberation.

"He must go," said I. "If he breaks his bargain, I'll have him shut up again."

"O, I would n't keer for that," whimpered the old creature. "'Pears like I'd rather hev him in jail all his life than go away from me."

Andy did break his bargain, lurked in the neighborhood a few days, and then, being pursued by the sheriff, absconded to parts unknown.

These aged freedwomen, and many

also of the aged freedmen, had the bump of locality like old cats. No place in the world would answer for them except the very place in which they had been brought up and had formed their little circle of now venerable gossips. If all their sons and grandsons went to Florida or Louisiana, they would stay with the ancients with whom they were accustomed to smoke and tattle.

And yet the negroes have a great love for children; it is one of the most marked characteristics of the race. Allowing for their desire to have somebody to wait on them, and somebody at hand over whom they can exercise authority; allowing also for their prejudice against everything which in any manner recalls their ancient burden of slavery,—they must still be credited with a large amount of natural affection. One of the strongest objections to the apprenticing of colored children lies in the fact that the relatives soon sicken of their bargain, and want to regain possession of the youngsters. If the father and mother are not alive to worry in the matter, it will be taken up by grandparents, aunts, and cousins. They coax the pickaninny to run away, and they bring horrible stories of cruel treatment to the Bureau officer. Finding, in every case which I investigated, that these tales were falsifications, I invariably refused to break the bond of apprenticeship, and instructed the applicants that their only resource was a trial for the possession of the orphan before the Judge of the District Court. I did this partly from a sense of justice to the master, partly because he was always better able to care for the apprentice than the relatives, and partly because I considered it my duty to aid in setting the civil law on its legs and preparing the community to dispense with military government. As an application for a writ of *habeas corpus* costs money, I never knew mother, grandmother, aunt, or cousin to make it.

One might think that apprentices thus furiously sought for would be gladly let go by their masters; but the

Southern whites are themselves noticeably fond of children, and even of negro children. I have known two small farmers to carry on a long war, involving fights, drawing of knives, suits for assault and battery, and writs of *habeas corpus*, for the possession of a jet black girl only seven years of age, and almost valueless except as a plaything. I have known a worthy old gentleman of the higher class to worry away time and money in endeavoring to recover a pet little octoroon from her relatives.

If the negro younglings are well loved, they are also well whipped; the parents have no idea of sparing the rod and spoiling the child; and when they do flog, it is in a passion and with a will. Passing a cabin, I heard a long-drawn yell of anguish from within, and then saw a little freedman rush out, rubbing his rear violently with both hands, his mouth wide open to emit a scream of the largest calibre and the longest range. In the language of a spectator, he looked "powerful glad to git out o' do'."

One of the teachers of the Bureau school at my station having dismissed a girl for bad behavior, the mother appeared to remonstrate. "What you turn her out for?" she demanded. "Ef she's naughty, why don' you whip her?"

"I don't approve of whipping children," was the reply. "It is a punishment that I don't wish to inflict."

"It's your business," screamed the mother,—"it's your business to whip 'em. That's what you's sonto here for."

The most hopeful sign in the negro is his anxiety to have his children educated. The two or three hundred boys and girls whom I used to see around the Bureau school-house—attired with a decency which had strained to the utmost the slender parental purse, ill spared from the hard labor necessary to support their families, gleeful and noisy over their luncheons of cold roasted sweet-potato—were proofs that the race has a chance in the future. Many a sorely pinched woman, a widow, or deserted by her husband, would

not let her boy go out to service, "bekase I wants him to have some school-in'." One of the elder girls, a remarkably handsome octoroon with Grecian features and chestnut hair, attended recitations in the morning, and worked at her trade of dress-making in the afternoon. There were some grown men who came in the evening to wrestle, rather hopelessly than otherwise, with the depravities of our English spelling. One of them, a gray-headed person with round spectacles, bent on qualifying himself for the ministry, was very amusing with his stereotyped remark, when corrected of a mistake, "I specs likely you may be right, mum."

It is a mooted point whether colored children are as quick at learning as white children. I should say not; certainly those whom I saw could not compare with the Caucasian youngster of ten or twelve, who is "tackling" French, German, and Latin; they are inferior to him, not only in knowledge, but in the facility of acquisition. In their favor it must be remembered, that they lack the forcing elements of highly educated competition and of a refined home influence. A white lad gets much bookishness and many advanced ideas from the daily converse of his family. Moreover, ancestral intelligence, trained through generations of study, must tell, even though the rival thinking machines may be naturally of the same calibre. I am convinced that the negro as he is, no matter how educated, is not the mental equal of the European. Whether he is not a man, but merely, as "Ariel" and Dr. Cartwright would have us believe, "a living creature," is quite another question, and of so little practical importance that no wonder Governor Perry has written a political letter about it. Human or not, there he is in our midst, four millions strong; and if he is not educated mentally and morally, he will make us trouble.

By way of interesting the adherents of the "living-creature" hypothesis, I offer the following letter, which I received from a negro "pundit," probably to be forwarded to his relatives:—

PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA,
the 14 March 1867

To the freedmen Bureau in Green ville S. C.

• Dear freinds the deep crants of rivous ceprate ous but i hope in God for hours prasous agine and injoying the same injoyment That we did before the war begun and i am tolbile know but much trubbel in mind and i hope my trouble Will not Be all Ways this Ways. for which enlist the roused up energies of nation and Which Would Be followed by the most disastrous consequences but for these master spirits That reign over the scene of their troubled birth there are no tampests in a tranquil atmosphere no maountain Waves upon a great sea no cataracts in an even stream and rarely does a man of pereminent po Wars burst upon our admiration in the ever undisturbed flow of human affairs those men Who rise to sway the opinions or control the energies of a nation to move the great master springs of human action are developed By events of infinite moment they appear in those conflicts Where pollical or religious faith of nation is agitated and Where the temporal and eternal Welfare of millions is at issue if on please to inquire for Caline then inquire for marther live at Jane Ransom and Harriett that live at doctor Gant and if you heir from tham let me know if you Plese soon Writ to Pittsburg Pa to Carpenters No 28

Robard Rosemon that lived in Andison Destrect my farther and Carline my mother i remien your refactorate son
SAM ROSEMON.

It will be observed that Sam has tackled some large subjects, if he has not satisfactorily thrown them. I recommend to him the "living creature" hypothesis, as being perhaps worthy of his attention.

I took much pride in the Greenville colored school, for I had aided to establish it. Its real founder, the person who can boast that without him it would not have existed, is Charles Hopkins, a full-blooded black from the low country, for many years a voluntary

exhorter among his people, and now an ordained preacher of the Methodist Church. His education, gathered in the chance opportunities of a bondage of fifty years, is sufficient to enable him to instruct in the lower English branches. He is a meek, amiable, judicious, virtuous, godly man, zealous for the good of the freedmen, yet so thoroughly trusted by the whites, that he was able to raise a subscription of two hundred and sixty dollars among the impoverished citizens of Greenville.

During the summer of 1866 Hopkins obtained a room in a deserted hotel which had been seized by the government, and, aided by two others of his race, gave spelling and reading lessons to sixty or seventy scholars. For this labor he eventually received a modest remuneration from the New York Freedmen's Union Association. When I assumed command of the sub-district the school had closed for the autumn, the hotel had been restored to its owners, and a schoolroom was needed. The officer whom I relieved had much to say concerning plans of rent or purchase, and earnestly recommended Hopkins to my consideration. It was at this time that the enthusiastic old man raised his subscription. Meanwhile I wrote to the Bureau Superintendent of Education, and received assurances of help in case a school was established.

His private purse reduced to a few dollars, his remaining means pledged for the support of his assistants, Hopkins purchased a storehouse belonging to the defunct State-arsenal works, and took a three years' lease of a lot of ground in the outskirts of the village. A mass meeting of freedmen tore the building to pieces, moved it nearly two miles, and set it up on the new site. Then came much labor of carpenters, masons, and plasterers, and much expense for new materials. By the time the school-house was completed it had cost, together with the rent of the land, five hundred and sixty dollars, or more than twice the amount of the subscrip-

tion. Hopkins was substantially bankrupt, and, moreover, he was drawing no salary.

It must be understood that the Bureau had no funds for the payment of teachers; by the act of Congress it is limited in the matter of education to the renting and repairing of school-houses. Teachers are supported by generous individuals or by benevolent societies at the North, which converge into various larger organizations, and these into the Bureau. For instance, a sewing-circle in Lockport raises five hundred dollars for the blacks, or a wealthy gentleman in Albany gives the same sum from his private purse, and both forward their contributions to the Freedmen's Union Association in New York City. But each of these subscribers naturally wishes to know by whom the money will be used, or has in view a worthy person who deserves a mission of some small profit and much usefulness. The consequence is that the Freedmen's Union and the Bureau receive few unappropriated contributions, and are not able to do much toward the payment of negro teachers.

Application on application was forwarded, but Hopkins was grievously bullied by his creditors before he received a penny of salary. For his two colored assistants I could obtain nothing, and they left, after two months of unrequited labor, indebted to Hopkins and others for their support. The spirit of the Freedmen's Union was willing, but its purse was weak. The Bureau supplies, on the other hand, were easily obtained, the cost of land and building slipping nicely into the appropriation for "rent and repairs;" and the money arriving promptly enough to save Hopkins from falling into the hands of the sheriff. Eventually, too, he secured payment for all his services at the rate of twenty-five dollars a month; and when I last saw him he was as nearly square with the world as the majority of his white fellow-citizens.

Meantime he had received ordination from the Charleston missionary branch of the Methodist Church North. With

a commission as "Professor" from the Freedmen's Union Association, with the title of clergyman from one of the great branches of the Christian Church, with the consciousness of having founded the Greenville Elementary Freedmen's School, he was a gratified man, and worthy of his happiness.

It must not be supposed that he is rolling in pelf. As the school keeps open only eight months in the year, as the Methodist missionary society is short of funds, and has never paid him the promised annual salary of one hundred dollars, and as the voluntary contributions of his congregation amount to perhaps seven dollars a quarter, his income is less than he could get by superintending a plantation. If any benevolent person will send a small check to the Rev. Charles Hopkins of Greenville, South Carolina, he will aid an excellent man who has not been properly remunerated for his share in the good work of this world.

Two white teachers joined the school toward the close of 1866, and the force has been gradually increased to five; Hopkins remaining in charge of the lower classes. The number of scholars on the rolls is something like three hundred. The higher classes are in geography, arithmetic, English grammar and written exercises, and declamation. Class-books of the latest issue are gratuitously supplied by a leading New York publishing-house. The discipline is admirable; the monotony of study is relieved by gleesome singing; there is a cheerful zeal, near akin to hilarity; it is a charming spectacle. Most of the leading scholars thus far are from one family, — a dozen or so of brothers, sisters, and cousins, — all of mixed blood and mostly handsome. When I first saw those hazel or blue eyes, chestnut or flaxen heads, and clear complexions, I took it for granted that some of the white children of the village had seized this chance for a gratuitous education. I had met the same persons before in the streets, without suspecting that they were of other than pure Anglo-Saxon race.

The superior scholarship of these octoroons, by the way, is not entirely owing to their greater natural quickness of intellect, but also to the fact that before the emancipation they were petted and encouraged by the family to which they belonged. A man's chances go very far towards making up the actual man.

What is the negro's social status, and what is it to be? I was amused one Sunday morning by a little tableau which presented itself at the front door of my hotel. The Bureau Superintendent of Education having arrived on an inspecting tour, my venerable friend Hopkins had called to take him to church, and was waiting in his meek fashion under the portico, not choosing to intrude upon the august interior of the establishment. Having lately been ordained, and conceiving himself entitled to the insignia of his profession, he had put on a white neckcloth, which of course contrasted brilliantly with his black face and clothing. In the doorway stood a citizen, a respectable and kindly man, excellently well reconstructed too, and with as few of the Southern prejudices as one could have in Greenville. But he was lost in wonder at this novel spectacle; he had a smile of mingled curiosity and amusement on his face to which I cannot do justice; he seemed to be admitting that here was indeed a new and most comical era in human history. A nigger in regular clerical raiment was evidently a phenomenon which his imagination never could have depicted, and which fact alone—so much stranger than fiction—could have brought home to him as a possibility. Whether he believes at this day that he actually did see Hopkins in a black coat and white cravat is more than doubtful.

Not for generations will the respectable whites of the South, any more than those of the North, accept the negroes as their social equals. That pride of race which has marked all distinguished peoples,—which caused the Greeks to style even the wealthy Persians and Egyptians barbarians,—which made

the Romans refuse for ages the boon of citizenship to other Italians,—which led the Semitic Jew to scorn the Hamitic Canaanite, and leads the Aryan to scorn the Jew,—that sentiment which more than anything else has created nationality and patriotism,—has among us retreated to the family, but it guards this last stronghold with jealous care. Whether the applicant for admission be the Chinaman of California or the African of Carolina, he will for long be repulsed. The acceptance of the negro as the social equal of the white in our country dates so far into the future, that, practically speaking, we may consider it as never to be, and so cease concerning ourselves about it. Barring the dregs of our population, as, for instance, the poor white trash of the South, the question interests no one now alive.

I had not been long in Greenville before I was invited to what Mr. Hopkins styled "a concert." Repairing in the evening to the Bureau school-house, and seating myself amid an audience of freed-people, I found that the "concert" consisted not of singing or other music, but of tableaux-vivans. At one end of the room there was a stage of chestnut boards, with a curtain of calico and an inner curtain of white gauze to assist the illusion. Presently the calico was withdrawn, and I beheld a handsome Pocahontas, her face reddened to the true Indian color as seen in colored woodcuts, a wealth of long black hair falling down her back, saving the life of a Captain John Smith with Grecian features and Caucasian complexion. Powhatan and his warriors were painted up to a proper ferocity, and attired with a respectable regard to the artistic demands of savageness. The scene was hardly uncovered before it was hidden again. I whispered to Hopkins that the spectators were not allowed a fair chance, and the consequence was a repetition. This time the curtain was kept open so long that Pocahontas, unable to bear the lengthened publicity, gave a nervous start which amazingly tickled the beholders.

Then came the Goddess of Liberty,

a charming girl of seventeen, with wavy chestnut hair, rosy cheeks, and laughing eyes, quite imposingly draped in stars and stripes. Next followed a French family scene: one black face here as servant, and one or two mulatto ones as old folks; but the grandeur and grace of the scene represented by blue eyes, auburn hair, and blond complexions. I was puzzled by this free mingling of the African and Caucasian races, and repaired to Hopkins for an explanation. He informed me that the "concert" had been got up by the octoroon family which I have heretofore mentioned, and that its members had furnished nearly all of the performers.

Great is color, and patrician is race. I have heard a mulatto candidate for the Convention declare to an assemblage of negroes: "I never ought to have been a slave, for my father was a gentleman." I have heard him declaim: "If ever there is a nigger government — an unmixed nigger government — established in South Carolina, I shall move."

It may well be supposed that the pure blacks do not listen to such assumptions with satisfaction. Although this speaker was the most notable colored man in his district, although he was (for his opportunities) a person of remarkable intellect, information, and high character, he ran behind all the white candidates on his ticket.

In Greenville there was deep and increasing jealousy between the blacks and mulattoes. To some extent they formed distinct cliques of society, and crystallized into separate churches. When the mulattoes arranged a series of tableaux-vivans for the benefit of their religious establishment, the far more numerous blacks kept at a distance, and made the show a pecuniary failure. When the mulattoes asked that they might hold a fair in the Bureau school-house for the above-mentioned purpose, some of the blacks intrigued against the request, and were annoyed at my granting it.

This fair, by the way, was a pleasing sight. As Bureau officers and guar-

dian of the freedmen, I of course went; so did all the dignitaries of the United States District Court then sitting in Greenville; so also did three or four of the wiser and kindlier white citizens. The room was crowded, for the blacks had been unable to resist the temptations of a spectacle, and had forgotten temporarily their jealousy of the mixed race. As usual on such occasions, the handsomest and brightest girls sat behind the counters, and were extortionate in their prices. Wishing to make a gay present to my friend Hopkins, I was a little astonished at being called upon to pay five dollars for a frosted cake, and at learning that another, of extra size and grandeur, had been sold for twelve dollars. There were ice-creams and oysters and solidier viands; there were fans, perfumeries, and jim-crackeries for the ladies; there were candies and toys for the children, slippers for the lords of creation. What the proceeds of the entertainment were I do not know; but the treasurer of the occasion had a roll of greenbacks which excited my envy.

One incident was comical in its results. Standing with the Hon. Mr. Blank, a benevolent and liberal-minded Southerner, near one of the prettiest of the octoroon sisters, I called his attention to her Greek purity of profile. He replied that the circumstance was no ways singular, and that one of the most notably beautiful women in the State had been of that mixed race. A little colored tailor, who was at our elbows, half understood this statement, applied it to the girl behind the counter, and reported through the assemblage that the Hon. Mr. Blank had called Jenny W—— the handsomest girl in South Carolina. A certain wicked young gentleman got hold of the story, and spread it all over town in the following outrageous fashion. Whatsoever belle of the Anglo-Saxon race he might encounter, he would say to her, "Well, — hum, — you are very pretty, — but you are not as pretty as Miss Jenny W——."

"Who is Miss Jenny W——?" would be the benighted and curious response.

Then would this intolerable young

gentleman maliciously tell his tale, and go on his way laughing. The result was high excitement among the belles of the Anglo-Saxon race, and much feminine chaffing of the Hon. Mr. Blank. What made the matter worse was, that on the day of the fair he had accepted an invitation to a young ladies' reading-society, and then had withdrawn it, because of the invitation from the humble race which held festivity at the Bureau school-house.

"What! going to disappoint us for those people!" a fair patrician had said to him. "We ought to cut your acquaintance."

"My dear, I can't disappoint *them*," he had replied, very wisely and nobly. "When people whom God has placed so far beneath me ask for my presence, I must give it. It is like an invitation from the queen. It is a command."

That had been comprehended and pardoned; but to call Jenny W— handsomer than them all! The Hon. Mr. Blank was bullied into making explanations.

But this gossip was matter of laughter, without a shade of serious umbrage or jealousy, so secure is the Anglo-Saxon race in its social pre-eminence. Between the mulattoes and negroes the question is far different; the former are already anxious to distinguish themselves from the pure Africans; the latter are already sore under the superiority thus asserted. Were the two breeds more equally divided in numbers, there would be such hostility between them as has been known in Hayti and Jamaica. The mixed race in our country is, however, so small, and its power of self-perpetuation so slight, that it will probably be absorbed in the other. Meantime it holds more than its share of intelligence, and of those qualities which go to the acquisition of property.

With a Bureau officer who was stationed in the lowlands of South Carolina, I compared impressions as to the political qualifications and future of the negro. "In my district," he said, "the

election was a farce. Very few of the freedmen had any idea of what they were doing, or even of how they ought to do it. They would vote into the post-office, or any hole they could find. Some of them carried home their ballots, greatly smitten with the red lettering and the head of Lincoln, or supposing that they could use them as warrants for land. Others would give them to the first white man who offered to take care of them. One old fellow said to me, 'Lord, marsr! do for Lord's sake tell me what dis yere's all about.' I explained to him that the election was to put the State back into the Union, and make it stay there in peace. 'Lord bless you, mdrsr! I'se might glad to un'erstan' it,' he answered. 'I'se the only nigger in this yere districk now that knows what he's up ter.'"

In my own district things were better. A region of small farmers mainly, the negroes had lived nearer to the whites than on the great plantations of the low country, and were proportionately intelligent. The election in Greenville was at least the soberest and most orderly that had ever been known there. Obedient to the instructions of their judicious managers, the freedmen voted quietly, and went immediately home, without the reproach of a fight or a drunkard, and without even a hurrah of triumph. Their little band of music turned out in the evening to serenade a favorite candidate, but a word from him sent them home with silent trumpets, and the night was remarkable for tranquillity. Even the youngsters who sometimes rowdied in the streets seemed to be sensible of the propriety of unusual peace, and went to bed early. Judging from what I saw that day, I should have halcyon hopes for the political future of the negro.

My impression is, although I cannot make decisive averment in the matter, that a majority of the Greenville freedmen had a sufficiently intelligent sense of the purport of the election. The stupidest of them understood that he

was acting "agin de rebs," and "for de freedom." None of them voted into the post-office or into hollow trees.

But more delicate and complicated questions will some day arise than a simple choice between slaveholding rebellion and emancipating loyalty. How then? It is an unveiled future; shooting Niagara — and after? I defy any one to prophesy with certainty whether more good or harm will come of this sudden enfranchisement of ignorant millions. For the present it works well, by contrast with what might have been; we had but a choice of evils, and we have unquestionably taken the least. If it is not satisfactory to have manumitted ignoramuses voting on amendments to the Constitution, it is better than to leave the South in the hands of unreconstructed rebels, led by traitorous old rats of politicians. But every good is purchased at the expense of attendant evils, and this may demand more than we can conveniently pay for it.

There was a tragedy in my satrapy during the autumn of 1867. A meeting of Union-Leaguers, composed chiefly of negroes, but presided over by a white man, was held one evening in an inconsiderable hamlet near the southern border of Pickens District. According to an absurd and illegal fashion too common with such convocations, armed sentinels were posted around the building, with orders to prevent the approach of uninitiated persons. In a school-house not far distant the whites of the neighborhood had met in a debating-society.

A low-down white named Smith approached the League rendezvous, — as the sentinels declared, with threats of forcing an entrance; as he stated, by mistake. Either by him or by one of the negroes a pistol was fired; and then arose a cry that a "reb" was coming to break up the meeting. A voice within, said by some to be that of the president, Bryce, ordered, "Bring that man a prisoner, dead or alive."

The negroes rushed out; Smith fled, hotly pursued, to the school-house;

the members of the debating-club broke up in a panic, and endeavored to escape; a second pistol was fired, and a boy of fourteen, named Hunnicutt, the son of a respectable citizen, fell dead. The ball entered the back of his head, showing that, when it struck him, he was flying.

Then ensued an extraordinary drama. The negroes, unaware apparently that they had done anything wrong, believing, on the contrary, that they were re-establishing public order and enforcing justice, commenced patrolling the neighborhood, entering every house, and arresting numbers of citizens. They marched in double file, pistol in belt and gun at the shoulder, keeping step to the "hup, hup!" of a fellow called *Lame Sam*, who acted as drill-sergeant and commander. By noon of the next day they had the country for miles around in their power, and a majority of the male whites under guard. What they meant to do is uncertain; probably they did not know themselves. Their subsequent statement was that they wanted to find the disturber of their meeting, Smith, and also the murderer of Hunnicutt, whom they asserted to be a "reb."

On the arrival of a detachment from the United States garrison at Anderson the whites were liberated, and the freedmen handed over to the civil authorities for trial before the next District Court. The Leaguers exhibited such a misguided loyalty to their order and each other, that it was impossible to fix a charge for murder on any one person, or to establish grounds for an indictment of any sort against Bryce. Eighteen were found guilty of riot, and sentenced to imprisonment; eight of homicide in the first degree, and sentenced to death.

Still no confessions; the convicted men would not believe that they would be punished; they were sure that the Yankees would save them, or that the Leaguers would rescue them; they refused to point out either the instigator or the perpetrator of the murder. It was not until the United States mar-

shal of South Carolina assured them of the fallacy of their hopes that they dismissed them. Admissions were then made; nearly all coincided in fixing the fatal pistol-shot upon one; and that one was hung.

This affair is mainly important as showing how easily the negroes can be led into folly and crime. Themselves a peaceful race, not disposed to rioting and murder, they were brought without trouble to both by the counsels of the ignorant and pugnacious whites who became their leaders in the Loyal Leagues. Not three days after the Hunnicutt tragedy, a farmer from Pickens District called on me to obtain a permit for an armed meeting of Union men, and seemed quite dumbfounded when I not only refused the permit, but assured him that, if he attempted to hold such a meeting, I would have him arrested. In justice to the Union men and the negroes, however, it must be remembered that they have been governed by the mailed hand; and that, in seeking to enforce their political ideas by steel and gunpowder, they are but following the example of the high-toned gentlemen who formerly swayed the South. On the whole, we must admit that, although they have committed more follies and crimes than were at all desirable, they have committed fewer than might reasonably have been expected, considering the nature of their political education. In their rule thus far there has been less of the vigilance committee than in that which preceded it.

At least one of the political privileges of the negroes is already a heavy burden to them. Every day or two some ragged fellow stepped into my office with the inquiry, "I wants to know ef I've got to pay my taxes."

"Certainly," I was bound to reply, for the general commanding had declared that the civil laws were in force, and moreover I knew that the State was tottering for lack of money.

"But the sheriff, he's put it up to eight dollars now, an' when he first named it to me he said it was three,

an' when I went to see him about it arterward he said it was five. 'Pears like I can't git at the rights of the thing nohow, an' they's jes tryin' to leave me without anything to go upon."

"My dear fellow, you should have paid up when you were first warned. The additions since then are charges for collection. The longer you put it off, the more it will cost you. You had better settle with the sheriff without any further delay, or you may be sold out."

"Wal, 'pears like it's mighty hard on us, an' we jes a startin'. I was turned off year befo' las' without a grain o' corn, an' no lan'. Boss, is they comin' on us every year for these yere taxes?"

"I suppose so. How else are the laws to be kept up, and the poor old negroes to be supported?"

Exit freedman in a state of profound discouragement, looking as if he wished there were no laws and no poor old negroes.

The taxes were indeed heavy on labor, especially as compared with wages. Eight dollars a month, with rations and lodging, was all that the best field hand could earn in Greenville District; and those freedmen who took land on shares generally managed, by dint of unintelligent cultivation and of laziness, to obtain even less. I knew of able-bodied women who were working for nothing but their shelter, food, and two suits of cheap cotton clothing per annum.

As a result of this wretched remuneration there was an exodus. During the fall of 1866 probably a thousand freed-people left my two districts of Pickens and Greenville to settle in Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Tennessee. Only a few had the enterprise or capital to go by themselves; the great majority were carried off by planters and emigration agents. Those who went to Florida contracted for twelve dollars a month, a cabin, a garden-patch, fuel, and weekly rations consisting of one peck of meal, two pounds of bacon, and one pint of molasses; but on reaching their destination, and seeing the richness of the land, they some-

times flew from their bargains and secured a new one, giving them one third of the crop in place of wages, and increasing the quantity and quality of their rations. The emigrants to Louisiana and Arkansas went on the basis of fifteen dollars a month, lodgings, patch, fuel, and food; and then kept their contracts if they pleased, or violated them under the temptation of thirty, forty, and even fifty dollars a month. The negroes having never been taught the value of honesty by experience, nor much of its beauty by precept, are frequently slippery. The planters, pressing in need of labor, were generally obliged to accede to their demands.

On the other hand, the emigration agents were accused of some sharp practice, and particularly of leaving their emigrants at points whither they had not agreed to go. A freedman who had contracted to work at Memphis might be landed at Franklin in Louisiana without knowing the difference. In short, the matter went on more or less smoothly, with some good results and some evil. Labor was transferred in considerable masses from where it was not wanted to where it was. The beneficial effects of the migration were of course much diminished by the accidental circumstances of the overflows in Louisiana, and the fall in the value of the cotton crop everywhere. Moreover, these negroes of the mountains suffered nearly as much from lowland fevers as if they were white men from our Northern frontiers.

Will the freedmen acquire property and assume position among the managers of our national industry? Already a division is taking place among them: there are some who have clearly benefited by emancipation, and others who have not; the former are becoming what the Southerners term "decent niggers," and the latter are turning into poor black trash. The low-down negro will of course follow the low-down white into sure and deserved oblivion. His more virtuous and vital brother will struggle longer with the law of natural

selection; and he may eventually hold a portion of this continent against the vigorous and terrible Caucasian race; that portion being probably those lowlands where the white cannot or will not labor. Meantime the negro's acquisition of property, and of those qualities which command the industry of others, will be slow. What better could be expected of a serf so lately manumitted?

When I first took post in Greenville, I used to tell the citizens that soon their finest houses would be in possession of blacks; but long before I left there I had changed my opinion. Although land in profusion was knocked down for a song on every monthly sale day, not more than three freedmen had purchased any, and they not more than an acre apiece. What little money they earned they seemed to be incapable of applying to solid and lasting purpose; they spent it for new clothes and other luxuries, or in supporting each other's idleness; they remained penniless, where an Irishman or German would thrive. Encumbered with debt as are many of the whites of Greenville, deficient as they may be in business faculty and industry, they need not fear that black faces will smile out of their parlor windows. The barbarian and serf does not so easily rise to be the employer and landlord of his late master.

What is to become of the African in our country as a race? Will he commingle with the Caucasian, and so disappear? It is true that there are a few marriages, and a few cases of illegal cohabitation, between negro men and the lowest class of white women. For example, a full-blooded black walked twenty miles to ask me if he could have a white wife, assuring me that there was a girl down in his "settlement" who was "a teasin' every day about it."

He had opened his business with hesitation, and he talked of it in a tremulous undertone, glancing around for fear of listeners. I might have told him that, as it was not leap year, the woman had no right to propose to him;

but I treated the matter seriously. Bearing in mind that she must be a disreputable creature, who would make him a wretched helpmeet, I first informed him that the marriage would be legal, and that the civil and military authorities would be bound to protect him in it, and then advised him against it, on the ground that it would expose him to a series of underhanded persecutions which could not easily be prevented. He went away evidently but half convinced, and I presume that his Delilah had her will with him, although I heard no more of this odd love affair. But such cases are as yet rare, and furthermore the low-downers are a transient race. Free labor and immigration from the North or Europe will extirpate or elevate them within half a century.

Miscegenation between white men and negroes has diminished under the new order of things. Emancipation has broken up the close family contact in which slavery held the two races, and, moreover, young gentlemen do not want mulatto children sworn to them at a cost of three hundred dollars apiece. In short, the new relations of the two stocks tend to separation rather than to fusion. Consequently there will be no amalgamation, no merging and disappearance of the black in the white, except at a period so distant that it is not worth while now to speculate upon it. So far as we and our children and grandchildren are concerned, the negro will remain a negro, and must be prophesied about as a negro.

But will he remain a negro, and not rather become a ghost? It is almost ludicrous to find the "woman question" intruding itself into the future of a being whom we have been accustomed to hear of as a "nigger," and whom a ponderous wise man of the East persists in abusing as "Quashee." There is a growing disinclination to marriage among the young freedmen, because the girls are learning to shirk out-of-door work, to demand nice dresses and furniture, and, in short, to be fine ladies. The youths

have, of course no objection to the adornment itself; indeed, they are, like white beaux, disposed to follow the game which wears the finest feathers; but they are getting clever enough to know that such game is expensive, and to content themselves with looking at it. Where the prettiest colored girls in Greenville were to find husbands was more than I could imagine.

There are other reasons why the blacks will not increase as rapidly as before the emancipation. The young men have more amusements and a more varied life than formerly. Instead of being shut up on the plantation, they can spend the nights in frolicking about the streets or at drinking-places; instead of the monotony of a single neighborhood, they can wander from village to village and from South Carolina to Texas. The master is no longer there to urge matrimony, and perhaps other methods of increasing population. Negroes, as well as whites, can now be forced by law to support their illegitimate offspring, and are consequently more cautious than formerly how they have such offspring.

In short, the higher civilization of the Caucasian is gripping the race in many ways, and bringing it to sharp trial before its time. This new, varied, costly life of freedom, this struggle to be at once like a race which has passed through a two thousand years' growth in civilization, will unquestionably diminish the productiveness of the negro, and will terribly test his vitality.

It is doubtless well for his chances of existence that his color keeps him a plebeian, so that, like the European peasant held down by caste, he is less tempted to destroy himself in the struggle to become a patrician.

What judgment shall we pass upon abrupt emancipation, considered merely with reference to the negro? It is a mighty experiment, fraught with as much menace as hope.

To the white race alone it is a certain and precious boon.

THE TWO RABBIS.

THE Rabbi Nathan, twoscore years and ten,
Walked blameless through the evil world, and then,
Just as the almond blossomed in his hair,
Met a temptation all too strong to bear,
And miserably sinned. So, adding not
Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat, and taught
No more among the elders, but went out
From the great congregation girt about
With sackcloth, and with ashes on his head,
Making his gray locks grayer. Long he prayed,
Smiting his breast; then, as the Book he laid
Open before him for the Bath-Col's choice,
Pausing to hear that Daughter of a Voice,
Behold the royal preacher's words: "A friend
Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end;
And for the evil day thy brother lives."
Marvelling, he said: "It is the Lord who gives
Counsel in need. At Ecbatana dwells
Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men excels
In righteousness and wisdom, as the trees
Of Lebanon the small weeds that the bees
Bow with their weight. I will arise, and lay
My sins before him."

And he went his way
Barefooted, fasting long, with many prayers;
But even as one who, followed unawares,
Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand
Thrill with its touch his own, and his cheek fanned
By odors subtly sweet, and whispers near
Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose but hear,
So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chanting low
The wail of David's penitential woe,
Before him still the old temptation came,
And mocked him with the motion and the shame
Of such desires that, shuddering, he abhorred
Himself; and, crying mightily to the Lord
To free his soul and cast the demon out,
Smote with his staff the blankness round about.

At length, in the low light of a spent day,
The towers of Ecbatana far away
Rose on the desert's rim; and Nathan, faint
And footsore, pausing where for some dead saint
The faith of Islam reared a doméd tomb,
Saw some one kneeling in the shadow, whom
He greeted kindly: "May the Holy One
Answer thy prayers, O stranger!" Whereupon

The shape stood up with a loud cry, and then,
 Clasped in each other's arms, the two gray men
 Wept, praising Him whose gracious providence
 Made their paths one. But straightway, as the sense
 Of his transgression smote him, Nathan tore
 Himself away: "O friend beloved, no more
 Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,
 Foul from my sins, to tell thee all my shame.
 Haply thy prayers, since naught availeth mine,
 May purge my soul, and make it white like thine.
 Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned!"

Awestruck Ben Isaac stood. The desert wind
 Blew his long mantle backward, laying bare
 The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.
 "I too, O friend, if not in act," he said,
 "In thought have verily sinned. Hast thou not read,
 'Better the eye should see than that desire
 Should wander?' Burning with a hidden fire
 That tears and prayers quench not, I come to thee
 For pity and for help, as thou to me.
 Pray for me, O my friend!" But Nathan cried,
 "Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac!"

Side by side

In the low sunshine by the turban stone
 They knelt; each made his brother's woe his own,
 Forgetting, in the agony and stress
 • Of pitying love, his claim of selfishness;
 Peace, for his friend besought, his own became;
 His prayers were answered in another's name;
 And, when at last they rose up to embrace,
 Each saw God's pardon in his brother's face!

Long after, when his headstone gathered moss,
 Traced on the targum-marge of Onkelos
 In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words were read:
*"Hope not the cure of sin till Self is dead;
 Forget it in love's service, and the debt
 Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget;
 Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;
 Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own!"*

KINGS' CROWNS AND FOOLS' CAPS.

"SHE went to the hatter's to buy him a hat," and three days later, when he was caught in a shower, the hat shrunk an inch in circumference, and assumed a pyramidal or monumental appearance, more peculiar than pleasing.

The Baron was naturally dissatisfied, Miselle was discomfited, and Caleb was mildly triumphant.

"Another of your favorite economies, my dear," said he. "You should have known by the price that this can only be a wool hat, and the inevitable destiny of wool hats is to terminate like this,—in a cone."

"Wool! why it is a felt hat, and all felt is made of wool," replied Miselle, in a lofty manner.

"Indeed! I was under the impression that the best felt hats are made of fur, and never shrink or lose their shape like this."

And Caleb, picking up the unfortunate subject of discussion, set it lightly upon the head of the Venus, whose marble neck seemed to curve anew at the indignity. The Baron forgot his woes, and laughed outright; but Miselle insisted upon calling the question.

"Oh! Felt made of fur! I never heard of such a thing, and I don't believe it," said she.

"Seeing is believing," tranquilly replied Caleb. "Mentor was speaking of hats to-day, and professed an intention of visiting a factory in Boston. I will get him to take you over it, and you shall afterward convince me, if you choose, that you are, as usual, in the right, and that all felt is made of wool."

"I am not *always* in the right," magnanimously conceded Miselle, "but I should like to visit the hat-factory."

Mentor proved willing to make good his *sobriquet*, and a few days later conducted Miselle to a large establishment in Boston.

They were received by the heads of

the concern, to whom Mentor, after some conversation, presented Miselle as "A lady anxious to learn of what material, and in what manner, hats are made."

The heads smiled, bowed, and professed themselves pleased to give all possible information upon the desired points; and Miselle rushed at once to the great question, propounding it in a manner essentially feminine.

"Felt hats are made of wool,—are they not?" asked she.

The heads smiled benevolently.

"Not ours," said they. "There are plenty of wool hats manufactured, but they are only bought by those who cannot afford, or do not know enough to choose, fur ones. We do not use a fibre of wool in our establishment, but consume, instead, about eighteen thousand pounds of fur."

"What sort of fur?" inquired Miselle, somewhat hurriedly.

"Several sorts, or rather several varieties of one sort," replied the heads. "For although it is all, in point of fact, rabbits' fur, the highest quality is called Russia hares' fur, and the lower grades Scotch and French cony. Then we occasionally get a small quantity of domestic rabbits' fur, brought mostly from the South; and some nutria, a fur obtained from the coypou, a smaller species of beaver."

"Do you get any genuine beaver now?" inquired Mentor.

"Sometimes. But beaver fur is worth fifty dollars the pound to-day, while the best Russia and German hares' fur commands only five, and the Scotch and French cony from two to four dollars. We will show you some specimens of the principal grades."

Some square paper packages, accompanied by a subterranean odor, were here brought in, and laid upon the table.

"This is Russia A. H.," said one of the heads, unfastening the whity-brown foreign-looking envelope, and display-

ing a pile of pretty little fleeces, as one might call them, of a golden brown color, so carefully cut from the skin as to leave them quite whole, although not adhesive enough to admit of handling.

"This is from the back of the animal. The fur of the other portions of the body is considered inferior. All this is carotted fur," said one of the heads.

"What is carotted fur?" inquired Miselle of Mentor, who of course replied, —

"Did you never hear of carrot hair? This is the fur of a carroted hare, don't you see?"

Without deigning reply, Miselle repeated her question aloud, and was informed that the carotted fur had been subjected to a mercurial or quicksilver bath, the effect of which process was to facilitate the subsequent amalgamation of the fibre.

"This effect, however," explained the head, "is obtained at the expense of a certain amount of strength. A felt made entirely of carotted fur would have very little consistence; but, without a certain proportion of it, the raw fur would not felt at all.

This next package is Scotch cony. It is entirely white, you perceive, and is used for ladies' white hats without requiring any bleaching process. This other is French cony, dark-colored, like the Russia, but not as glossy or heavy. Here is a package of German fur very like the Russia; in fact it generally goes by that name among the trade, although not in reality so valuable; for as a general rule the richest furs come from the coldest climates."

Miselle took up the label dropped from this German package, and read: —

"Carotted Haresfur
Manufactured by W. Kugler Zim.
Offenbach, near Frankfort, $\frac{3}{4}$ M."

"Frankfort on the Main," translated Mentor, looking over her shoulder. "Yes, there are large wårrens near Frankfort, where rabbits are bred expressly for this trade. But why the

accident of death should transform a German rabbit into a Russian hare I do not understand."

"Besides these varieties of fur," proceeded the head, "the felt contains another ingredient called 'roundings.' This substance is the trimmings of the hats cut off in the finishing-room, — pieces of felt, in fact, ground and picked fine again. The effect of this roundings is to give a softer and finer finish to the completed work, as in the process of felting; its tendency is to work up to the surface, and closely connect the cruder fibres of the new fur. Too large a proportion of roundings, however, would have a tendency to weaken the consistency of the felt."

"In what proportions do you mix the different varieties of fur, and the roundings?" inquired Mentor.

"That depends altogether upon the style of work we have in hand," replied the head. "For men's felt hats we use about equal proportions of the whole. For ladies' hats, which are thinner, smaller, and not so high-priced, we use less of the hare's fur, and also less of the roundings, making them principally of the medium grades. White hats, as we before mentioned, are made altogether of white cony.

"And now, having shown you the material in all its varieties, we will proceed to the first process of its manufacture into hats."

So saying the heads led the way from their comfortable office to a large upper room containing boxes and bales of fur and trimmings waiting to be ground into roundings, and several large machines. One of these was a picker much like those used in wool-factories. Into this the mixed fur is introduced by means of an endless leathern apron and feed rollers, is next passed between two sets of toothed rollers revolving with great rapidity, and finally escapes through a square opening into a large closet, where it lies in a soft pearly heap.

"From this picker the fur goes directly to the blower," said one of the heads, shutting the door upon the

heap, and leading the way to a curious machine about twenty feet long, and seven or eight high, furnished with little windows all along its sides, and altogether extremely like a second-class railway car; a resemblance aided by the whirl of steam-driven wheels and bands, and the heated smell of oily machinery.

"This," explained the head, "is the blower; and the fur, after passing through the picker, is placed upon this endless apron at the end of the blower, and fed in between these rollers to a toothed cylinder just beyond. This cylinder, revolving at the rate of thirty-five hundred times in a minute, seizes the fur, and, while tossing the lighter part violently upward and forward, carries the heavier hairs, and the bits of pelt or dirt which may still remain among it, downward through the opening in which it revolves. The heavier portion of the remainder falls presently upon the grated or sieve-like floor of the blower, to which floor a constant jarring motion is imparted by the machinery, so that most of the refuse is shaken through. The rest, with the finer portions still floating in the air, is blown forward to the next set of rollers, the next cylinder, and the next sieve, and so on. In this blower there are eight compartments thus divided. In that other one, used for coarser work, there are only four compartments."

"Why should not the fur for coarse hats be as well blown as that for nice ones?" asked Miselle.

"Because in each compartment it loses weight, and the quantity sufficient for a hat, after passing through four compartments, would only be half enough after passing eight," said the head, as patiently as if the question had been a wiser one.

The process thus explained, the blower was set in motion, and Miselle was invited to look through the little glass windows, and watch its operations. This she did so eagerly, that, while one head kindly shouted explanations and information into her ear, the other, with Mentor, was fully occu-

pied in preventing her limbs and draperies from coming to hopeless grief among the machinery.

"What makes all that smoke inside?" inquired she, after several moments of breathless contemplation.

"That smoke is the fur, or rather the lightest portions of it," replied the head; and Miselle, looking again, tried hard to believe that the graceful and fantastic cloud-wreaths floating through the dome-roofed chamber of the blower could be anything so substantial as even the downiest of down.

"Here is some of the siftings," said the head, taking up a handful of the accumulation beneath the blower, and showing that it consisted principally of the hair, so soft and glossy upon the original pelt, but so harsh, wiry, and unmanageable when separated from it. This hair, so far as ascertained, is not adapted to any use, and offers a wide and untrodden field for Yankee invention and speculation.

From the eighth chamber the fur, now thoroughly separated from every impurity, issues between a pair of rollers like those which carry it into the blower, and falls into a box. It now looks and feels very like eider-down, and is ready for use.

"The next process," pursued one of the obliging heads, "is to weigh out the fur into quantities sufficient for one hat, and then to carry it to the forming-machine. For men's felt hats, upon which we are at present running, the weight of fur is six ounces; for the bodies of silk hats it is often no more than three, and for ladies' and children's hats it varies from two to four."

Revolving this information, Miselle followed her conductors to a lower room, where she was presently introduced to the "Wells's Patent Hat-Forming Machine," and assured that the specimens before her were the only ones to be found in Massachusetts.

"And a very pretty specimen of American ingenuity it is," said one of the heads, contemplating the machine with affectionate interest; and, so soon

as Miselle could comprehend its intricacies, she was more than willing to agree with him. But, like most wonderful contrivances, the principle, when explained, is very simple.

The body of this machine was a copper box, perhaps four feet in height, with concave sides widely separated at the rear, but converging at the front to a very narrow aperture much wider at the base than the apex. Opposite this aperture slowly revolved a cone of perforated copper, whose use will presently appear. At the rear of the machine was a form supporting a box divided into small compartments, each of these compartments containing the six ounces of fur requisite for one hat.

A boy, taking the contents of one of these compartments in his hands, spread it thinly and evenly upon a leathern apron, whose forward motion carried the fur between a pair of feed-rollers, and into the body of the machine, where it fell upon a cylinder fitted with several longitudinal lines of stiff bristles. The rapid revolutions of this cylinder tossed the downy fur upward and forward, creating at the same time a powerful current of air which swept it forward to the mouth of the box, whence it issued in a light cloud, and, as if drawn by magnetism, attached itself at once to the revolving copper cone.

As Miselle looked, a workman, coming forward, lifted this cone off the frame upon which it stood, and replaced it by another, dripping wet, from a tank of water close at hand. To this the cloud of fur attached itself as before; and it was now explained that beneath the cone, and beneath the floor of the room, was a steam fan, moving at the rate of four thousand revolutions in a minute. This fan, exhausting the air beneath the perforated cone, created a strong current toward it from every direction,—a maelstrom, in fact, which simply drew in the floating fur as it would have anything else, and in fact did draw all sorts of motes and specks from the surrounding atmosphere, which motes and specks were, if of any tangible size, picked away by a second workman,

standing close beside the cone, and attentively watching its surface.

The six ounces of fur are taken up in eight revolutions of the cone; and as the supply ceases, the first workman, coming forward with a large wet cloth in his hands, carefully wraps it about the cone, lifts it from the frame, replaces it with another, and plunges the first into a tank of hot water. Removing it after a moment, he sets it upon a bench, carefully unwraps it, turns it upon the point with a sharp concussion, and then cautiously disengages and peels off a conical, felted cap, very weak, thin, and unreliable as yet, but still the whole substance and essence of the hat to be. Folding it with a peculiar twist, the workman lays this shadowy hat-body upon a pile of others, again exchanges the cones, and proceeds to manipulate a new subject.

"The sides of this tunnel through which the fur flies upon the cone," said the head, "are, as you perceive, made of thin sheet-copper, and can be bent closer, or pressed farther apart, as the operator chooses, thus directing more of the fur to one part or another of the cone. In forming the bodies of silk hats, we press in the upper part of the sides, so that more of the fur is thrown toward the base, and the brim of the hat is nearly twice as heavy as the crown."

"You employ cones of different sizes, I perceive," said Miselle, pointing to a set of shelves upon which were arranged several of these articles.

"Yes; the finer qualities of fur shrink much more than the poorer sorts, and so need to be formed upon a larger cone in the first place. The largest one measures about three feet in height, and the smallest about two by eighteen inches diameter at the base."

"Have n't you seen enough of this? You are desperately in the way of these workmen," murmured Mentor, as Miselle stood absorbed, watching the fleecy cloud flying from the mouth of the tunnel, and spreading itself as if by magic over the surface of the cone. A hasty glance showed the suggestion to be founded in fact, and she hurriedly

removed herself to the neighborhood of a bench on which lay a pile of the steaming and flimsy hat-bodies just from the forming-machine, a box of fur, and a vessel of water. A workman, carefully unfolding one of the hat-bodies, laid it upon a large coarse cloth, rolled it up, patted it with his hands, unrolled it, patted and pressed it a little, then opened it out, and, holding it upon his two hands between himself and the window, looked attentively into the inside. Then laying it down, he took a lock of the dry fur, slightly wetted it in the vessel of water, and pressed it upon a spot in the hat-body, patting it on with his fingers.

"He looks to find any thin places or flaws left by the forming-machine, and mends them, as you see," remarked the head; "and this rolling up and pressing in the cloth is to give a little more substance to the body before it goes to be felted. You see these that he has done with are considerably more solid than they were at first. Next they go to the sizing or planking room; but that is such a wet and steamy place that a lady can hardly go through it comfortably."

Terrified at this suggestion of omitting any part of the process, Miselle hastened to declare herself passionately addicted to visiting wet and steamy places, an assertion supported by Mentor with a shrug of comic resignation; and the heads led the way across a sloppy court-yard to a vague and misty chamber, its confines hid in the reeking clouds issuing from half a dozen boiling caldrons. Several windows were open, but the heavy November air, instead of stirring the fog, only seemed to render it denser and more unbreathable. Vaguely looming through it were seen the forms of men arranged in circles about the caldrons, and bending devoutly over them. Closely approaching one of these groups, Miselle discovered that the caldron was surrounded by a bench, or frame, about two feet in width, and that upon this bench, in front of each workman, lay a little pile of the hat-bodies, which he constantly dipped

into the boiling water, rolled up in a cloth, patted, pressed, opened out upon his hands, folded anew, and finally dipped again into the boiling water, recommencing the whole process. Some of these hat-bodies appeared to have just come from the former, and some were shrunk to one third or one fourth of their original size, although retaining the same conical shape. Those arrived at this stage were handled one at a time, instead of in groups, and the workman frequently applied a graduated round roller to their surface to ascertain if they had reached the desired proportions.

"This process," explained the head, "is called sizing, because it is to bring the hat down to the required size, not with any reference to stiffening, which is quite another affair. After shrinking, the hat-body is called a 'shell.' A smart workman can turn off about four dozen shells in a day."

"It must be a very unhealthy employment," suggested Miselle, compassionately. "Standing in this hot steam, and handling these things wet with boiling water, and then going out of doors, must give the men terrible colds."

"O, I do not think there is any trouble about that," replied the head whom she addressed. "How is it, Brown? do you call this unhealthy work?"

"Not a bit of it, sir, if a fellow puts his coat on before he goes out, and gets enough of it to do," said Brown, contentedly, as he splashed a shell in and out of the boiling water.

"The next process is shaving," said the head, opening a door, above which Miselle looked to see a striped red and white pole, but, finding none, followed with some curiosity into a little room, where sat a remarkably jolly old man representing the barber, and flourishing, by way of razor, a long, thin, and exceedingly sharp knife. Beside him lay a pile of shells, and, with another upon his knee, the jolly old man was scraping away at its surface, whistling merrily the while, it may be with a view of keeping the cloud of pungent and

choking dust that surrounded him from entering his lungs.

"You see some hairs will make their way into the felt in spite of all our care to prevent it," explained the head; "and this process is to remove them from the outside. The inside is of no consequence, as the hat is to be lined, and that is one mode of distinguishing a fur from a wool felt hat. The fur has always some long hairs upon the inner surface; the wool, of course, has none.

"And what comes after shaving?" inquired Miselle, retreating from the impracticable atmosphere.

"Blocking. This way, if you please"; and the unwearied head led the way back to the caldrons, beside one of which stood a workman, dipping the shaved "shells" into the boiling water, and then fitting them, by means of his hands and a piece of curved wood, upon blocks shaped like the crown of a hat. After remaining for a moment upon the block, the hat was slipped off, moulded permanently into the shape it was to retain, and cured forever of the pyramidal tendencies hitherto distinguishing it.

A number of blocks lay upon a bench at hand, and the head pointed out their several shapes and purposes. These were various, comprising tall and awkward ones for gentlemen's stove-funnels, odd little ones for ladies' and children's head-gear, a huge and massive one for shaping a Quaker's broad-brim, and finally a conical hollow-tipped one designed for the traditional chapeau of a stage-brigand. This was at the moment in use, and Miselle had the satisfaction of watching the manufacture of a villanous-looking hat, destined, perhaps, to figure before her eyes, in time to come, amid the scenes of *Lucrezia* or *Ernani*.

"Blocking is very trying work for the hands," remarked the head; "they generally skin at first, and become quite sore; but after a while they callous, and hardly feel the difference between hot and cold water. The palms of this man's hands are calloused half an inch deep."

Considering within herself the merciful dispensation by which the callous always comes at last to those who have strength to endure the torture, Miselle followed her companions into the drying-room, where, laid upon frames and hung upon pegs, the hats remain for twenty-four hours in a temperature of about 100°.

"From this," went on the head, "they are taken to the dye-room. All black or dark hats are colored, but the white, pearl-colors, and light grays are left in the natural color of the fur. After dyeing they are blocked again, and then brought back here for another drying. After this they are stiffened by dipping the brims into a solution of gum shellac, and sponging the inside with a dilution of the same. Light-colored hats are stiffened with white shellac, and ladies' white hats are often merely starched. The shellac is removed from the outside of the hat by immersion in a vitriol bath. When imperfectly removed, it causes the shiny and spotted appearance sometimes noticed upon a hard-finished felt. Would you like to look into our carpenter's shop?"

Expressing an eager desire to inspect the carpenter's shop, and wondering what possible use it could serve in such an establishment, Miselle was led up a short flight of steps to a room charmingly fresh and clean, after the sloppiness of the steam-bath just quitted, and containing a wheel, a man, a bench, many shavings, and several piles of pieces of wood.

"You are familiar with the lathe, I suppose," suggested the head.

Miselle shook her own head, vaguely, but Mentor, quietly touching the wheel, remarked: "Turning-lathe. You make your own blocks, then, sir?"

"O yes. They are turned in several pieces, and then fitted together with great accuracy. Those used in finishing are in five pieces, those used in blocking only in two. The material is white-wood."

"Cuts like cheese," quoted Mentor, watching the block in progress

beneath the hands of the silent workman.

"And now, if you please, we will go up to the finishing-rooms," remarked the heads; and again Miselle followed, up a long flight of stairs to a large upper chamber fitted with benches around the sides and through the middle. At one end was an intense coal fire in a sort of furnace, and at the back of the room a row of boilers with steam issuing from around the covers.

"The first operation of finishing," blandly proceeded the head, "is to dip the hat into boiling water, and to stretch it upon a finishing-block, where it is confined by means of a string tied tightly around the base of the crown, and another around the edge of the brim; for these blocks, you perceive, have brims as well as crowns. As soon as the hat is snugly fitted upon the block, it is pounced,—an operation you will see here." And the head pointed to a workman, who, with a black hat secured upon a block in the manner described, was vigorously scrubbing away at it with a piece of paper, causing a cloud of dust and an odor of dye-stuff highly displeasing to the unprofessional nose.

"The paper he uses," continued the head, presenting a scrap of it to Miselle, "is the finest of emery-paper, hardly rougher to the touch than ordinary paper, but still with sufficient power to remove all the trifling inequalities of the surface, and give it the rich velvety look and feeling peculiar to first-class felt. When the outside of the hat is done, he will remove it from the block, and lay it in one of these circular openings in the bench,—thus bringing the under side of the brim uppermost, to receive its proper share of attention. The next thing with the ordinary style of hats is to press them with a hot iron. That man is about to get a slug out of the furnace for this purpose."

The individual thus pointed out had been for some moments gazing into the furnace as attentively as if he expected to find a salamander there, and

now appeared to have discovered him; for, diving a pair of long tongs into the white-hot coals, he brought out a sparkling mass of something, securely imprisoned it in a box-iron, and, coming back to his bench, began vigorously pressing and smoothing another black hat, twin-brother to the one still suffering under the pouncer's hands, occasionally facilitating the process by wetting his work with a bit of sponge dipped in water.

"That is for a smooth-finished hat," continued the head; "but we have invented a new style in which we fancy ourselves unrivalled. It is called velvet finish, and is effected by the use of steam without hot iron. You will see the process by watching this operator."

This operator, having by much coaxing induced a small and very pretty feminine hat to allow itself to be fitted to a block, raised the cover of one of the steaming boilers, and placed the perverse little beauty across the top. After a few moments' steaming he took it off, rubbed and pressed it with his hands, steamed it again, and finally finished by pouncing.

"You see what a surface they get by this steaming process," remarked the head, taking up a coquettish little "breakfast-plate" from the bench, where it lay completed. Miselle passed her fingers across the crown, and saw, or rather felt, the propriety of the term velvet-finish, for never mouse's back or baby's cheek presented a softer surface.

"Velvet-finish hats are never touched by a hot iron," repeated the head, tenderly smoothing another specimen of the same style. "That would spoil their peculiar effect, both to the eye and touch. They are rubbed into shape by the hand, or at most by these little blocks of wood shaped, as you perceive, to fit closely into the angle of the crown and brim. When a hat, of whatever style, comes off the block here in the finishing-room, its future shape is completely fixed. No further alteration can take place, except the new process of curling the brim, and that is not done

until the very last thing. First the hat must be trimmed; and we will look at that process before going farther, if you please."

The trimming-room was a large, cheerful apartment, lighted by sunshine and pretty faces, for the operators here were all girls; some seated at sewing-machines, and some at low tables covered with scraps of bright-colored silks, strips of enamelled leather, and implements of needle-work.

As the visitors went their rounds, some of these girls leaned demurely over their work, some looked brightly up, or glanced slyly at Mentor, but all without exception appeared so respectable, so cheerful, and so prosperous, that Miselle in her heart thanked God and the noble institutions of her native land that these her sisters were saved from the harsh labor or degrading associations by which women of their class in other countries are forced to earn their daily bread.

Pausing beside one of the tables, the indefatigable conductor took up a stiff black hat of the half-pumpkin style, so universal upon the manly head at the present moment.

"The first thing toward trimming a hat of this sort," said he, "is to sew this round of finely split whalebone around the outer edge of the brim. Then a piece of black cloth is stitched on for an under-brim, the 'tip' of silk with a label stamped in gilt letters upon it is placed inside the crown, the sides are lined, the 'sweat,' or strip of enamelled leather, is put around the base of the crown, and finally the edge is bound, and the band and buckle put on. Of course, however, the different styles of hat require different treatment. A soft hat is only lined and bound, sometimes not lined except with a 'sweat'; and ladies' hats are finished in a dozen different styles, according to the shape and fashion. The present favorite style, however, for men's hats, is the stiff round crown and curled brim. The hats on this table, you perceive, are all finished even to the band and buckle, while the edge of the

brim is left raw and ragged. They are going to be curled, and after that will come back to be bound. Shall we follow them?"

And they followed a boy carrying the hats up or down stairs to a little room, where a workman just leaving his bench was induced to return and curl a brim, "just once more," for Miselle's especial benefit.

The first step in this process, as it appeared, was to open a box-iron, throw out the lump of cold metal within, and replace it by a freshly captured salamander. The next was to lay a hat upon the bench, wet the brim with cold water, pass the iron round it, and, while it was still steaming, to lay upon it a thin semicircle of steel about half as wide as the brim. The edge of the brim thus left exposed was then turned back upon the steel semicircle, wetted again, pressed again, and never let alone until it had consented to its new condition, and lay back upon the steel semicircle as flat and stiff as if it had been its original intention so to appear. This operation complete, the hat was passed to another workman, who with a curious little gauge, fitted with a keen blade upon its under side, carefully trimmed the brim to its required proportions,—that is to say, cut it nearly away at the front and back, and left it of the full width at the sides.

"This trimming process used to be regulated by the workman's own eye," said the head. "But this little gauge, recently invented, does the business more neatly, more quickly, and far more certainly. This is the latest thing in curling, and makes a very stylish article," continued he, taking up the hat, and surveying it proudly. "After this it only requires to be bound, before it will be ready for use. The curve in the brim of a soft hat is made upon the block in the process of finishing, and the same process is used to form the convex brims of some styles of ladies' hats.

"When entirely finished, the hats, nicely papered, are packed in cases to be forwarded to the West, the South, Down East, or to our city customers.

If you will step into the office once more, we will show you specimens of our various styles."

With weary feet, eyes, ears, and brain, but with unabated interest, Miselle gladly returned to the pleasant office, and was shown a perfect museum of hats, arranged upon shelves protected by glass doors. Conspicuous among the rest were two broad-brimmed, drab-colored, velvet-finish, soft hats, measuring eight inches' diameter in the crown, and eighteen from front to back of the brim. These had been moulded upon a block turned especially for them, in answer to an order from a distant city. Besides these were all the ordinary styles of men's hats, stage hats, military and naval hats, boys' and infants' hats, and every caprice of feminine fantasy with which Fashion at present adorns her pretty head. Among these were the dazzling white croquet-hats, made of pure white fur, and pounced with chalk, which leaves the surface looking like a new-fallen snow-bank.

"I understand that yours is the largest establishment in Massachusetts," said Mentor to one of the heads.

"Almost the only one," replied he, with modest pride. "There are, I believe, two others in Boston making fur hats in small quantities, but they have to buy their hat-bodies of us, or send out of the State for them. Ours is the only right to use the Forming-Machine in Massachusetts."

"And what is the extent of your business?" pursued Mentor.

"When we are running our full force, we finish fifty dozen of hats in a day,—that is to say, a hat a minute for the ten hours. We employ a hundred and fifty hands, and manufacture eighteen thousand pounds of imported fur a year."

"That is doing a good business,—is it not?"

"Yes, it is very well for this section of the country, but a leading house in New York turns off as many as ten thousand hats in a day when it chooses. New York and New Jersey are the hatters of the Union, after all. We cannot compete with them."

"Not perhaps in covering heads, but, when it comes to furnishing them, I fancy Massachusetts need yield to no one," said Mentor, consolingly; and the heads smiled approval of the leading article of faith in the creed of a New-Englander.

"Are there any silk hats manufactured in Boston?" asked Mentor, putting on his own hat with a new appreciation of its meaning.

"Yes, here is the address of a house which manufactures silk hats, and also felt of similar styles to those you have just seen. You had better give the firm a call."

Mentor looked doubtfully at his weary companion, but she declaring herself in the first flush and vigor of morning strength, it was resolved to act upon the suggestion; and, after thanking the courteous heads for their sacrifice of time, breath, and trouble, Mentor and Miselle took leave, and shortly after presented themselves upon their new field of observation.

Here they were politely received, and readily admitted to the penetralia of the establishment, in spite of several staring announcements of "No Admittance" upon the various doors.

Glancing through the rooms devoted to the manufacture of felt hats, they found the processes nearly identical with those they had just seen, with the exception of forming the hat-bodies, which were bought of the house they had just left. Ascending to the top of the building, they found two large chambers devoted to silk hats, and were in the first place shown the bodies, made in the same manner as the fur or felt hat, but much thinner and lighter,—a silk hat for city wear not generally exceeding three ounces in weight, although those intended for the country, where a hat is expected to meet with rougher usage and last a longer time, are more substantial. Still more fragile than the three-ounce hat is the gossamer, where the foundation, instead of felt, is only stiffened cambric, and is incapable of enduring the slightest hardship.

The felted body, dipped in hot water, is stretched upon a block of the shape at that moment in fashion, and, when dry, is stiffened with a solution of gum shellac and alcohol. This is covered with a coating of varnish to prevent it from subsequently striking through to the surface, and this again is washed over with liquid glue; when this is thoroughly dry, the cover of fine silk plush, cut and sewed to fit the hat-body, is carefully drawn on, brought into place, and then smoothed all over with a hot iron. The warmth, penetrating to the glue, dissolves it; and in drying again it connects the plush above and the felt beneath in a union only to be dissolved by a severe wetting.

The hat is next placed upon a revolving cylinder, where it is polished with soft cloths to the required brilliancy. Next it is lined, generally with watered or embossed paper, a strip of enamelled leather is sewed about the edge, it is fitted with an under-brim of cloth or silk, and finally bound and banded.

The plush covering of these hats is imported, the best coming from Martin, of Paris. It is cut to fit the body in three pieces; the tip, or crown, and the covering of the brim being sewn to the upright piece so carefully that the point of junction is almost invisible in the detached cover, quite so after it has been fitted and glued to the body. Equally invisible upon the completed hat is the diagonal line of junction down the side, where one edge of the cover is lapped over the other and pressed together with the hot irons and revolving brushes of the finishing process.

Completed, the hat is nicely enveloped in tissue paper, packed, and forwarded to the retail dealer, who may, if he choose, style it either French or English, although the American hat is fully equal to the French, and superior to the English, which, like some other Britannic growths, is heavy and clumsy. To be sure, however, the humidity of the English atmosphere would prevent the use of a hat as light as those worn in America.

"Beaver hats have become quite ob-

solete, I suppose," remarked Mentor, to the pleasant young gentleman who had shown the silk-hat rooms and imparted much of the above information.

"O no," replied he to this query; "we made some last year. Those white hats, with long silky fur, so much worn last summer, were beaver hats. The body is made like that of any other hat, and, while it is still soft and wet, the beaver fur is laid on in flakes, and felted in by means of a bow."

"Of a bow!" exclaimed Miselle, incredulously.

"Yes. A long bow is strung with catgut, and this string is gently snapped across the fur after it is laid upon the body. The jar of the blow causes it to adhere, and it finally becomes incorporated with the felt."

"I believe the 'long-bow' part of it," murmured Miselle in spite of Mentor's warning glances; but subsequent inquiry proved not only the truth of this statement, but the fact that, until within a few years, the fur hats now replaced by silk ones were made in the same manner.

Full fed with information, facts, theories, and speculations, Mentor and his charge at last bade farewell to their obliging guide, and to the study of hats, and returned to the minor pursuits of life.

The next day Miselle found herself in company with the Philosopher and Captain Sentry, who pelted each other with Hegel and Social Science.

"You will not deny that something and nothing are identical," argued the Philosopher.

"No. But as for being and becoming constituting the same principle —"

But Miselle, who had listened until she felt tempted to jump up and scream, here interposed: "O, please don't say those dreadful things any more. Tell me about hats instead."

The superior beings smiled with that air of good-humored forbearance so soothing to the feminine spirit, and Captain Sentry said: "I do not know much about hats, but the other day I

was upon a commission, when it became in order to inquire concerning the character of hatters as a class. One master-hatter gave his evidence with great energy to the effect that they were by nature a reckless and dissipated set of men, earning large wages, and spending them freely in various ill-advised fashions. Against this we received the rebutting testimony of another employer, who declared that the Boston hatters, at any rate, are as sober, well-behaved, and respectable a class of men as are to be found in any mechanical guild. The last man was a Bostonian, the first from New Jersey, however; and it is possible that the influences of Social —

"Thank you," hastily interposed Miselle, "I have no doubt that the Boston man was perfectly correct. I have seen more than two hundred hatters within the last two days, and noticed them particularly as a very intelligent and well-appearing set of men. I am quite sure at least that the men in the sizing-room are good men, for they are constantly subjecting themselves to the ordeal of boiling water, and endure it wonderfully."

She spoke with conviction, and as Captain Sentry only smiled in reply, she thought him convinced, and turned to the Philosopher, who, shading his eyes with his hand, and, apparently unconscious of the vicinity of any human being, remarked in a dreary manner: "Hats! why, the world has always been hatted more or less. The ancient Romans, to be sure, went bare-headed as a rule; but at sacred rites, at games, festivals, in war, or on a journey, the head was covered, sometimes with a helmet, sometimes with a woollen cap or bonnet called the pileus, also worn under the helmet, or with a narrow-brimmed felt hat called the petasus, and resembling the modern hat much more than modern men resemble the Romans. Caligula permitted these hats to be worn at the theatre as screens from the direct rays of the sun. Old persons wore the pileus, or woollen cap, for the sake of warmth, and manu-

mitted slaves as a badge of freedom. In fact, they received a cap with their freedom-papers as we call them at the South."

"Then the cap has always been a badge of freedom?"

"Yes. After Cæsar's death, Brutus and Cassius issued coins bearing a cap between two daggers, and after Nero's death many Romans assumed caps in token of having recovered their liberty. Of course you know all about the Swiss liberty-cap, with Tell, Gessler, and all that sort of thing; and next door to them are the Netherlanders, who, upon liberating themselves from the Spanish yoke, added a hat to their national insignia."

"As for the cap-and-dagger coins issued after the murder of Cæsar, it was adding insult to injury; for he, poor fellow! was bald, and, of all the honors heaped upon him by the Senate, chiefly valued the laurel crown, because it concealed his infirmity," suggested Captain Sentry.

"Mrs. S. A. Allen not being of Roman renown," irreverently added Miselle, while the Philosopher went dreamily on: "Cæsar, in dying, wrapped his mantle about his head, and the action, though pathetic, was probably instinctive; for the mantle cape or toga was used by the men of his time as a covering to the head as well as the body. In later days the Romans wore a sort of great-coat with a hood to it when on a journey or in stormy or chilly weather. This hood was often covered with a rough shag, or pile, for the sake of warmth, and was of various colors. The garment itself was worn by both sexes, and was sometimes made of skins. The Romans —"

"Never mind about the Romans any more, please," interposed the audacious Miselle, "but tell me, instead, how long has there been such a race as hatters, and when did they begin the present style of manufacture?"

"The first guild or trade-association of hatters," promptly replied the Philosopher, "was in Nuremburg in 1360. They were called Felzkappenmachers.

We find them in France under Charles IV. from 1380 to 1442, and in Bavaria in 1401. Charles VII. of France is depicted as wearing a round felt hat while entering Rome in 1449.

"No more Rome, please!" implored Mjselle. "When did the hatters get to England and America?"

"Hats are supposed to have appeared in England during the eighth century, and were made at that time of hide with the hair left on. These were both round and conical in shape. Felt hats came later. Froissart mentions hats in the fourteenth century as made of fine hair netted together and dyed red, and about the middle of the twelfth century a nobleman is described as adorned with 'a hat of biever.'

"Stubbs in his 'Anatomie of Abuses' published in 1585, says:—

"Sometimes they use them sharp in the crown, standing up like a spire or steeple a quarter of a yard, sometimes flat like the battlements of a house, and other some round. With them are worn bands of black, white, green, yellow, russet, or divers colors. These hats are made of silk, of velvet, teffetie, sarsnet, wool, or, which is the most curious of all, of a fine kind of hair. These are called biever hats, and fetch twenty, thirty, or forty shillings. They came from beyond seas, whence also

are brought enough of other follies and vanities.'

"Then there is the cardinal's red hat, its color supposed to typify his readiness to shed his blood in the cause of Christ; and there are the Pope's tiara, — and the king's crown, merely different forms of such head-gear as we all wear. There also is the pointed and tasselled fool's cap, much resembling in shape the hoods I notice ladies wearing sewed to the necks of their cloaks at the present time."

"But when did they begin to make hats here in America?" interposed Mjselle, hastily.

The Philosopher grimly smiled, as he replied: "In 1732 the London hatters made formal complaint to the House of Commons of the extent to which the manufacture of hats was carried in New England and New York, thereby injuring their monopoly of the trade. But I believe the Yankees proved as irrepressible in that matter as in several similar ones, and the trade has gone briskly on ever since.

"I do not think I know anything more about hats."

"Does any one?" asked Mjselle; and she left the Philosopher and Captain Sentry to Hegel and Social Science, herself retiring to inspect the interior of the Baron's new fur felt hat.

ST. MICHAEL'S NIGHT.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE storm of St. Michael's Night had detained the Newhaven steamer, as we have seen; but at ten o'clock the next morning she lay alongside the wharf, blowing off steam, and ready to take her departure. There was the usual bustle and hurry about the door of the Custom-house, and on the wharf. Cabs were driving down in hot haste, disgorging excited passengers and piles of luggage. There was the usual incon-

gruous mass of people, whom strangely different interests are perpetually wafting to and fro across the Channel, — newly married people on their wedding tour, commercial travellers, French Jews, English tourists returning after the summer's wanderings, detective police-officers, family parties with children, servants, carriages, and interminable succession of trunks, and dingy-looking men with much jewelry and diminutive carpet-bags.

Porters were receiving emphatic di-

rections in broken English and broken French; here and there a gendarme, stolid and polite, stood like a light-house in the midst of the surging sea of confusion; and, beyond the chain that ran along from the Custom-house to the landing-place of the steamers, a score or so of sailors and fishwomen idling and watching. The last bell rings, the passengers are all on board, the last porter staggers up the plank, execrated in English and French. The puffing of steam suddenly ceases. The gangway is withdrawn, the ropes loosened, and the "Alliance" steams slowly out of dock in the pleasant morning sunshine.

The mate of that admirable vessel, as he goes round closing the cabin windows, stands and waves his cap high over his head, — a parting signal to a pretty young woman with a child in her arms, who stands and watches the departure of the steamer. Her eyes look seaward long after the fishwomen have turned to their baskets again, and the sailors lounged off to more exciting scenes, and the great doors of the Custom-house have rolled to with a slam. Then she turns and walks thoughtfully away.

Early as it was, Épiphanie had already been up as far as the Faubourg de la Barre to speed Jeanne on her homeward journey, and had met Marie Robbe and Monsieur Bouffle on their way down to Madame Farge's. After that, till he waved his signal, she had been with Pierre. But there was still that important purchase to make which had detained her in town. Before going up into the Grande Rue, however, she again crossed the dock bridge, and dropped in to say a neighborly "good day" to Madame Legros, and to inquire about François, whom she had not seen since the night before.

Could Madame Legros tell her where François and Gabriel Duclés were, for to be sure they are together.

"O yes, both went out a good two hours ago. François, when he found the boat need not return to Verangeville, had come in, and, after changing his jacket, had gone out, saying he had

business in the Rue St. Remi. Gabriel Duclés had gone to Arques; he had passed the door but a quarter of an hour ago, and said he was just on his way."

"It is a long journey to Arques, no doubt?" said Épiphanie, who evidently had some interest in that young man's movements also.

"O, not so far, if you take the short way by the river, and through the fields. A good walker will do it in an hour and a half. He said something about being back again by two o'clock, as he had to start for home to-night."

"To Vallée d'Allon!" said Épiphanie.

"I don't know; he said simply 'home,' and I asked him no more questions: to speak the plain truth, I was tired of his eternal 'yes' or 'no.' I have never seen a young man like him. Ma foi, chère amie! when I have cooked a good meal I like a man to say his grace and eat it with an appetite, not push it away as if it were medicine. Père Defère I have known all my life; a better man does not live; he greets one pleasantly, has always some little news to tell one, and takes an interest like a Christian in the little concerns of the neighbors that one has to relate. He doesn't stare at one when one speaks to him, as if one was an image, or sit with his head bent down as if at the confessional, just like a purple cornpoppy in August, eating nothing, drinking nothing, saying nothing. But," continued Madame Legros, whose pent-up irritation on the subject of her unsatisfactory visitor had found considerable relief in this little explosion, "I packed him up a good dinner, — though I dare say he will not touch a morsel of it, and bring it all back, dried up and stale, — for, as I said to my husband just now, who knows but that being on the water so long yesterday has upset his stomach; for a landsman is but a poor creature, after all."

That afternoon, when Jean Farge had gone out, and old Madame Farge sat spinning by the fire, Épiphanie took her work and seated herself in the sunny

little window overlooking the wharf. The child was mounted on a chair at the window-sill, playing with great contentment with three or four pebbles, a spoon, a small tin cup, and his mother's thimble. From time to time his delight in his play burst forth in shouts of "*Voie dà ! voie dà !*" accompanied by a pattering dance of the pudgy little feet, as he leaned on the back of the chair with his hands. He was answered in all his demands for sympathy by a ready smile from his mother, who sat knitting, the flickering shadows of the geraniums that stood on the window-sill dancing over her as she rocked herself gently to and fro. Épiphanie, though shy, was not unsociable. Her mind and character in the general warmth of kindness and companionship bloomed out into a sort of pungent sweetness, and her talk had certain touches of wisdom that pleased the older woman, and made her feel a quiet satisfaction in the presence of the young widow such as people usually feel only with those whom they have long known and loved, and learned to trust.

So the two women sat and chatted together over their work, the humming of the spinning-wheel and the ticking of the clock on the wall filling the pauses in their talk, — a subdued and pleasant refrain.

"Marie Robbe was here this morning," said Madame Farge, after a few minutes' silence. "She came here to make me a visit. She is a coquette, I'm afraid."

Épiphanie sighed. "Perhaps so," she said. "But she is young, and has been spoiled by her father ever since she was a child. She has never helped much in the work at home, and that has made her think of gay clothes and pleasure-making more than she should, perhaps. Poor child! Her father has always encouraged her in it."

"Her mother works hard enough for the two, I suppose," said Madame Farge, dryly.

"It must be confessed so," said Épiphanie, reluctantly.

"A bad daughter makes a bad wife,"

said Madame Farge. "Thy brother knows her also, it seems."

Épiphanie's eyelids trembled a moment, but she did not look up. Madame Farge surely knew, then, that Marie would probably be her sister-in-law. She did not reply to the implied question, but said: "I try to think the best of Marie. If she has won the heart of a good, honest youth, there must surely be something of good in her, which we cannot see, perhaps, but which notre bon Dieu who created her knows, and has revealed alone to this man who loves her."

Madame Farge shrugged her shoulders. "My child, a man is blind who is in love, and he cannot distinguish between faults and virtues; and it is well for him to have those that see clearly to look after him and prevent him from making a fool of himself. If my son wants to marry a girl, and I see he loves her truly, be she poor or a stranger, if she have nothing but the clothes on her back, but there be an honest, simple heart inside them, I say, with all my heart, *Bien venue, ma fille!* But if his heart is set on one like Mademoiselle Marie, who will bring him grief and trouble, I have one word alone for him, — simply no, and always *no!*"

Épiphanie shook her head. "But yet it is God who joins people's hearts together; and it is a fearful thing to part those who love each other, because we think *one* is not wisely chosen."

Madame Farge crossed herself. "My dear, if the Holy Church has blessed them, and they are man and wife, I have nothing to say. I may cry in my own pocket, but I hold my tongue. But before this, when there is still time to stop such mischief, one must do what one can to stop it. One does not give a sick child all he cries for."

"Sometimes the sick know better what is good for them than the doctors," said Épiphanie, smiling.

"I don't know," she went on; "perhaps you are right. It is hard to see one whom one loves choosing sorrow for himself, and yet, if le bon Dieu makes a man love one woman alone of all those

in the world, He knows best, and perhaps He yokes unequally sometimes the bad and the good, the weak and the strong, that the bad may be made better, and the weak may be made stronger."

"No," continued Épiphanie, with increasing earnestness, "it is best not to oppose, but to pray night and day for such, that the good saints would watch and guard them, and that God would sunder them or join them according to his pleasure!"

Madame Farge remained silent. "Thou art a good girl," she said to herself, "and hast learned much from thy troubles, and art wiser, perhaps, than an old woman who has had an easy life. One must be prudent, however. As for Marie Robbe," she said aloud, "in her case, there is no one to be sorry for, I suppose,—a stupid, hot-headed man like Voisin Bouffle is not thrown away upon her at least."

"Bouffle!" cried Épiphanie, "who is he? And what has he to do with Marie?"

Madame Farge then briefly related the scene of the morning. As we have witnessed it ourselves, and know what Madame Farge's conclusions on the subject were, we will not repeat her story, nor the conversation which followed.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER sitting silently for a while, Épiphanie, still occupied with her own grievous thoughts, rose, rolled up her knitting, and lifted the child from his chair.

"I will go and seek François," she said; and, taking the child in her arms, she went out. She went down first to Voisin Legros's, but could get no tidings of François there. After pondering for a few moments at the Legros threshold, she turned and walked briskly along the wharf, and, passing out of the Pollet, continued her way by the path that runs along the river-side. The pathway winds along, following the course of the stream, through low

meadows and copses, the shortest and pleasantest way to Arques. There was at that time, just beyond the last houses of the Pollet, a disused ropewalk, raised above the river and the footpath, and shaded by fine old trees. The grass grew thick over the nearly obliterated walks, and "crimson-tipped" daisies by the hundred raised their heads among the fallen leaves. The afternoon sunlight, warm and still, glinted through the trees, that, russet and yellow, glowed with the dusky splendor of the Norman autumn.

Épiphanie set the child down, and walked on slowly, when she reached the ropewalk, while the little fellow toddled beside her or tumbled on the dry leaves. Every now and then she raised her eyes and looked down the pathway by the river's edge, as if in expectation. And thus for half an hour she watched and walked and lingered. Many people passed,—country people, townfolk, and sailors; but Épiphanie still looked wistfully down the road. Her attention is caught for a moment by a group of English tourists with Alpine sticks, sketch-books slung over their shoulders, plaids, and umbrellas,—a young girl and two young men with blue ribbons on their straw hats, and an elderly lady mounted on a donkey. "O mamma," cries the young lady, "look at that picturesque creature under the trees, and that pretty child playing among the leaves!"

"Jolly bit of color, is n't it?" says one of the Cantabs, looking admiringly through a one-eyed lorgnette. "My dear mother, how would you like to see the rural female population of our parts going about the country in a dress like that? I give you my filial word of honor I will subscribe to your petticoat club, I will come to your next village tea-drinking, if you will banish those brown bombazines, and introduce an 'effect' like that!"

"My dear!" replies the venerable rider of the donkey, with some severity of tone, "I consider such a dress for a young woman in that station of life absolutely *wrong*. A scarlet petticoat,

and that frightful cap and all that gilt finery! My cousin Gresham — she's very good-natured, but full of fantastic ideas, and very revolutionary, I fear — sent me two pieces of scarlet flannel to make shirts and Garibaldi bodies — she actually proposed Garibaldi bodies herself — for my rheumatic old men and women! My dear, I did not even make petticoats of the stuff, I was so afraid of some of those foolish girls getting them and converting them into cloaks, and then coming to church in them under my very eyes, that I positively put it by, and shall have it dyed brown for next winter."

The young man drops his eye-glass from his eye with a comical smile, and they pass on. Épiphanie's eyes follow them after the sound of their voices has died away, little thinking that she is serving as a text to their discourse. When they reach the turn in the road, they stop and speak to a man, who points with his hand, raises his cap, and then comes on at a steady swinging pace, with a stick and basket slung over his shoulder. Épiphanie's eye brightens. She recognizes the young countryman, who is none other than Gabriel Duclés returning from Arques the nearest way, along the river's bank. But he is alone! There is no François with him! Still, they went out from Madame Farge's in company. Gabriel can certainly tell her where François is, if any one can. So, taking the child's hand, Épiphanie goes slowly forward to meet him.

"Bon jour, Gabriel Duclés!" she said, as she approached him. Gabriel looked up quickly, returned her greeting, and made as though he would have passed on, seeming in no humor for talking.

"Ah, Gabriel Duclés, wait a moment," said Épiphanie. "I would ask thee something."

Gabriel let his stick slide from his shoulder. "Well, Épiphanie!" he said with a sigh.

Épiphanie was disconcerted for a moment by his ungraciousness, and her color rose slightly. "Are you in haste?" she said gently.

"No, no, I am in no haste; I will do anything to serve thee willingly, Épiphanie."

"It is only to tell me where is my brother; I want much to speak with him, and in this strange place I know not where to seek him."

Gabriel looked at her anxious face, and turned away his eyes. "I cannot tell thee. I do not know where he is."

But Épiphanie still questioned. "Thou wast with him this morning, — wast thou not? At Madame Farge's, — you went out together?"

"But we parted company soon after we left the house."

"Did he speak of going home, — of Verangeville? O Gabriel Duclés! if thou canst, tell me something of him!"

"In good truth, I cannot tell thee. François said but a few words, and broke from me, and was gone."

"And thou knowest not where he went?" said Épiphanie, mournfully.

"No. Thou needst not seek him in the Rue St. Remi, however."

"Alas! my poor François! It is even so then," sighed out Épiphanie.

"Mademoiselle Marie has cheated him, — voilà tout! It is no great matter. It is often done, it seems."

There was such a tender, pitiful look in the woman's eyes, as they encountered his, that Gabriel stopped.

"It is the will of God," said Épiphanie, "and for his soul's good; but he will have many a sad day for all this; sleep and work, meat and drink, are spoiled to one who has a heavy heart. But I will not hold thee longer here, Gabriel Duclés; thou art doubtless in haste, and I go but slowly with the child."

"No, no, Épiphanie, I am in no haste; let me walk by thy side. I will help thee to find François; he is probably somewhere about the docks."

"Ah!" said Épiphanie, starting quickly, "dost thou think he may run away to sea?"

"It would not be strange," said Gabriel, "with twenty ships lying in harbor ready to take fresh sailors, that he should offer himself."

"Bon Dieu! that might easily be, just now while his anger and misery are heavy and hot within him."

"Why should he not go?"

"It would break his mother's heart to lose him. He is the beginning and end of all things to her. She would think of him in those far-away countries, and fret night and day, fancying him sick or dying where she could never, never reach him. O," said Épiphanie with a shudder, "it is a terrible thing to have the sea between us and some one who is dear to us!"

"All ships don't go to the distant countries though," suggested Gabriel. "There are ships that go to England, vessels that run to Bordeaux, to—" but Gabriel was suddenly checked in the midst of his propositions by Épiphanie, who cried suddenly, eagerly, "Ah, if I could but find him! yes, certainly I could persuade him! I could show him how excellent it would be. He would not be at the old work and at home exactly, and yet he never would be far away, and if he were sick he could always come back to his mother and me."

"Ah!" said Gabriel, somewhat blankly, not having the clearest view in the world of her meaning.

"I—I think—that is to say, I have just thought that he might get a place on the Newhaven steamer."

"That would be excellent, certainly," said Gabriel; "but it cannot be easy to get such places."

"I heard last night that one of the first places on board the new steamer will be vacant soon,—indeed quite soon."

"Ma foi!" said Gabriel, who was already becoming excited about the success of the plan, "this is a stroke of good fortune. If this—dost thou know the sailor's name, Épiphanie?"

"O," said Épiphanie, "he is the first mate."

"Well," continued Gabriel, "if this first mate leaves in good-will with the captain, no doubt but he may be able to say a good word for a friend, and get François the situation. This man has not been discharged, has he?"

"O no," said Épiphanie; "he leaves of his own free will. He was tired,—that is to say, he wanted to start in the fishing business."

"Thou know'st him then?" said Gabriel, with business-like precision.

"Yes, I know him."

"So much the better! Then thou canst go to him and speak to him at once, and I will go and seek François. Such a piece of good luck shall not slip through one's fingers. I will say what I can to him against his going to sea, if I find his mind bent on that, and tell him how well it will be for him to take this situation, and then I will conduct him to thee; or, perhaps, he may as well go and see this man himself. But stay," continued Gabriel, who had already shouldered his stick to start on his search for François, "I had best know the man's name, that I may tell François."

Épiphanie hesitated a moment. It is difficult sometimes to bring to the lips a name that runs forever in the thoughts. "It is—it is Pierre Lennet."

"Diable!" was the polite response, after which there was a pause.—"C'est ça; I comprehend at last," said Gabriel. "So it is Pierre Lennet that is the man! that was the reason you could not tell me his name, I suppose. He it is that is going to give up his place, and take to the fishing business, and *marry*, no doubt. Seven devils!" burst out Gabriel afresh, "make your own business among yourselves; I will never go!" And he threw his stick and basket down on the ground, and crammed his hands down into his breeches pockets.

Épiphanie was silent from pure amazement; Gabriel, who a moment before was all kindness and good-will, to storm in this way! And simply at the name of Pierre too. Had Pierre angered him? Her mind ran rapidly over the events of the night before, and then she remembered suddenly how Gabriel had refused to come up to supper when Pierre called him. Poor Gabriel! he was angry and vexed about

Jeanne last night,—for had they not quarrelled just before?—and had taken Pierre's joke amiss, and could not forget it even now. "He has a good heart,—this cousin Gabriel; but one can't say he has no temper," thought Épiphanie. Still her heart was pitiful, and she longed—without betraying Jeanne—to say some word of peace, to drop some balm into the wound that she knew caused this testiness in her companion.

"I know not why thou shouldst feel so hardly towards Pierre Lennet," said she, after a pause, during which they both walked on in silence; "he speaks nothing but praise of thee."

"I do not want his praise," said Gabriel, sulkily.

"It was only this morning," continued Épiphanie, "that he was telling Jeanne and me of your going out in the bad weather together last night to take out the rope, and he said that thou hadst a strong arm and a brave heart, and that without thee the boat could not have been saved. And Jeanne, when he said that, held out her hand in gratitude to Pierre for his good words of—her cousin."

Gabriel bent his head, but said nothing.

"Jeanne speaks her mind out boldly, if one does not please her; but from others she will hear nothing but the praises of those she loves," continued Épiphanie.

But Gabriel seemed hardly to hear her. He walked on absorbed in his own thoughts. Suddenly he stopped and turned upon her.

"Thou thinkest well of—of this Pierre Lennet?" he said.

"Ye-es," said Épiphanie, startled, and with heightening color.

"That he is brave, good, religious," continued Gabriel, speaking quickly and shortly like one who suffers, but controls, a sharp internal pain. "Such as a woman would think well of—could easily love—could be happy with—having him for a husband?"

"Happy? yes," repeated Épiphanie, amazed and fluttered. "Why dost thou ask me this?"

"Thou believest this truly?" said Gabriel, paying no heed to her question.

"In the bottom of my heart."

"I believe it, too!" he said with a groan. "It is enough. Forgive me, Épiphanie, for my hard words. A dog that is wounded bites more from pain than ill-will. I will seek François, and say what I can to make him follow thy counsel. Adieu!" And he turned to go. Épiphanie was in despair. What did he mean by asking her all these questions about Pierre? What had she said to draw forth all this? She who would have spoken the words of peace and comfort had seemed but to make the matter worse. Gabriel in leaving her now was more unhappy than half an hour ago, when they met. In another moment he would be gone,—passed beyond her reach,—and Jeanne's dismal prophecy of estrangement, and general confusion, and misery might come true, after all. She made three hasty steps, and gained his side.

"Thou art going to Verangeville to-night," she cried.

"To Verangeville, no. It is—too late to start this evening."

"But to-morrow morning?"

"I shall go home."

"To Vallée d'Allon?"

"Yes."

"Thou wilt go to Verangeville on thy way; stay the night at the cottage, and then go on the next day, and so break the journey. Surely thou wilt do this, Gabriel?"

"I have wasted too much time there already. I shall go straight home."

"Thou wilt at least say good-by to Jeanne thyself. It would be ill-mannerly not to do that."

"She has other things to think of than my manners. Say good-by to her for me, though, and tell her—no, tell her nothing. I have no more to say to her."

"You will repent it all your life, perhaps, if you do not go to Verangeville," pleaded Épiphanie. "Do not let the last words be words of anger between those who—who are relations. Jeanne

will watch for thee, will wait for thy coming, I know, to-night!"

"I will not go to Verangeville!" burst out Gabriel. "Do not tempt me! let me be! I am going home; and I will never see Dieppe nor Verangeville nor her again as long as I live!"

"Stay," said Épiphanie, constraining him to stop with pleading tones and hands that clasped his. "Thou shalt not go, still feeling anger towards Jeanne. It is an error. Thou hast seen things wrongly. Thou hast misjudged her. She is not soft and smiling always, but I know her heart. O, I was alone in the world but for Jeanne; she is true, she is warm; her heart is deep, and her love never dies!"

"Mon Dieu!" said Gabriel, fiercely. "Why do you say this to me? Don't I know this already? O, I am a fool, a fool!" he groaned. "She must love where she loves, I know that. I have no quarrel with her, I have no quarrel even with her Pierre, though he has stolen her from me! O, I try to curse her with my lips sometimes, but my heart rises up to bless her. And this will last to the end!" He dropped his head on his breast, and ground the dry leaves under his heel in very bitterness of spirit.

Épiphanie had listened to the outburst of the young man with dilating eyes. She dropped her knitting into the large pocket of her apron, and moved a step nearer to him, laying her hand on the post against which he leaned. Her soft eyes were full of light as she looked up into his face; she trembled, but her voice was low and clear.

"You think — you think —" then, as her color rose and fell, she said, "It is I who love Pierre Lennet, and I am going to be his wife."

Gabriel sprang erect, and stared her in the face. The blood rushed to his cheeks.

"Thou — thou," he repeated, as if bewildered by the sudden revelation. "Did she know this? — does Jeanne know this?" Tell me, — tell me quickly, Épiphanie!"

"But for her I should not have been so happy," she replied.

And after that Madame Épiphanie would say little more to satisfy the impatient young man, naturally thinking she had done quite enough for him in the way of consolation, and might now safely leave him to the guidance of his own instincts. She was discreet and honorable, and her reticence, and the doubts and misgivings which she refused to allay, seasoned her balms with a wholesome bitter of uncertainty. She said enough and left enough unsaid to make her companion happy, but to leave him penitent, with a general sense of having been a fool, which as an occasional conviction, it must be owned, is good for all of us.

"Épiphanie," said Gabriel, at last, "I go at once to Verangeville to — to explain — at least to say good-by before I go to Vallée d'Allon; I can, as thou hast suggested, stop there on my way homewards."

"To-night?" said Épiphanie, smiling; "you said it was *too late* to start half an hour ago."

But Gabriel had swung his bundle over his shoulder, and, catching up the child, set him on the other, with a laugh.

"Stop, stop! what will become of your turkey-eggs at that rate, — I saw them through the lid of the basket just now," said Épiphanie, and she stood on tiptoe, and reached to his shoulder, and unhooked the basket from his stick. The child screamed and shouted with delight, as the young man strode on through the leaves. The sun shone through the boy's tossing yellow curls, and glowed on his rosy cheeks, as, riding like a king, he turned and laughed and shouted to his mother, who walked more slowly behind.

When they reached the wharf-side, Gabriel joined Épiphanie, and walked by her side. At the foot of the steps at the Farges he turned to her, the color deepening in his cheeks, "I was a blockhead, was I not?"

"Ah?" replied Épiphanie, interrogatively and dubiously.

"I have seen all things wrong: but dost thou think,—dost thou think?"—and he looked with eyes full of passionate wistfulness into her face.

Épiphanie raised her eyebrows. "Give me the child," she said. "Ah, mon petit! mon roitelet!" and she stretched up her arms to take him from his high perch.

But Gabriel held himself at his full height, that she should not reach the child. "Give me an answer," he said, "or thou shalt not have him."

"Méchant!" said she, half pouting. "Well, what is your question?"

"If thou thinkest that—that—"

The child, who had already testified his growing impatience at being withheld from his mother's arms by sundry slaps and kicks, here made a sudden spring towards her, and was caught to her bosom, laughing in triumph.

"And thy question, Gabriel," said Épiphanie, demurely, as she turned to enter the house, "thou must ask that of Jeanne, I think!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

GABRIEL was as good as his word; he spent one precious hour of the short autumn afternoon in his search for François; and when he found the poor fellow, and had given him the words of good counsel proposed by Épiphanie, he sent him to his sister. As he passed along the Dieppe side of the dock he waved his cap to Épiphanie, and saw François seated by her side in the doorway of Jean Farge's house. This duty accomplished, he started on his journey with a light heart. He strode on at an unusually good pace, but still his eager mind ran on before him, and reached Verangeville a score of times before he got there.

"Remember the Fairy way," had been Épiphanie's last words as they parted. "The highway over the cliff is but a short two miles farther, and within the octave of St. Michael the Fairy walks. Beware, Gabriel, and take the highway."

But Gabriel laughed aloud at her

warning. What cared he for the Fairy and all her greetings to-night? Would he lengthen his walk by a single mile to-night? By the most holy St. Gabriel,—*no!* Who would put another long mile between himself and rest when he is weary, or distance by an hour the spring when he is parched with thirst? Gabriel was happy; and when one is happy one fears no evil. Superstitious fancies can have no room while the thoughts and the imagination are glowing with the warmth and vitality of positive emotions of delight. How can Fear spread her dark wings in a heart where Hope and Joy have taken up their dwelling, where the Imagination is building its fairy palace, and spreading out its bright pictures, and there are lights and singing and feasting within? No; she waits till these guests are departed, till Joy and Love have gone out together, and Hope, after lingering awhile, has shivered off into the darkness; when the music is silent, and the lights are all put out, then Fear can have her day. Then it is that she enters with a crowd of hideous attendants, and runs riot with a thousand horrors, and converts every faculty and sense into a means of torture.

Gabriel trolled out a song, and, as he thought again of Épiphanie's warning, he caught up a stone, worn flat and smooth by the tide, and hurled it far up in air; not watching to see how it swept over the beach in a long curve, and dipped with a sudden light into the sea. He strode gayly onward over the shingles, that rung beneath his hasty footsteps. The twilight was gathering over the fields and the sea, and it was almost dusk when he reached the narrow steps cut in the cliff-side that led upward to the Fairy pathway. It was nightfall, and the last day of September, but he neither halted nor listened for the soft, fatal footfall. He sprang lightly up the steps, and gained the narrow ledge; and, as he passed upward, he looked down upon the rising tide, that already lapped the foot of the cliff below.

How still the sea lay!—as still as

the quiet heavens, with its host of stars above. Where was the storm of yesterday, the rage, and the tumult? The stormy winds had fulfilled the word of the Great Ruler, and were once more withdrawn to their secret dwelling-places; and now behold, — peace, — a new heaven and a new earth, fresh and pure as in the beginning, when they were pronounced good. And those storms within, those tempests of grief and passion, with their vain longings and frantic tears, — these also have their day; the storm dies away, the clouds unroll, and if the sun has already set, and it is too late to hope for sunshine, there are at least the stars, and rest and the silence of a quiet night.

Gabriel looked out to sea, and then upward to the beetling summit of the cliff. A few steps more and the sandy lane would be reached, and his heart gave a bound as he thought of the open doorway, the flickering firelight, and the woman's figure by the hearth. Hush! a footstep above, light and firm, approaching swiftly! He drew himself instinctively against the cliff-side, and held his breath, as a figure emerged from the darkness, and for a moment seemed to float between him and the sky.

"Jeanne!"

Once more face to face, and on the narrow, dizzy edge of the precipice.

"Gabriel!" she sighed out.

"Yes, it is I. O Jeanne, I have come!" he burst out. "I could not stay one moment in Dieppe! I have spoken, I have acted, like a fool during these weeks. I come to confess it. Ah! Thou wilt forgive me, my cousin: it was because I loved thee, — loved thee so well."

He caught her hands, and sought to draw her against his bosom as he spoke; but she suddenly and swiftly freed them from his grasp, and wound them about his neck, and clung to him, laying her head upon his breast.

"Let be — let be!" she said, in a broken voice; "it is I who have been wrong, and I thought I had lost thee, Gabriel, — lost thee —"

An hour later, and they still stood

leaning against the cliff-side, with the night gathering like a purple veil over the sea. The tide was at the full, and boomed below against the shelving cliff. There was so much for these two to talk of, with the untried future lying so full of promise before them; there was still more that silence alone could express, in the first blissful peace of perfect reconciliation.

"Thou wilt marry a farmer after all," said Gabriel, after a while. "I wish I had been born by the sea for thy sake. But perhaps, when thou comest to know country life better, thou wilt like it better also, Jeanne. One should not make up one's mind to dislike this or that without reason. I thought very ill of all sailors once, till very lately. I — indeed I hated the very name 'marin' with all my heart, I assure thee, and now I confess that I was wrong. I find them brave, true-hearted, — in short, all that good Christians should be."

"Ah!" said Jeanne, "it is Pierre Lennet who has made thee think better of sailors, for he is all these. Eh, Gabriel?"

"Yes," said Gabriel, with a laugh. "But, if the truth must be spoken, it was also he that made me detest the very name of 'marin' at one time. I confess it."

"I have been thinking," said Jeanne, thoughtfully, "how it was that I was so angry that night, and told thee I would marry none but a sailor. I think it was because thou wast *not* a sailor, and I *feared* I should marry thee. *Now* I no longer dislike the thought of a farmer's life at all, and it is because thou art a farmer, and I *know* I am to be thy wife. It is strange," said Jeanne, with a little sigh, "comme on change d'avis! — n'est ce pas, Gabriel?"

Then they talked of the Vallée d'Allon, and Gabriel pictured the joy of that day when he should bring Jeanne home to the old farm-house. He knew how his mother loved Jeanne, and how long her heart had yearned towards her young kinswoman as towards a daughter. And Jeanne's eyes brimmed

over with happy tears in the darkness, as she thought of receiving a mother's kiss and benediction from Madame Ducrés. Uncle Defère, urged Gabriel with his usual impetuosity, must leave his fishing-nets now, and come to the farm also, and take care of his rheumatism, and spend the rest of his days at ease, and telling stories of the coast and his fishing days to the neighbors, as they sit round the fire on winter's evenings. Then how pleasant it was to go back to the old days when they were children together, — the joyous times of the lavender harvest; the nut-pickings in the old beech-wood beyond the farm; the walks together by the stream-side, or as they came up hand in hand in the twilight, through the dewy meadows, driving the cows back to pasture after evening milking. So the future and the past greeted each other joyously in the present; and time stood still for these happy people, as it does for us all once or twice in a lifetime.

At last Jeanne said, "Come, Gabriel, I must go home; I want to see my father. He went out to set some nets after supper, but he will have come in by this time; for, see, it is late; the stars are all out, and the tide is at its height."

"Where wast thou going, Jeanne," said Gabriel, detaining her, "when I met thee?"

"O, I was going down the beach to meet Épiphanie. She told me she was coming back this evening with Nannette Planche. I was with Veuve Milette most of the afternoon, keeping her company while Épiphanie was away, and as I was coming home, I met Nannette, who said she and Marie Bignard had left Dieppe earlier than she had said the night before, and had seen nothing of Épiphanie. Then I thought Épiphanie must have missed them, and would be coming home alone; and after supper, when father went out to his nets, I started out to meet her. The child is heavy

to carry, and Épiphanie is timorous, and does not like to be alone after nightfall."

"And thou camest down the Fairy way, Jeanne, and thou wast not afraid?"

"Yes, I was afraid, I will not deny; but I thought I could run so swiftly down here, and climb, by a way I know, to the cliffs again, and so miss all the long round one takes by the highway, and have so much more chance of meeting Épiphanie, that, after I considered a moment at the churchyard wall, I repeated a pater-noster, and ran down, and met thee."

"Ah, Jeanne!" after a pause, he said, "dost thou know what I thought as I came up the path and heard thy footstep?"

"Quoi donc," said Jeanne, — "that it was I?"

"Not at all. I heard a step, and saw a gown fluttering, and I thought it is the Fairy of Fallaise who approaches, to give me an evil greeting perhaps. I confess to thee my heart stood still in my body for fear!"

Jeanne laughed. "Grand lâche!" she said, "thou shouldst have shouted at the bottom of the steps to have cleared the way, and I should have heard thee, and waited till thou hadst reached the top of the cliff. That is the custom here. One must always call before one comes up the Fairy way, so that any one going down may wait till the one below has ascended, for the ledge is too narrow for two to pass each other without danger."

"But if one does not call, or if one does not hear the shout, and meets a traveller in the middle, as thou and I — what then?"

"I know not," said she. "I suppose they must then arrange it between themselves, and one must turn back again."

"In this case," said Gabriel, drawing her towards himself, "thou goest with me. Eh, my Jeannette?"

"Yes," said Jeanne, "with thee!"

EDMUND BROOK.

EDMUND BROOK departed this life in February, 1866, aged twenty-eight years and four months. He was lamented by all his friends, having sustained an excellent character in every relation of life, having been a faithful servant, a devoted husband, and a kind and tender father. He was attended to his last home by every member of his late master's family, who showed for his memory every possible mark of mourning and respect. His last request to the writer was that she would put his own account of himself, given during the last month of his life, and written down at his request, into correct language; and though his idioms might better have expressed his meaning, yet she could not refuse in some degree to comply with this last request.

"I remember myself first," said Edmund, "as a little woolly-headed fellow about three feet high. I remember my looks particularly at this time, because I used to stand behind my master while he was shaving, and watch him in the glass, keeping always so exactly behind him that it was a long time before he discovered my presence. When he did this, and observed also that I was making faces behind his back in imitation of him, he took a hearty laugh. I did not know what was the matter until he turned round and caught me.

"He seemed chiefly struck with the remarkable height to which my hair grew on the top of my head. 'Hallo!' he cried. 'Come here, Jerry, Bill, June, December,—come and shear this black sheep. Shear him, and bring him back to me.' This order was but too literally complied with, and my head was sheared so close that I was a laughing-stock to the whole plantation until my wool grew out again.

"This punishment effectually cured me of stealing behind my master to imitate him while shaving.

"But I will only take up your time

and my own breath with one more incident of my childhood. When I was about twelve years old, I was dressed in a smart livery suit, and brought in to brush at master's table. My business was to set the table, and then to stand ready, with a long brush of peacock feathers, and keep off the flies as the head waiter brought in and arranged the dishes. There was always fish or poultry for dinner; for we lived in Beaufort in summer, if we were not travelling, and on the plantation during the winter; and fish were always to be had merely for the taking them, and oysters, if you only picked them up. I am sorry to say that the post at which I was then placed proved one of temptation to me. When three or four o'clock came, and dinner was served, I used to be pretty hungry. To be sure, I could have got corn-bread and buttermilk all the time; but I did not want corn-bread and buttermilk when I daily saw before me turkeys, roast fowls, and ducks, or else drum, cavallie, or bass. My master was particularly fond of drum-roe, and so was I. Therefore it chanced that half of the drum-roe used constantly to disappear before the other dishes came in. Now the head waiter was the son of the cook, and I was the grandson of the head nurse, who had nursed my master himself. My mother had also nursed all the elder children of the family; so that my family was one of far more consequence and dignity than that of Dinah the cook. Yet Dinah claimed that her mother had minded master's father, and that her family, therefore, were of superior and more ancient descent than ours.

"Thus there was a constant rivalry and jealousy between us, and, had I recollected these circumstances, I would have been more careful about taking the drum-roe. But at twelve years of age I had not learned the prudence to which I afterwards attained, and my

indiscretion gave every advantage to my enemies against me. One day my master sent for Dinah, and told her that if she wanted to keep back any part of the dinner, and really did not get enough without it, to cut off part of the fish, but not to keep the roe. Dinah told him that she sent in all the roe, and she called her son Cæsar to prove this.

"Cæsar, then, instead of warning my innocent youth of the trouble which was preparing for me, — although I had seen him keep many things, and had not told on him, — immediately devised a plan by which to disgrace me and to give my place to his brother. He therefore told my master that if he would consent to lose the roe for one day more, he would show him who took it. My master agreed; but of all this I knew nothing until afterwards.

"The next day, as usual, I helped myself to a large piece of the roe, and crammed it all into my mouth at once. But it was at least half red pepper and mustard. I threw down the brush, and ran out of the back door, roaring at the top of my voice. Every one, white and black, ran to see what was the matter.

"My master laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks; the children laughed and capered around me, regardless of my distress, which was real enough. I was almost suffocated. But my grandmother was infuriated; she seized me by my hair, which had grown out, and administered such a series of boxes as speedily relieved my feelings, and turned my sorrows into a different channel.

"You see yourself, maumer," said my master to my grandmother, who had heard his explanation of the business, addressed to the children, — "you see yourself now."

"Yes, sir, I see," she replied, with dignity; "and if missus will excuse me for a while, I will make Edmund see too."

"At this I set up a fresh roar, and I begged master to punish me himself. But master said he could not be troubled with it when grandma was there to

do it, and so she hauled me to the negro quarter.

"Arrived there, she first whipped me, then she called my father and mother, and they whipped me again. Then they held a council over me.

"If you had told me you was taking the roe, I would never have let master find you out; but why did you not tell me?" said my mother, crying herself. I was comforted by this, and, kneeling down by her, I felt that I had one friend left. They discoursed to me a long time; but I principally remember my grandmother's closing exhortation: —

"Now you are in the house, Edmund," she said, "you must remember that you are not a field-nigger, but a person of family and character. When I used to attend mistress to parties, there was not a lady in the shawl-room who was above speaking to me, and they all left everything they had under my charge. Now I think we have a right to take from our own master when he got plenty; but I never take so that they can catch me. I have seen missus leave pies and cakes in her open closet for the children. I nor Louisa (my mother) never touch one, for missus would know that minute it was us. But she never misses sugar out of the barrels, or a piece of meat out of the smoke-house. If I am wanting anything, I take it when she sends me for soap or candles. *But do you take nothing; you do not know how.* If I catch you taking a single thing, this is what you will get, and more too."*

"These were the only indiscretions which I can recollect of my boyhood. I never took anything again from my master and mistress, — at least, this mistress.

"I will therefore pass on to the period of my mistress's illness and death. At that time I was the acknowledged favorite, next to my mother and grandmother, of all the family.

"My mistress had consumption, and

* It was a universally received maxim among the negroes, that they had a right to steal from their owners if they had plenty. On the other hand, that they should help them if they needed help.

she was therefore ill for a long time. My grandmother and mother, my master and myself, used to take it by turns to sit up with her. My post was in the dining-room, which was next to, and opened into, her room. If she wanted anything, she rang a small bell, placed on a table by her. She was too weak to speak aloud. I used to doze, but never went fast to sleep, while sitting up with her. I always heard the bell, and was instantly at her side. If she desired food or cordial, I raised her on the pillows, and fed her as tenderly as my master could have done.* If she wanted my mother,—she slept in the hall during all my mistress's illness, and I summoned her. If the summer's night was warm, I set open all the blinds and doors. Many a night I have sat by her and fanned her until sunrise. My master used to sleep on a lounge in the dressing-room. My movements never disturbed her or woke him.

"Her own children were young and thoughtless, and she seemed to prefer my services to theirs.

"At length she died, and, sorry as I was, I was proud to see the long train of carriages which attended her funeral. I walked by the hearse in a suit of black. My young mistress tied crape around my hat herself, saying, as she did so, 'Edmund, I shall never forget you.' I heard all the company remarking upon the faithfulness of myself and family to my dear mistress; and I felt, as well I might, that I was now adding to the distinction of my family, and conducting myself as a worthy and excellent member of society.

"My grandmother had now the management of the family. My young mistress completed one more winter at boarding-school in Charleston after her mother's death. But when she did come home to manage the house, she found it easier to amuse herself with her young companions, and leave the management of everything to us.

"Thus matters went on for two years. The whole town of Beaufort talked

about the intelligence and faithfulness of our family. My sister had grown up, and had charge of the children and their clothes. Miss Caro had not time to trouble with them. She was much admired at all the balls and parties, and often made trips to Charleston with her young friends. The only complaint which any of us made was that of my sister Kate, when Miss Caro would not leave her time to make the children's clothes, but kept her making dresses all the spring for herself. Kate was the children's best friend. She could not bear to see them running about the quarter on Sunday, and kept out of their pa's sight because their clothes were not made for them to go to church or come to the table. And one day, instead of telling master that the boys were gone hunting, as Miss Caro had ordered her, she told him that their clothes were not in order for them to come to the table.

"'And why are they not in order, when you have nothing else to do?' roared my master. This put him in a passion.

"But Kate was not afraid of master himself when her blood was up, and she answered right off,—

"'Because Miss Caro keeps me working all the time for her, and won't leave me time to do the children's clothes.'

"'Let me see what you have been doing,' said master, and he walked right into Miss Caro's room, where Kate always sat. Miss Caro had that very morning gone to Charleston, which made Kate the bolder, for Miss Caro did not mind telling a story when she got ready.

"She showed master a whole piece of long-cloth, and another of cambric, which last Miss Caro had ordered her to make up into tucked and pointed skirts by the time she got back. 'And I can't do it and keep the children decent,—I can't!' said Kate, 'and I told her so, and she told me to let the children run until they were done; and I just tell you, sir, everybody says I do as if I was white by those children, and

* Fact.

Miss Caro won't let me do for them, sir !'

"Here Kate began to cry. She always cried when she was in a passion, and I walked in. 'Master,' I said, 'you know Kate would work her fingers to the bone to see the children brought up genteel and becoming to the family ; but please, sir, not to let Miss Caro know that she has told you.'

" 'I will not,' he said ; ' Kate, you are perfectly right to tell me, and I will not. But go, Edmund, and bring the children to me just as they are, — go, and bring them.'

"I was getting ashamed of the way the children were sometimes seen, and I did so. Such sights as they were ! It was then June, and they were wearing winter clothes, and they had not cared how they did them. No summer clothing was in a fit condition to be put on. He hollered till he brought the whole house around him. He told Kate to bring the cloth he had bought them, which she did. Two whole pieces were there, waiting to be made up. Three more women besides my mother had come to see what was the matter. He ordered them all to sit down, and not get up until the children had clothes to put on.

"Kate was ready to cry again, finding herself blamed as well as the rest. Seeing that, he gave her a gold piece, and told her to cut out. The long-cloth he ordered made into shirts, and the cambric he locked up.

"But we all had reason to rue the day when master found out how Miss Caro did by the children. That very evening he called me to black his boots and help him dress. I never saw master take so much pains with his dress before ; and out he went. Grandmother told me to watch where he went ; and where should it be but to see a young lady. And, more than all, she was a Northern young lady, and had about her all the mean ways of those Northern people. Not but that she was clever in some things too, but I did delight to get ahead of her.

"The upshot of it all was that in

three months from that time we had a new mistress ; her name was Miss Lucy Dearing. She was just from school, and knew nothing out of her books. She was spending that year in Beaufort. When we found out that master was going to see her, grandmother sent me to go and sit in the kitchen, and find out all about her. The cook told me she would not give us trouble ; that she sat in her room and sewed muslin, and read her books, and did not know what biscuits were made of. So this made us better satisfied. We said if master had taken marrying into his head, he would be certain to marry somebody, and we would rather him marry a young girl who would not interfere with us.

"But, when Miss Caro heard it, she was just raging. She never had been to mistress's grave since the summer she died. But now she was dressing up the children, and taking them to the grave, and covering it with flowers, all in sight of the congregation every Sunday ; and she had me there to wash off the tombstone, and to plant vines and all manner of flowers around it. And she kept telling the children that now they would be beat, and sent away, and that their pa would not care for them or her any longer, and that their mother was forgotten ; and when any company talked to her about it she began to cry.

"At last grandmother thought that Miss Caro was overdoing the matter ; she told her that master would marry again, and she did not think he could do better. There was a certain handsome widow in Beaufort that we had always been afraid of ; and we knew that, if master married her, she would know about everything. So we had a great deal rather have the young lady, and we told her so.

"When Miss Caro heard that, she agreed to it, and she went to see Miss Dearing ; but the boys could not be got to go near her. They had got it in their heads that she would make their pa whip them, and so they said they hated her, and would not go to see her.

"Master told us that Miss Lucy had been brought up at a boarding-school, and had never had a home, and she thought now she would have a home, and would find a sister and brothers in his children; and that she did not know how to keep house, and did not wish to take charge of anything excepting to teach the children.

"Miss Caro told us this was her mean Yankee blood, that was made for teachers, and was fit for nothing else.

"At last the wedding-day came round. The first thing she asked master was that we should all come to the wedding, and so we did. It was in the morning in the parlor, and we crowded all the doors and windows. She did look pretty and innocent, and I did not blame master so much. I felt sorry for her, for I knew Miss Caro would worry her life out of her.

"She came home the next day, and Miss Caro offered her the head of the table and the keys; but she took the seat next to master, and said that she would rather have her keep on, as she had been, for that she did not know how to keep house.

"If she had only kept to that, we would all have worshipped her.

"The boys would not come to the table or go near her for some days; but they would stand behind the door and watch her. At last she spied them, and ran into the pantry and caught them. One she drew on her lap, and she put her arm round the other and kissed them.

"In two minutes they went back to the parlor with her; and after that they followed her everywhere, and never wanted to be parted from her any more.

"About three months after she was married I fell in love myself, and then I did not blame master at all. When I first saw my dear Sally, she was as pretty a girl as ever was. Her hair was beautifully curled and plaited into puffs, her brown cheeks were fat and round, her eyes black and shining, her feet and hands pretty as any lady's. She was brought up in the house, like my-

self, and belonged to a superior and ancient family. Therefore my family made no objection; but she lived five miles off, and I was afraid master would object because he would not want to spare me.

"My grandmother opened the subject to him, and he said, as I expected, (I was listening under the window,) 'Tut, tut! I cannot spare Edmund to be always running away so far. I want him right here. I cannot do without him.'

"My grandmother was coming away, she knew that master would come round after a while, but Miss Lucy said, 'Mr. Harrington, I don't think it is right to look at our convenience only in this matter. They have the same feelings as ourselves. How would you like to have been prevented from marrying me?'

"Master always did whatever Miss Lucy said. 'Tell him to go along and get married,' he called after my grandmother. I heard under the window. I knew all was settled.

"The Sunday after the wedding I brought Sally to see the family. Miss Lucy gave her a dress, Miss Caro a bonnet, and we had a grand dinner in the kitchen; and master allowed me to drive her home in his buggy, which especially pleased me, because I wanted Sally to see into what a high family she had married, and the consideration in which I was held by all my owners.

"Soon after this Miss Caro went to Charleston again, and, when she went, Miss Lucy took the keys. The first morning that she went to give out breakfast she followed Maum Dinah into a pantry where the flour was kept, then to the smoke-house; then to the store-room, where were rice, flour, meal, &c.; finally to a closet where sugar, coffee, pickles, spices, &c. were. When Miss Lucy was done giving out, she called me, and told me to call another man to help.

"I thought what was coming, but I could not openly disobey. In the room where flour was kept, the window was fastened only with a rail leaning against

it. The light wood and soap were kept in the smoke-house, as well as the meat, which of course gave us constant access to it. This Miss Lucy saw. It was master's wish. He was satisfied, and that gave us a right to the things. But her mean notions did not agree to this. She made me move the flour into the store-room, and the light wood into the woodshed, which deprived us of our excuse to be constantly in the smoke-house. These things had always been our right. Master could not but know it, and he had always allowed it; the things were his, and not hers. My first mistress had never come looking and looking to see what we took, and I was not going to stand it now.

"I could not help moving the things, but I was determined to be even with her. When she came in, grandmother showed her a nail by the closet door. 'This is where the keys always hang,' said she.

"Miss Lucy coolly put all the keys into her work-box, and locked it."

"Miss Lucy then undertook to look over the boys' clothes. She observed in a moment what Miss Caro and master had never found out. There were no last summer, or last winter, or out-grown clothes on hand. Kate had talked about these things being gone several times. She really was so attached to the children, and so anxious to see them look well, that she was glad to see Miss Lucy take account of their clothes. She helped her, and showed her everything, and where all was kept.

"But what I hated was to see her take out a little paper book, and set down all the articles and the numbers of each.

"I thought we still had means of getting ahead of her, for she did not know how much rice, flour, sugar, or anything else to give out. I had noticed in the morning that she let Maum Dinah take just what she said was usual of everything.

"But that evening she took the boys with her, and went to see some one. In the morning she appeared with a list

set down on paper of everything to be given out. The quantity of rice, bacon, flour, &c.

"In a day or two more she had measures and weights. Then she took to counting out the clothes for the wash, which no real lady would have thought of.

"Of course we could not appear to care for all this, and we could do nothing until Miss Caro came back. We thought that she would have the keys again, for she was the oldest of the two.

"At length Miss Caro did come. The next morning, after breakfast, Miss Lucy handed her the keys, but master said that he wished Miss Lucy to keep them. 'Your management, my dear,' he said, 'is so much the best, and the expense so much less, that I must beg of you to continue.'

"Then, dear Caro,' said Miss Lucy, 'we will divide the labor between us. If you please you shall keep Kate under your direction, and the children's clothes, and I will do the housekeeping.'

"Miss Caro never forgave Miss Lucy for this. But I will not dwell upon these affairs; it is my own life that I am telling.

"Matters went on thus for a year. As grandmother had always been looked upon as the head of our family, and a person of the highest character and standing, she could not bear to be thus imposed upon by Miss Lucy, who might have been her grandchild in years.

"As for me, I had by that time forgiven her, and begun to feel reconciled. Master was much in debt, and Miss Lucy saved so much money that he was paying off fast. We had seen, some ten years before this, twenty of our fellow-servants sold off to pay debts. It was a dreadful day that saw them go. But debt did it, and master could not help it. We knew that Miss Lucy was the means of paying master's debts. I considered that some of us would have to go for them if they were not paid.

"But grandmother always boasted that she had Indian blood in her veins, and she was determined to be revenged. I always told grandmother never to do anything to Miss Lucy, and I had nothing to do with what she did. I had a young sister by the name of Elsie, about fifteen years old; she was Miss Lucy's special favorite; she loaded her with presents, and really, I believe, loved her dearly. Grandmother did not let Elsie know that she had any spite against Miss Lucy.

"One morning Miss Lucy was sick; she did not get up nor have her breakfast until eleven o'clock. Then fresh tea was to be made for her. Elsie had helped her to dress, and came to arrange the table for her, and to wait upon her. I was away that morning; grandmother knew I would not have let her do it had I been there, nor would Maum Dinah; but Miss Lucy, taking her breakfast after eleven o'clock, she had gone to get vegetables. I was gone for beef, and no one was about but Elsie and grandmother. When Elsie gave her the tea to make, she put something in it. I don't know what it was.

"When Miss Lucy poured out her tea, it tasted to her badly. She put more milk and sugar in it; still it tasted so badly that a suspicion came into her mind. She heard grandmother's voice in the pantry. She said to Elsie, 'You can have this cup of tea, I will make another.' Elsie took the tea into the pantry, and Miss Lucy was listening; there was only a screen between. When grandmother saw Elsie going to drink it, she forgot herself, dashed it from her hand, and broke cup and saucer on the floor. Of course Miss Lucy heard this; she knew that grandmother would not let Elsie drink it if anything was in it.

"But she kept cool. She said nothing, but gave Elsie another teapot, and made her heat water, and make more tea in her sight. This she drank, for she was sick and faint already; but she locked up the teapot, and went on to the store-room as usual. Then grand-

mother knew what was before her if that tea was shown to any doctor. While Miss Lucy was at the store-room, she opened the door with a chisel, threw out the tea, and put the fresh leaves and tea, which Miss Lucy had left, into it. But the teapot was turned black inside. Miss Lucy knew how it was, but grandmother had got ahead of her. She could show no proof against her.

"But she was ordered by master to go to her house, and never to set her foot in his yard again. And thus grandmother was disgraced on account of Miss Lucy; for, if it had not been for her, no difficulty would have ever happened. This affair was never known off of the plantation. I heard Miss Lucy say to master, 'I cannot take away her character without proof; the closet door was open when I came in, but suppose the possibility that I had left it open. It is enough that you forbid her the yard.'

"The next December we were living as usual on the plantation. Master used to give frequent dinner-parties, and I used to hear the gentlemen drinking toasts over their wine to the Lone Star, and making a fuss about the North. But I had heard a fuss about the North ever since I could remember, and I thought it was no more than usual.

"But one day I drove the carriage into Beaufort. There was a great fuss. All the bells were ringing, and all the men and boys shouting. Miss Lucy asked what was the matter. 'The State has seceded,' somebody said.

"Now the white people did not think we knew, but we knew very well, that the quarrel was about us. We knew that the Northern men were trying to set us free, and the South would not let us go. White men, sometimes blacked as negroes, had been among us, over and over, to try and set us against our owners. But in Beaufort most all of us were members of the Baptist Church, and we knew very well it was not right to murder our masters. Besides, we knew what the white men were when

they got in a passion. They were very good-natured till you made them vexed. I had rather have seen the Devil than my master in a passion and me rebelling against him. I'd have fallen on my knees, I know, the minute he ordered me. And I do love my master, and Miss Caro, and the children. I would rather have worked for them all my days than seen them have to work.

"But, though we could do nothing (I am truly glad that we never raised our hands against those who had fed and provided for us, and cared for us in sickness ever since we were born), it has pleased Providence to set us all free.

"The next thing was building forts at Hilton Head and Bay Point. And O, how the white gentlemen bragged, over their wine, that no Yankee ships could enter between the batteries!

"Colonel — came to Beaufort to see the batteries, and he kept drinking toasts to South Carolina, and declaring how splendid the batteries were, and how much the Beaufort gentlemen knew about fortifications and war.

"There was one gentleman there that they called a West-Pointer, — what that was I can't tell, but he looked just like the other men, for all the world. He talked bigger than all, and he took all the hands, and was the head man in building the forts. One day a little ship belonging to us brought into the harbor a big ship belonging to the Yankees.

"I have heard that there is a country somewhere t'other side of the earth, — under this country, I suppose, — and, though they live underneath other people, the people there think that they are celestial people, — which means heavenly people, — and that other people are only put on top of the earth to shade them from the sun. And they think that they stand still, and the sun, the earth, and the moon go round them. And the Beaufort people thought just so. But, as I take it, the whole earth stands still, and the sun and moon go round it. It is not only Beaufort that stands still, but the whole earth. I

know this because it is against common sense to suppose that grass and trees and cotton could grow if the ground moved. I have heard people say different, but I had the natural sense to know better.

"And the Beaufort people did not go anywhere else much. I have heard them say often that there was not such a place from Canada to Mexico as Beaufort. But I had been to Philadelphia with master when I was a boy, and I had been to Charleston, and I knew that other people lived just as they did, except that they did not drink so much wine nor so many toasts after dinner. The drinking toasts did not help South Carolina one bit, though they drank them to help her. Colonel —, he drank so many that when he went to the forts he thought them pretty hard to get up, and he thought the Yankees would find it pretty hard too.

"All were sure and certain that no enemy could get into Beaufort harbor. But law! when the Yanks got ready, they came right in. One day the enemy were reported in sight; the West-Pointer (whatever that may be, he only looked like a fat, big, middle-aged man) sent word to the town of Beaufort for nobody to be scared.

"But the next morning the ships took the middle passage, knocked the forts to pieces, and sailed past them quite fair and easy. Then the men landed all in blue, with a large flag flying, and headed by three or four more West-Pointers, who were little slim men, with little waists, and red sashes to show how little they were, — the slimmest waist ones were the highest officers, — they scrambled over the ditches and embankments. Our men cut across through the mud, and over the marsh to Ladies' Island, so fast that it 'most made them think that the Yanks were men as well as themselves.

"But this was nothing to the town of Beaufort when the news came. The old ladies lifted up their hands, and said that Satan was let loose, and these were the evil days.

"Wagons, carriages, carts, and every-

thing else were got ready ; everything was loaded with people, sick and well ; they all went, only one white man remained in the town. Many of the house-servants went with their masters. Among these was Elsie and me, and Sally, who was staying in the town at the time.

"I always treated Sally's family (owners) with the greatest possible politeness and consideration. Master was a perfect gentleman in his manners, and I had the advantage of seeing the best society always before me, and I had learned to model my behavior accordingly.

"The shell road from Beaufort to Port Royal Ferry was crowded with carriages, wagons, foot-passengers and even wheelbarrows, all fleeing into the interior. We had a carriage, a buggy, and two wagons. Mrs. Brocktin (Sally's mistress) and her family travelled in company with us ; she had a carriage and wagon. Mrs. Brocktin had no son, but only daughters. I therefore begged my master to excuse me as much as possible, that I might help her at all the stopping-places. In crossing the ferry, the road was blocked up by the wagons and carriages in waiting.

"Many passed the night on both sides of the ferry. We found shelter with a friend of master's on the main for that night. Miss Caro wished to go on to Charleston, and master therefore went on there. Master had relations there to stop with until he could rent a house. Fortunately we had some bales of Sea Island cotton at our factor's. We experienced no want of money, and I soon found myself quite at home ; though master moaned dismally about his plantation and house that he was obliged to leave.

"Master sent me back to Beaufort at one time to see what they were all doing there. The field-negroes had come into the town, and overrun it. They were living in all their masters' houses, sleeping in piles on the carpets and beds, and, too lazy to go and cut wood, they were splitting up the garden fences and even chairs to make fires.

The little ones were running over the streets, blowing the pipes broken out of the church organ.

"I went into our parlors. Six field-niggers were asleep on the carpet, in broad daylight. Grandmother sat in the rocking-chair smoking ; some strange woman was drumming on the piano. 'Grandmother,' I said, 'are you having all this done ?'

"'No,' she said ; 'Edmund, I am keeping them from burning master's house. I did not care how much they took Miss Lucy's things, but I won't let them burn master's house.'

"I was not so much surprised at this behavior of the field-negroes, but I saw a white man with them, whom I had always taken to be a gentleman, and I was astonished at him. He had a queer name, which I have forgotten ; he had been spying out every creek and inlet along the coast for some time. He had been received by all the planters along the coast with unbounded hospitality. I had often seen him dining at master's table, and master used to leave orders that whenever Mr. ——'s (why can I not call his name ?) vessel came off the place, or he came ashore, should be supplied with whatever the plantation afforded, — fresh beef, mutton, poultry, butter, eggs, not even forgetting to leave out wine and cigars for his use. Other Beaufort planters had treated him in the same manner. He had now joined the soldiers in Beaufort, and was showing them all the different plantations, and telling them who had the best wine, horses, stock, and everything else.

"I have a brown skin, to be sure, and I never thought it harm to lift a little, if master had plenty ; but I could not have found it in my heart to carry and show the Yankees the very places where I had been entertained and treated kindly, and never allowed to be at any expense. He showed them master's plantation, his cellar, his horses and mules, cattle and sheep. They took possession there, and after a while the house was burned, and all the standing furniture, pictures, &c., and every-

thing which had not been taken away, was burned too. But this was not until some time afterwards.

"I came back to Charleston, and told master all that they were doing. The people in Charleston had already got the news of all this foreign man's doings, and it made a great talk there.

"All this time a young man of Charleston was visiting Miss Caro. He was a very clever young man too, but he was not of a noble and ancient family like ours.* I heard him telling Miss Caro one day that Miss Lucy looked so good, and that the children were so fond of her. Miss Caro told him that Miss Lucy just talked so before him for deceitfulness. She made him think that Miss Lucy was really very bad to her, and she pretended to hurry her marriage on that account. She said master had married to please himself, and she should do the same. Master was so worn out with Miss Caro's complaints against Miss Lucy, and the jealousies between them, and losing his property and all, that he did not have any heart left to contend with any of them. So Miss Caro just did as she pleased.

"But, as it turned out, Mr. Baron really is a very clever gentleman. He belonged to the company of those that ran the blockade, and made a great deal of money. My sister Kate went with Miss Caro when she married, but Elsie and I stayed with Miss Lucy.

"Soon after the fire in Charleston (I was in Beaufort at that time), master found rent and living so high that he removed to the upper part of the State. Miss Caro wrote that old Mrs. Brocktin was dead, and that there was to be a sale and division of all her property. This included Sally too, and our two little children, — for we had two by this time. A few days afterwards I came to ask master to let me go to Charleston to see her, and to see what I could do for her. Master allowed me to go, and also trusted me with an order to his old factor to sell his carriage and

* The negroes always called everything belonging to their master *theirs*. For instance, it would be *our* parlor, *our* piano, *our* carriage, and *our* young ladies, *our* ancient family, and *our* estate.

horses, wagons, and mules, all which he had left with Mr. Baron when he came to the up-country. I was to bring him back the money, and return after a fortnight's stay. Before I went, I had a conversation with master and Miss Lucy about buying Sally. Master was willing to buy in her and the children, on a credit, and Miss Lucy was willing too. I must say that this was clever of Miss Lucy; for she saw so plainly that I disliked her, and was unwilling to serve her, that for a long time past she had been content that I should wait on master; she never required anything of me herself. Yet, when Sally was to be sold, she seemed to feel a great deal for me, and was quite willing that master should buy her in. But I told master that I did not care about his buying her, that I thought Sally wanted to go to her own young mistress. I said this out of politeness, but my real reason was that I did not want Sally to belong to a lady who was so mean, and who locked up everything and took account of everything as Miss Lucy did. We felt mean to come to ask for everything, and we did not like to do it.

"When I got to Charleston, I went first to see Sally; she was very much grieved for her old mistress, but so glad to see me that she nearly got over it. She said that her young mistress would buy her in, as I expected. I then went to see Miss Caro, and told her that master wished the things sold which he had left with Mr. Baron. Miss Caro was using the carriage, and she said that master had not given her any other property, and that they were little enough for her to have. Mr. Baron said he felt grieved about master, and that he might be in much need. I told him that master was then without any other means of getting food except by the sale of these articles. Mr. Baron said that they should be immediately sold; but Miss Caro so worked around him, in the course of a week, as to persuade him that this call came from Miss Lucy's influence, who was only jealous of her retaining any

part of her father's property, and only wanted to deprive her of it.

"I was waiting on the supper-table one evening, and heard them talking over the matter, and agreeing that Miss Lucy did not choose to let master part with any property but what was to be taken from Miss Caro. I was so bold as to put in and assure them that master was really in need, and could not get sale, in the up-country, for the few articles of value which remained to him.

"I see that Lucy has won you over, and set you against me, as she did my father and the children," said Miss Caro.

"I do not like Miss Lucy any more than you do, Miss Caro," said I; "but my dear master is anxious and suffering."

"How, then, did he offer to buy in Sally and your children? You don't make me believe any such thing!" said Miss Caro.

"Master was to get them on credit," I answered; "but I let Miss Lucy know that I did not wish them under her."

"Miss Caro said no more then; but she kept me driving her out in the carriage, and I saw that she did not mean to give it up. In the mean time I was afraid master was suffering.

"So one day, after I had set Miss Caro down at her own door, I very coolly drove the carriage and horses to Mr. Brodee, the factor, gave it up to him, and gave him master's order for the sale of wagons, mules, and all. I did not choose to let him into our family affairs, but I knew, when he presented the order, Miss Caro would be ashamed to make objections, or to refuse to give up the things to him.

"Mr. Brodee made a fine sale of the carriage and horses, and sent me with a check for gold for master, and a message that he would look out until he could do the same by the other things.

"When I came back, I found master really in need. He was overjoyed to get the check, and allowed me to return immediately to be with Sally, making me a handsome present besides.

"I cannot say that I felt as our

Northern brethren would suppose when I saw Sally and my children put upon the block. I knew already that Mrs. Allenby (Mrs. Brocktin's daughter) would buy them in, whatever price they went at; and I had rather they should be away from me part of the time during master's stay in the up-country, than be under so close a mistress as Miss Lucy. Besides, I knew that in the wretched, poor little place where master had gone, and without carriage and horses, I was more expense than use to him; and I intended to ask Mrs. Allenby to hire me. This arrangement was entered into for a few months; but, on the reserves being ordered out, master was obliged to go too. So he sent for me to attend him in camp, and I instantly went.

"I joined my master in a camp near the Georgia line; here were a few tents, which had been erected to hold camp-meetings in. One Sunday evening we heard distant cannonading; it proved to be the fall of Atlanta. At that very time the reserves of South Carolina and Georgia were in camp. My master prayed and entreated the major to march there, when we heard the cannonading, but he could not move without orders. At length, after the fall of Atlanta, some of the reserves were ordered home again, and some to guard the Yankee prisoners near Columbia. My poor master seemed to forget all his own troubles in his indignation at not being ordered to Georgia; for we could now hear how General Hood had gone to the West, and Sherman was marching through all the lower part of Georgia.

"We knew that, if our masters were conquered, we would be likely to be set free; yet I cannot say that I used to wish the success of the Yankee army. It brought with it ruin and distress to those whom I loved and served; and though slavery did cause among us the evils of deceit, lying, and stealing, as I feel now (when I am dying), yet it also caused a deep interest and affection for our master's families, and an unselfish devotion to them, which I fear our children will never know.

"When we were ordered to guard the prison camp in Columbia, I asked master's permission to return home for a while. Elsie was going to be married. Her mother had been left in Beaufort with grandmother, and there was no one to act a father's and mother's part by her but me. A very respectable colored gentleman, by the name of Richard Williams, had been coming to see her above a year. He did not belong to one of the old families of the State, to be sure, but to the parvenus, as master called them. But his family (owners) were getting rich. I had dreadful misgivings that ours were going down. One reason with me for leaving master in camp for a while was, that I knew Miss Lucy did not feel a proper pride in family distinction. If she only had bread and tea for dinner, she did not mind saying so at all. She had made us all very angry with her more than once, in Beaufort, by saying to company that master was much in debt, and that she was trying to economize.

"And, now that Elsie was going to be married, I procured a relation of mine to wait on my master in my place until I came back, and I went home to the wedding.

"The very evening that I got home, Mr. Williams was coming to ask Miss Lucy's consent to the marriage. She had, in fact, given it already, for she had allowed Elsie every opportunity to walk out with him, and to see him all the time; but it was proper that, in master's absence, her consent should be asked.

"Elsie told me that Miss Lucy had not a candle in the house; that she used light-wood entirely, which the boys picked up. I had one piece of silver in my pocket. I instantly went out and purchased two candles, and sent Elsie to put them in the candlesticks,* and to see that everything looked nice in the parlor before Richard should arrive.

"Miss Lucy had been sitting on a low seat, near the chimney-place, all the evening. I think she was crying.

* Fact.

She did not seem to think it of any importance how to receive Richard, though she knew that he was coming.

"We did not know how to manage getting her to dress; but Elsie at length begged Mass Lawrence to go and tell her that Richard was coming; and the children managed to tell her that we wanted her to put on a silk dress, and some gold rings and brooches, that Richard might not say that his family were superior to ours. She stopped crying when she heard this, and smiled; and Elsie said, 'If you please, ma'am.'

" 'I did not know that it was of any consequence how I looked, Elsie,' she said; 'I thought the matter was now how you looked.'

" 'Yes, ma'am,' said Elsie; 'Richard thinks already that his master drives a handsome carriage and horses, and that we have none. But master did have everything very handsome.'

"When Miss Lucy came down, I had put cedar in the parlor chimney, and lighted the candles; I did not like Richard to think that we used light-wood in the parlor.

"When Richard spoke to Miss Lucy, she gave her consent very graciously and kindly, and agreed that the marriage should take place while I was at home.

"But I could still see about Miss Lucy the same lamentable want of pride and consequence which I had always noticed. To be sure, she took Elsie up stairs to her wardrobe; and, though she had but few dresses left, she gave her a white and a colored one. She really did spare her what she could; but she seemed to take no manner of interest about the supper. She even said she thought we had better have the wedding in daylight and at church. I had no idea of such a thing, and yet was at my wit's end to furnish a large supper.

"I recollected master's wagon and mules in Charleston, which I had left with the factor to be sold. I thought, too, that Miss Caro might help me a little; and then I remembered that my wages were still due from Mrs. Allenby.

So I went to Miss Lucy, and asked her to give me a pass to go to Charleston on the cars; telling her that I would collect the money for the wagon and mules for her, and admitting that I wished to collect something myself to furnish Elsie's wedding-supper.

"Miss Lucy consented, and thanked me for going for her, adding that she was willing to furnish all that she could; for, through all her troubles, Elsie had been like a dear friend to her.

"I collected the money for Miss Lucy from Mr. Brodee, and I collected my wages from Mrs. Allenby. I told her that master allowed me the wages to furnish Elsie's wedding; and so he did, when he knew about it. I got from her—for she lived on a farm above the city—a pair of turkeys, a ham, plenty of lard, flour, and molasses. I took upon myself to ask Mr. Brodee to send some sugar and coffee to Miss Lucy. He did so, and I made sure of enough out of that.

"Thus we had a splendid supper. I arranged and ordered everything, and did most of the cooking myself; for I knew much more about cakes and pastry than Miss Lucy did.

"Elsie was married in Miss Lucy's parlor about nine o'clock. I did not choose to have the hour early like the crackers (poor whites). The white minister and his family were invited to remain to take tea with Miss Lucy. After handing tea, which Richard and I did, we danced in a hall near by until one o'clock. Then the company were asked to supper. We had everything handsome, complete, and served in the nicest manner.

"But my mind troubled me so much about master, that I determined to go to the depot that very night, and start for Columbia at sunrise. When I reached master, I found that the man whom I had engaged to wait on him in my absence had left him; so I was glad enough that I had come immediately on. My poor master was trying to cook for himself. I arrived about three o'clock, and William had left the day before, though he promised me not to

leave master until I came back. I wasted no time, but rushed to the colonel's quarters. As I expected, they were at dinner. I told the colonel I wanted a place as waiter. I showed myself so smart that he engaged me on the spot. After dinner, I made friends with the cook, got everything I wanted, and hurried back to master with an elegant plate of hot dinner, and some whiskey and tobacco.

"I had not said anything to Miss Lucy about my coming away so immediately; and I now felt sorry for this, because she would have sent master some money if she had known it. I found him now without any; but when I proposed that he should send for some part of the money which Mr. Brodee had sent, he declined, declaring that he would do with his rations, and that he would rather leave that to Miss Lucy and the children.

"The Yankee prisoners (all officers) were placed within the walls of the lunatic asylum. There was a considerable space enclosed by these walls, and there were many booths and tents erected there for their temporary shelter. The soldiers appointed to guard these prisoners were encamped in canvas tents across the street opposite the asylum. The officers occupied a church on the corner, and the colonel's quarters were in a handsome house near by.

"I was successful in ingratiating myself so much with these officers, that I made handsomely by waiting on them. My master received only the rations of a common soldier. One pint of corn meal, with the husk in it, a gill of sorghum, and sometimes a little beef, was all that was served out to him. I used to rise at daylight, prepare his breakfast, and make his fire before the colonel's breakfast was ready. I had supplied him with everything that he required for the day. I then waited on the officers' breakfast, and they left everything in my charge. I did not mind taking what I wanted for myself at all; but I thought it might go against my master's honor and respectability afterwards, that he should

share in anything taken. So I asked the colonel, plainly, 'Sir, am I to put up what you leave on the table? or is it for me?'

"'No,' said he, 'my good fellow; as long as you please us so well, do what you like with it.'

"This suited me exactly; for they lived well, and I was able every day to save abundance for my master out of the dishes which had been cut. I also kept him in tobacco, did his cooking, and found time to do his washing.

"When his time came to be on guard duty, I offered to take his place. This was not allowed; but I kept fire for him, and always had something hot for him when he came off. My poor master, who had been delicately brought up, and accustomed to have every luxury and delicacy, without work, used now to stand guard on some nights of rain and cold,—such that, when he came in, his clothes were stiff with ice, and his very hair and beard frozen.

"Then I had fire made for him, and his other suit of clothes dry and warm. I often carried him, while on guard, a hot toddy. I always had one ready for him early in the morning.

"But these were not all the resources at my command. The Yankee prisoners were allowed to receive everything sent them by way of Hilton Head. They frequently received boxes of everything good, from their friends at the North, and many of them had plenty of gold too.

"I will here acknowledge one transaction in which I was engaged without master's knowledge, and for which he would have blamed me if he had known it.

"I had access to the prisoners at all times during the day; and they more than once paid me gold and provisions to buy whiskey for them, and smuggle it to them. I could not see any harm in their comforting themselves with it, and the money did me plenty of good.

"There was one young officer among them, who was frantic to get out of the enclosure. He was quite a young and handsome man, and he wore a seal

ring, with the likeness of a young lady in it. I suspected that this young fellow was engaged to some beautiful lady, and that this was the reason he was so anxious to get away. He constantly gave me money as I was passing in and out.

"At length he begged me to slip into his tent one night, and see him, and I agreed to do so. My master was on guard that night, and he always thought that what I was about must be all right. I brought him some hot toddy and a cracker, and, as I expected, he took no notice in what direction I disappeared. When his back was turned the farthest, I seized upon a rope lowered over the wall, and, being very light and active, I quickly landed inside of the prison bounds. Captain — was on the other side. We stooped down, under the shadow of the wall, and he showed me five gold-pieces. I followed him to his tent, and there he showed me five more, and a large box of clothing and provisions, which had just arrived a few days before. 'All these,' said he, 'are yours, Edmund, if you will get me out of this place.'

"'I am afraid,' I replied, 'it will get my master into trouble.'

"'No,' he said; 'he will know nothing of it, and can never be suspected.'

"At length he persuaded me that it could not be laid on master, and then I was more ready to enter into his schemes.

"I was cunning enough to see (which he did not) that, if I was seen with his clothing, I would be suspected of having helped him to get away. He was to sell his clothing and provisions himself. I would be seen to have nothing to do with him. He was to pay me the ten gold-pieces, and what the clothing brought. I was to take the place of one of the guard, some dark, rainy night, and let him pass. I also put him up to not showing any gold to the country people above Columbia, but to get enough Confederate money to take him along. I advised him to pretend he was a Confederate soldier making his way through the country to Virginia, not

to show much money, to wear an old uniform of master's, and appear very poor.

"Now, I must say for myself that I was as much trusted in camp as any white man there. The command was made up of old men and boys from the up-country. The boys were as simple as if they had on their first frocks; no matter what I told them, they believed every word of it. I used to tell them, that my master had been the king of the largest sea island south of Beaufort, and also that he was a judge down there,—how he sat in a pulpit in the court-room, and had a long switch in his hand to touch up the lawyers when they did not plead right.

"This and much more I used to tell them, just to see them open their eyes and mouths, and say 'I wonder.'

"For about a fortnight I was watching my opportunity, and at length it occurred.

"These poor boys, often without overcoat or blanket, sometimes with broken shoes, and no clothing to change, living on a pint of meal a day, used to suffer; the prisoners inside were far better off, and were not exposed to the weather.

"I was waiting until the turn of one more calfish and stupid than the rest came to stand guard. At the very time two of these poor children had died, and three more were sick. I brought a message to this fellow (David Green), that a boy in the hospital who was dying wanted to see him. He was dreadfully distressed, but no way occurred to him of leaving his post.

"'Mass Da,' I said, 'I will watch here till you come back.'

"'You won't go to sleep, Edmund,' he said. This was the only danger he seemed to think of.

"'O no,' I said, 'Mass Da. I not sleepy at all; I have just carried master some hot whiskey toddy, and had some myself.'

"He got down and I got up; there were at intervals high scaffoldings, against the brick walls, which enabled the sentinels to overlook the prison

encampments within. I took his place. The young captain was not far off, and, when I whistled a tune agreed upon, he appeared; with the help of a rope he was soon on the scaffolding by my side, and in less than two minutes he was out of sight in the darkness and rain.

"Back came Mass David Green in ten minutes, but that time had been quite enough.

"My own idea is that the Yankees ought to pension very handsomely some of the very Southerners whom they are most set against,—some of the commissaries who drank and gambled away the provisions, clothing, and shoes of the private soldiers. I do not speak of any particular part of the army now. I have a cousin and an uncle both who served their two young masters, through all the campaigns in Virginia, from the first battle of Manassas until, having buried one at Seven Pines, and the other having lost a leg, they conducted and assisted him home, shortly before the surrender, and received for their reward a house and land.

"Those, too, who ran the blockade, — who made the Confederate money worthless but they? Who raised the price of everything until the soldiers' money was worthless but they? Were they not armies of men who stayed at home and speculated? They have now everything about them that they ever had, while my poor master never received anything but his pint of meal and a little beef. Uncle Gabe and I have talked it over many a night. It pleased Providence to make everything go against them at the last, and to set us free.

"Yet how was my poor master to blame? I am thankful that slavery is now over forever. I have heard him and Miss Lucy say so too. I heard master say that he is thankful that his children will never be exposed to the temptations of so many being dependent upon the will of one. I am thankful that the children whom I leave will be educated, and will never be obliged and brought up to steal and lie.

"Sometimes it looks to me thus. Sometimes I wish that I had never

touched anything belonging to another. And then again it seems to me that we had a right, that what our masters had was in a manner ours.

"But, I say again, how was it master's fault? He was brought up among his slaves. He got them from his father. He was always kind and generous to us all, and it grieves me now that in his old age I can never work for him any more.

"At length came the news that Sherman was marching upon Columbia. The moment that this news came the Yankee officers were ordered to be put on board the cars, and hurried away to North Carolina. In the hurry and confusion five officers got out, and were retaken. Miss Lucy had at that very time come to Columbia, and brought the boys with her to see master, and to comfort him for a while; for master loved her, and was always happy and cheerful if she were near him. She was staying with a relation of master's in town a little way off, when these officers were brought back. It was a sort of mob that had them,—three or four deserters that were always about some mischief, five or six low-down men from the mountains. I don't know who the rest were, but I understood from their talk that they intended to make short work with these prisoners. I was sorry for them, for I had eaten their bread many a time.

"Everything was in the wildest confusion. There was no officer on the spot, and I was at a loss what to do.

"The poor fellows did not seem to apprehend any danger. They thought they would lounge about in their old quarters until Sherman came in, and then join him. But the approach of Sherman made the Confederates raging, and they talked murder.

"I was sitting down against the asylum wall listening to them, when who should I see but Miss Lucy. I could hardly believe my eyes, but it was her, and Mass Lawrence with her. Her face was very pale, but she looked prettier than ever. She walked up to these rough men. I, who knew her face, could

tell that she was frightened, but they could not.

"‘I have a cousin here, a prisoner,’ she said; ‘I am anxious to see him.’

"Not a man objected. They even opened the asylum gate, and allowed her to walk in. Mass Lawrence went with her, and I followed. The prisoners were smoking and playing cards, quite unconcerned.

"She walked up to one of them, and said a few words in some language (I suppose French) which I did not understand. The man could not understand her, but he called the others. She spoke the same language again, and one of them answered. A few words more passed, which only she and him could understand. But I looked at the one who understood her. His countenance changed so much that I knew what she had been telling him. They all knew me well. I was afraid to speak out, lest the guards at the gates should hear me, but I nodded and confirmed her words.

"In a few minutes she took leave, the one who understood French accompanying her to the gate.

"‘May my cousin come and spend the day with me?’ she said to the guard. I spoke up, telling the guard that this lady was my master's wife, and Mass Lawrence his son. They all knew my master, and did not refuse her.

"‘Mr. Harrington and I will see him safe back this evening,’ said Miss Lucy, smiling, and placing her arm within that of the prisoner.

"These men looked as if they had seen an angel; not one could refuse her.

"She took his arm, and I followed. I thought I was some protection to her, and she was my master's wife.

"They walked two squares, speaking in French, and met my master. ‘Good heavens, Lucy!’ he said.

"Miss Lucy introduced the gentleman as her cousin, and then whispered to my master, ‘I was afraid you would not let me,’ was all I could hear. Master turned back, and, before long, here came the rest of them with him.

"Mass Lawrence fell back with me,

and I heard from him, that one of the boys from the up-country, who was acquainted with Miss Lucy, had run to tell her, that the deserters were going to murder some escaped prisoners.

"My master was only a private soldier, but they understood that he was a person of consideration and consequence for all that; and therefore, when he ordered them to give him up charge of the prisoners, they supposed him sent by the officers, and made no resistance.

"Master kept these men in a little shed-room in the house where he and Miss Lucy were staying, until Sherman's army entered.

"They fully understood that they owed their lives to him and Miss Lucy; and they in turn protected the house, their friends, and all their property during Sherman's stay.

"The one who spoke French went to Sherman, immediately on his entrance, and procured a guard for the house and property.

"They pressed master and Miss Lucy to go North with them, assuring them that their conduct would insure them a welcome; but master said he could never desert South Carolina when she was unfortunate; that he was born in South Carolina, as were his ancestors before him; and that he would abide by her fortunes, and die here too.

"My master and Miss Lucy returned to the up-country after the surrender. When I came with them, I was hale and hearty. When freedom came, I asked master's permission to go down the country for Sally and the children. I too could not bear to desert my master when he was unfortunate, and to take that hour to turn against him.

"You are as free as I am, Edmund," my master replied.

"No, master," I said; "you brought me up and supported me; I have now my wife and children to care for, and I cannot work all the time for you as formerly; but I wish to keep near you, and do everything I can to help you.

"I went down for them, and brought them. I felt well when I did so, but consumption had even then set in. Very soon I became unable to work, and my master has had to divide with me the little that remained to him.

"After the peace, I received some help from Beaufort; and, Sally being able to work and make wages, I have been so far supplied.

"I know that it is impossible for me to live long. Master and Mass Lawrence have promised me never to forsake Sally and the children; and a young lady in the neighborhood (Miss Violet) has been good enough to write down this account, to be kept for my children."

THE FACE IN THE GLASS.

CHAPTER II.

MY name is Charlotte Alixe La Baume de Lascours Carteret. I was born and educated in France, at a chateau belonging to my mother's family in the province of Bain Le Duc, where the De Lascours family once had large possessions. I am, however, of a noble English family on my father's side, and the heiress of an immense estate. Both my parents died during my

infancy; and my father bequeathed me to the care of his nephew, Mr. Huntingdon, with the proviso that I was never to marry without his consent, and was not to go to England until I had attained my eighteenth year. I lived, therefore, in the chateau with my aunt, Madame de Renneville, and the Abbé Renauld, to whom my guardian (Mr. Huntingdon) had confided my education.

I had no relations in the world ex-

cept my aunt and this English cousin, who was the son of my father's only and elder brother. I never saw him during my childhood, nor did my aunt; and, as he never held any communication whatever with either of us, addressing the only letters he ever wrote to our *avocat* in Paris, M. Baudet, he scarcely seemed to me a real personage, or one who possessed so strong a claim upon me as that with which our relationship and my father's commands had invested him.

Life had gone on very happily with me for fourteen years, — very happily, and very quietly also; and so little was said to me about my English possessions and my English guardian, that I had almost forgotten the existence of any ties out of France, when, on my fourteenth birthday, an event occurred which, for the first time, made me feel how strong they were.

I had been spending the day (a lovely one in the latter part of October) in the forest, at some distance from the chateau, and was returning late in the afternoon, laden with nuts, pebbles, wild-flowers, and other rural treasures, when I was met by a servant, who had come to tell me that my aunt desired my presence, and that of M. l'Abbé (who was with me) in the drawing-room. I went thither hastily, and with some curiosity. My aunt was seated in her chair by the fire; a table covered with parchments and writing materials stood before her, and on the opposite side of the fireplace, with his weazen face and sharp eyes directed to the door, was a little old gentleman, whom I at once supposed to be M. Baudet.

"This," said my aunt, as I approached her, "is Mademoiselle Carteret. Charlotte, you remember M. Baudet, — do you not?"

I courtesied to M. Baudet, and sat down, wondering very much what he could possibly have to say to me. My aunt continued: —

"You must reply, my dear, to all the questions put to you by M. Baudet."

M. Baudet now sat down. "It ap-

pears, Mademoiselle," said he, "that your cousin and guardian, M. Huntingdon, has had a letter in his possession ever since the death of Monsieur your father, which, in accordance with certain instructions, he was to open on the first day of the month in which you would attain your fourteenth year. M. Huntingdon accordingly opened it on that day, and found it to contain, among sundry business charges with which I will not trouble you, an especial command that you should be kept absolutely secluded from all society until M. Huntingdon should see fit to present you. Another command is that you are never to see or converse with any gentlemen except myself, M. l'Abbé, and such reverend fathers as you may have to consult in regard to your spiritual welfare, until M. Huntingdon presents to you men of your own rank. Now, Mademoiselle, I am directed by M. Huntingdon to ask you certain questions to which you will, if you please, reply without fear."

He rose, and, taking from the hand of M. l'Abbé a copy of the Gospels, extended it to me. I clasped it in my hands, and waited for the questions.

"Mademoiselle, recollect, if you please, that you are answering before your God. Have you passed your entire life in this chateau?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Have any visitors ever been resident here?"

"No, Monsieur."

"Have you ever had any playmates of your own age?"

"No, Monsieur."

"Have your only companions been Madame de Renneville, M. l'Abbé, and your *bonne*?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Have any young gentlemen ever been presented to you?"

"No, Monsieur."

"Do you, Mademoiselle, know any gentlemen by sight or otherwise?"

"No, Monsieur."

"That is enough, Mademoiselle; resume your seat."

I sat down.

"Now, Mademoiselle," said M. Bau-

det, rustling the papers which lay on the table, and finally selecting one, "I am about to put to you a very important question, and that is whether you will so far conform to the wishes of Monsieur your father as to sign this paper, which has been drawn up by M. Huntingdon, and which contains a promise on your part never, voluntarily or otherwise, to accept the attentions of any gentleman, or to permit the present seclusion of your life to be in any way broken in upon, until you are released from your pledge by M. Huntingdon himself. I am also charged with a letter from M. Huntingdon, Mademoiselle, enclosing one from Monsieur your father, which it seems he wrote and delivered into M. Huntingdon's keeping shortly before his death." Saying this, he put his hand into the pocket of his coat, and, after some difficulty, selected from thence a thick packet, with armorial bearings on the seal.

"Pour vous, Mademoiselle," said he, bowing.

I opened the letter, — my first, — and read: —

MY DEAR COUSIN, —

M. Baudet, your solicitor, will acquaint you with the peculiar and painful nature of the subject upon which I am reluctantly compelled to address you. You are aware that I, then a lad of eighteen, had the melancholy and inestimable privilege of closing my uncle's eyes in death. It was but a few moments before he died, and shortly after the news of your birth reached him, that he declared his intention of making me your guardian when I should come of age, and wrote, with the last effort of his failing strength, two letters, — one addressed to, and to be opened by, me when you should have attained your fourteenth year; the other, and the last, to yourself, with the request that I would retain it in my possession until I opened and read my own. Having done so, I have arrived at a very definite idea of my duty, which is to forward to you the enclosed epistle, and to express to you my regrets that your

dear father's anxiety on your account should have led him to place me in a position which is so painful to myself, and which can scarcely be less so to you. Yet I should be false to my trust were I to conceal from you the fact that I hold myself bound to fulfil his injunctions to the letter; and, in the event of your declining to comply with the demands which M. Baudet will make of you in my name, I shall be compelled unwillingly, but also unhesitatingly, to resort to legal measures to secure your acquiescence. I am, of course, aware that the latter alternative will not be forced upon me by a Carteret, and that your reverence for the memory of your parents, and the confidence which I trust you feel in my devotion to your interests, will induce you to affix your signature to the paper in M. Baudet's possession. I ought further to add, that I am fully aware of the fidelity with which Madame de Renneville has observed the instructions of your late father in regard to your education; and that, although at so great a distance, I have been, and am, so perfectly informed of your mode of life, that the questions which M. Baudet will put to you by my direction are a mere form, and no more. It is otherwise with the paper which he will submit for your signature.

I am, my dear Charlotte,

Your attached cousin,

HARRINGTON CARTERET HUNTINGDON.

To Mademoiselle de Lascours Carteret,
Chateau Lascours, Province Bain le Duc.

I read this letter through, once, twice, and was folding it up, when my eye fell upon that of my father, which lay unopened in my lap. The ink in which it was superscribed was faded, the paper yellow with age, and a strange chill crept through my heart as my fingers trembled on the seal. That father whose face I had never seen, whose voice I had never heard, whose very existence seemed to me a dream, was to speak to me now from his far-off grave. I opened it. It was dated at Castle Carteret on the 10th of November, 17—, and was written in a trembling

irregular hand. It consisted of only three lines :—

CHARLOTTE,—

Obeys the wishes of your cousin, Harrington Carteret Huntingdon, in all things. Never deviate from his commands ; if you do, I cannot rest in my grave.

Your father,

CHARLES HARRINGTON CARTERET.

I rose, when I had finished reading this letter, and walked to the window. The setting sun bathed the ruined wing of the chateau, which was opposite, and the woods, in a golden glow. A few late flowers were blooming in the court, a brown bee hovering over them, and, a little beyond, my greyhounds were gayly gambolling. I looked at this pretty, peaceful scene through the rising tears which filled my eyes, looked without seeing it then, though I have remembered it ever since, as I suppose the sailor who goes down among the sea waves would, if there were remembrance in death, recall, even in his watery grave, every blade of grass on the hillock which he last saw. I stood there long, weeping silently, and with an overpowering dread of the fate which seemed closing round me, and from which I saw no escape. I felt all this then without at all defining my sensations ; for I was too young, and had led too happy and sheltered a life, to apprehend the possibility of all that awaited me. I never dreamed, either, of refusing my signature to the paper which M. Baudet held in his hand, for I knew that there was no alternative for me ; but I wanted to delay the decisive moment, and therefore I continued to weep.

CHAPTER III.

BUT I could not linger long ; already the gates of childhood were closing behind me, already its joyous carelessness had faded from my heart ; and as I obeyed my aunt's summons, and turned reluctantly from the window, I took the first step to meet my doom.

M. Baudet looked up as I approached the fireplace.

"Well, Mademoiselle," said he, dryly, "are you prepared to hear the paper?"

"I must listen to it, I suppose," said I, bitterly.

"It certainly is necessary that you should, Mademoiselle," and he read it.

I cannot now remember how it was worded, although it was in substance what my father had distinctly stated in his letter, and what Mr. Huntingdon had hinted in his, and comprised a very careful, minute, and complete renunciation of my will in favor of that of my guardian, and made me a prisoner within the chateau and grounds of Las-cours. When he had finished reading, M. Baudet laid it before me.

"Are you prepared to sign it, Mademoiselle?" said he.

I looked at my aunt, but her face was averted. She was gazing gloomily into the fire.

"I suppose I *must* sign it," said I, bursting into fresh tears as I took up the pen ; "but I think papa was very cruel, and I hate my cousin Huntingdon."

As soon as I had signed it, M. Baudet gathered up his papers, summoned his carriage, took a ceremonious leave of my aunt, M. l'Abbé, and myself, and departed. Many years passed by before I again saw him. When he had departed, my aunt went to her oratory, M. l'Abbé to the chapel, and I ran into the court, and summoned my greyhounds for a game of play before the night closed in.

From that day my life was changed. Secluded I had always been, but free as air ; now I was so no longer ; my guardian's commands, my dead father's wishes, closed me in day by day. Subtle and strong,—strong as death,—my general promise seemed to apply to every action of my life. I seemed to have lost, all in a moment, the feelings, the hopes, the happiness of childhood ; and, as was natural, I grew restless, irritable, and morbid.

No captive pining in his cell, no

slave toiling in the galleys, ever longed for liberty as I did. I watched the peasants at their work, the shepherds on the hillside, the very beggars at the door, with bitter envy and pain; and thus in solitude, weariness, and restlessness my young years dragged slowly on. No sharp pain tortured, no tangible grief oppressed me; but I would have welcomed even an agony if it would have broken in upon the monotony of my life,—a life which admitted of no hope since my guardian's control might extend to its end. Miserable days those were,—days in which I learned much of woe, but they were bright compared with what has passed since. I have heard of the torture which was inflicted in ancient times by letting water fall drop by drop on the victim's head; I have felt that. The chateau where we lived was ancient and beautiful, the lands were wide, and I was free to wander through them,—everything was mine but liberty; and that liberty seemed insensibly to remove itself further and further from me. Day by day the choking sense of stagnation increased. Day by day, side by side with the undefined dread of my guardian, grew the burning wish to propitiate one who held such boundless power over me; yet sometimes, when I thought of his coming, I mounted the tower, and looked out upon the valley and far distant hills, and wished, and longed, and almost determined, to leave name and fame and wealth behind me, and be a beggar, if need be, but free; and then like a gloomy refrain came my father's warning, "Never deviate from his commands; if you do, I cannot rest in my grave." I dared not violate his last sleep, and so I waited and endured.

No one can have an idea of the deep solitude of those days; no visitors ever came near us; the old servants went noiselessly about the house; it seemed to me, at times, as if the very birds sang lower since that fatal day when M. Baudet took away my freedom.

At the close of my eighteenth year M. l'Abbé died, and was succeeded by

Father Romano,—an old and devout Italian priest whom I had known all my life. His age and infirmities prevented his accompanying me as regularly in my walks as M. l'Abbé had done, and left me, therefore, something like freedom, though I was still a prisoner within the grounds immediately surrounding the chateau.

So quietly and wearily the years crept on until the summer of 17—, in the autumn of which year I was to complete my twenty-first year. The 30th of August was my aunt's *fête*, and it had always been my custom to decorate her oratory with flowers. I therefore went out quite early in the day to gather them, and was returning, laden with them, when I was attracted by some climbing roses which grew in the avenue. I could not reach them, however, and, after several futile efforts, pursued my way to a gate which led into another part of the grounds. Here I met with another disappointment, as the gate resisted all my attempts to open it; and I was just turning away, when a hand appeared from behind me, and threw it open. I turned hastily.

Behind me stood a tall and noble-looking man, whose air and dress alike indicated his high rank. With one hand he removed his hat; the other was full of wild roses.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," said he, in good French, but with a slight foreign accent; "I have alarmed you, I fear, but it was impossible to resist coming to your assistance."

I faltered out some confused thanks.

The stranger smiled slightly, as he replied: "Indeed, I must confess to having been a spy upon your movement for some moments, Mademoiselle. I had but just entered the park, hoping to see this fine old chateau, when I beheld you in the avenue, seeking to gather some roses. I ventured to steal some in your behalf; will you do me the honor to accept them?"

I hesitated a moment, but then took them from his outstretched hand.

"Allow me to suggest, Mademoiselle," he continued, "that you at once

add them to your wreath. These wild roses fade quickly, and are already drooping."

I looked down at my flowers, and, while I was wavering between the desire to go and the equally strong desire to stay, he had taken the basket from my hand, had placed me on the bank, and stood before me, holding my flowers. As I fastened them one by one into my wreath, I took several furtive glances at the stranger's face. He was still uncovered, and his blond hair—not golden, or flaxen, but blond—was closely cut, and fell in one large wave across his forehead. His complexion was fair and pale, his features perfectly regular, his eyes a clear, cold blue. A calm, relentless, cruel face it was; but I did not see that then. I thought only how tall, how graceful, and handsome he was, as I put the last rose in my wreath, and turned to go.

"Will Mademoiselle grant me a favor?" said the soft voice again, as he held the gate open for me.

"If I can, Monsieur," said I, pausing.

"Mademoiselle has already granted me the honor of plucking some roses for her wreath; will she grant me the still greater honor of beholding it upon her head?"

My straw hat was hanging from my neck by the strings, and, as I began involuntarily to loosen them, with a bow and a "Permit me," he lifted my wreath, and dropped it lightly on my head. I felt myself blush deeply as I met his glance of admiration, and longed to escape from it, but still lingered in spite of it.

"Thanks, Mademoiselle," said he, with a profound bow. "I have seen several queens, but none so lovely as the queen of the Chateau Lascours."

"I must go now, I think," said I, more embarrassed than ever. "Adieu, Monsieur."

"Au revoir only, I hope, Mademoiselle," said he, with a slight smile; but he made no further effort to detain me, and I returned to the chateau, dwelling all the way upon this strange, exciting, and to me delightful, interview. I

spent most of the morning in arranging my flowers, and then read to my aunt until it was time to dress for dinner. After I was dressed, I went, as I usually did, to the window looking into the court; and, as I stood there, I saw a travelling-carriage, laden with luggage, drive in, and stop at the grand entrance. M. Baudet—I recognized him instantly—alighted; and, with a miserable feeling of terror and dread, I turned away from the window.

A few moments after, my aunt's maid entered. "Dinner is deferred an hour, Mademoiselle, and Madame begs that you will put on your white muslin and your pearls, and come as soon as possible to the drawing-room; M. Baudet is here, and he remains to-day for dinner."

All the while Jeannette was dressing me I pondered upon the means of concealing the morning's interview from M. Baudet; and it was with the question still undecided that I at length descended, and entered the drawing-room.

"You remember Mademoiselle Carteret,—do you not, M. Baudet?" said my aunt, as I paused before him and courtesied.

"Mademoiselle has become very beautiful since I last had the pleasure of beholding her," said he, bowing, and handing me a chair; and, as I sat down, he added, "Before we go to dinner, Mademoiselle, I must ask you a few questions."

"Yes, Monsieur," said I, in a low voice.

"We will then proceed to business," he answered, drawing a paper from his pocket as he spoke. "This, you perceive, Mademoiselle, is the paper signed by your own hand," he continued, turning it over so that I could see the signature.

"Yes, Monsieur."

"You remember the several injunctions contained in this paper, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"You have fulfilled your promises, Mademoiselle, to the letter?"

"Yes, Monsieur," said I; a burning blush rising to my cheeks as I spoke.

"No visitors have been received at the chateau?"

"None, Monsieur."

"You have confined your walks to the limits of the estate, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Your acquaintances are confined to Madame de Renneville, Father Romano, and myself?"

"Yes, Monsieur." I rose from my seat as I said this, for I felt an actual oppression at my heart, and as if the atmosphere were stifling; and I dreaded inexpressibly any reference to my morning's adventure.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," said M. Baudet, fixing his small keen eyes upon me, as if he would read to my very soul, "I have yet a few questions to ask before I shall have fulfilled the instructions of M. Huntingdon."

"I detest the name of Mr. Huntingdon," said I, in a burst of anger. "I think he is very cruel, and you too, M. Baudet."

"Calm yourself, Charlotte, I entreat you," said my aunt, hastily. "Such a display of temper may result in making you even more unhappy than you are at present."

"I cannot be so," said I, sullenly; "I am a slave."

"Mademoiselle," interrupted M. Baudet, "I must still trouble you for a moment."

I looked at him. I longed to defy him, to leave him; but I dared do neither, and I remained silent.

"My questions have so far been answered satisfactorily. I have but one more," he continued: "Are you, Mademoiselle, prepared to swear that you have never seen, spoken to, or been addressed by any man of your own rank?"

I dared not reply to this; I dared not tell the truth, and I still less dared to tell a lie.

"Well, Mademoiselle," said M. Baudet, after a moment's pause, "you cannot answer that question? You

have violated that part of your agreement?"

I glanced up for some sign of relenting in his face, and almost involuntarily faltered out: "No, Monsieur; I have not."

M. Baudet hesitated. "Are you quite sure, Mademoiselle? Shall I not repeat my question in a different form?"

"No," said I, resolutely, "I have no other answer to give."

"This then is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, Mademoiselle? You are prepared to swear that it is so?"

"Yes," stammered I, almost inaudibly.

"You are quite sure, Mademoiselle?" said M. Baudet, regarding me doubtfully. "I regret to say that I —"

"M. Baudet, we will suspend any further questioning," said a clear and low voice behind me. "Mademoiselle has already been sufficiently annoyed, and for any violation of her agreement I alone am responsible."

I recognized those musical tones, that slight foreign accent; and as I turned, the blood rushing over my face and neck, I saw, through the tears of shame and mortification which filled my eyes, the gentleman whom I had met in the morning. He had exchanged his travelling-suit of gray cloth for evening dress, but still wore a wild rosebud in his button-hole. Alarmed and confounded, believing not only that my lie was discovered, and the violation of my agreement known, but that some dreadful punishment would follow, I stood silent and motionless.

The stranger had already bowed to my aunt, and kissed her hand. He now turned to M. Baudet, saying, "Will you present me to my ward?"

"Mademoiselle Carteret," said M. Baudet, advancing, "I have the honor to present to you your cousin and guardian, M. Huntingdon."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Huntingdon, drawing my arm within his, and leading me to a window at the farther end of the drawing-room, — "pardon me, my fair cousin, the annoyance I have caused

you. As for me, I cannot feel otherwise than flattered by your reception of me this morning, nor can I regret that I myself proved stronger than my own commands."

"You must believe, Mr. Huntingdon," said I, haughtily, "that I only yield obedience to those commands as to my father's."

"I am but too happy to find that you so entirely understand me," said he, bowing; "I cannot tell you, Charlotte, how much I have feared lest your natural dislike to orders so stringent should have led you to blame me only; I have been your fellow-sufferer, I assure you."

The conversation was most unpleasant to me, and I was perversely resolved not to continue it. I therefore rose, and leaned out of the window. Mr. Huntingdon, bending over me, gazed out also. How I longed to escape from him! but as I put my hand on the window, intending to step out on the terrace, he spoke.

"A lovely night indeed, Charlotte; you are still agitated, I see, and I know the surprise of seeing me must have been great; you need a turn on the terrace, and I am never weary of breathing the soft air of your native France. Come." He pushed back the window as he spoke, and offered his arm. What I indeed most wished was to escape from his presence; but I took his arm, and walked out into the calm starlit night.

He did not speak at first, and after several moments I looked up at him. We were standing at the end of the terrace then, and the silver light of the moon shone full upon his pale face and clearly chiselled lineaments. How cold they were! How like a statue he stood, his relentless blue eyes looking straight before him!

"Mr. Huntingdon," said I, at length, "I —"

"Speak in English," said he, looking at me with a smile. "You look altogether away from England, Charlotte; and yet your future life lies there; and do you call me *Mr. Huntingdon*? You

do not recognize me as a cousin, it seems, and —" he paused for a moment, and then added, "your father's dearest friend, you know."

"I cannot accustom myself to call you —"

"Harrington? It was your father's name, Charlotte. No," he added as I made a movement to re-enter the drawing-room, "you must not enter, *ma belle cousine*, until you have granted me this favor."

"And suppose I do not choose to grant it?" I replied.

"In that case I must avail myself of the authority vested in me, and remind you that I am your guardian, and —"

"That is unnecessary," said I, coldly. "I have not been a prisoner for so many years in vain. I *must* call you Harrington, since you wish it."

"Let us take another turn," said Mr. Huntingdon, again offering his arm. Then, fixing his eyes on me, he said, "I have at least been gratified, Charlotte, by seeing that that imprisonment has told so little on you that you are able to receive strangers with such singular openness and ease."

"Indeed, indeed," said I, bursting into tears, — "indeed, it was the first time."

A smile, beautiful as contemptuous, curled his finely chiselled lips as he answered, "O, you need not tell me that; I am perfectly aware of that fact, Charlotte."

"You believe me, — do you not?" said I, looking up.

"Do I believe you?" said he; "certainly I believe you, but your assurance was unnecessary; I was previously perfectly well informed of the truth of what you say."

A shudder passed over me as he said this, — just such an involuntary, undefined feeling of dread as I had experienced when I read his first letter years before.

"You are not angry, Harrington?" I persisted.

"I am never angry," he answered, coldly; "and this I can promise, Charlotte, that you will never make me so."

He raised the window as he spoke, and admitted me into the drawing-room just as dinner was announced. All through dinner he addressed his conversation principally to me, invariably speaking in English.

I cannot describe the peculiar fascination of his quiet manner, for it was fascinating; nor can I explain the immediate control he acquired over all who approached him. It was magnetism, I suppose, which subdued even M. Baudet, who in his presence was no longer his quick and keen self, but silent, and, if I may so express it, *tarnished*.

When my aunt and I were in the drawing-room alone again, and I sat at my embroidery-frame, I saw still before me the face of my cousin, his soft musical tones still vibrated on my ear, and I seemed still to breathe the delicate perfume which his dress exhaled. At length I heard a rustle in the dining-room, and a moment after, the gentlemen entered. Mr. Huntingdon came first; and, as he approached me, I again experienced the strange sensation of the morning, — a sort of terror or repulsion which prompted me to avoid, and an attraction which drew me toward him. I rose to meet him, however, with a question which had been hovering on my lips ever since he had made himself known.

"Harrington!" I began.

"You wish to ask me why I accosted you in the park this morning, instead of waiting until the evening, and then presenting myself in form?"

"I did," said I, astonished; "but —"

"The answer, Charlotte, I am not yet prepared to give, although the day is not far distant when I may do so."

There was something in his manner which repelled any further questioning,

and I sat quietly down to my embroidery.

"Ah, Mademoiselle!" said M. Baudet, as he came and bent over me, "your work is really superb; and you are so diligent that I doubt not that, if I should have the happiness of coming to Lascours in December, I should find that you had completed several pieces like that."

"Mademoiselle Carteret will not be at Lascours next December," said Mr. Huntingdon, calmly; "she will be in England at that time."

Now, just before, I had told my aunt that I should not go to England; but I only looked up in his face, and said, "When am I to go?"

"Very shortly," he replied, as he walked away, and sat down by my aunt. I noticed that she asked him no questions about my departure for England. Although he had been so short a time at Lascours, he was already felt to be absolute. He did not again address me until the close of the evening, when he approached me, and, raising my hand to his lips, said, "We part tonight, Charlotte, for some time; when I next return, it will be to conduct you to England. Meanwhile bear a little longer with your father's commands."

"I will, indeed," said I; "but will you not tell me when you will return?"

"I cannot tell you at present; but your affairs will be in perfect train by that time, — indeed, they are almost so now. Au revoir."

"Au revoir."

And we parted. At five o'clock the next morning I was awakened by a noise in the court-yard, and, going to the window, saw M. Baudet and Mr. Huntingdon drive away.

LOVE'S QUEEN.

HE loves not well whose love is bold :
I would not have thee come too nigh :
The sun's gold would not seem pure gold
Unless the sun were in the sky.
To take him thence, and chain him near,
Would make his beauty disappear.

He keeps his state ; do thou keep thine, —
And shine upon me from afar ;
So shall I bask in light divine
That falls from love's own guiding-star.
So shall thy eminence be high,
And so my passion shall not die.

But all my life shall reach its hands
Of lofty longing toward thy face,
And be as one who speechless stands
In rapture at some perfect grace.
My love, my hope, my all, shall be
To look to heaven and look to thee.

Thine eyes shall be the heavenly lights,
Thy voice shall be the summer breeze,
What time it sways, on moonlit nights,
The murmuring tops of leafy trees.
And I will touch thy beauteous form
In June's red roses, rich and warm.

But thou thyself shall come not down
From that pure region far above ;
But keep thy throne and wear thy crown, —
Queen of my heart and queen of love !
A monarch in thy realm complete,
And I a monarch — at thy feet.

B A C O N.

I.

NEXT to Shakespeare, the greatest name of the Elizabethan age is that of Bacon. His life has been written by his chaplain, Dr. Rawley, by Basil Montagu, by Lord Campbell, and by Macaulay; yet neither of these biographies reconciles the external facts of the man's life with the internal facts of the man's nature.

Macaulay's vivid sketch of Bacon's career is the most acute, the most merciless, and for popular effect the most efficient, of all; but it deals simply with external events, evinces in their interpretation no deep and detecting glance into character, and urges the evidence for the baseness of Bacon with the acrimonious zeal of a prosecuting attorney, eager for a verdict, rather than weighs it with the candor of a judge deciding on the nature of a great benefactor of the race, who in his will had solemnly left his memory to "men's charitable speeches." When he comes to treat of Bacon as a philosopher, he passes to the opposite extreme of panegyric. The impression left by the whole representation is not the impression of a man, but of a monstrous huddling together of two men, — one infamous, the other glorious, — which he calls by the name of Bacon.

The question therefore arises, Is it possible to harmonize, in one individuality, Bacon the courtier, Bacon the lawyer, Bacon the statesman, Bacon the judge, with Bacon the thinker, philosopher, and philanthropist? The antithesis commonly instituted between them is rather a play of epigram than an exercise of characterization. The "meanest of mankind" could not have written *The Advancement of Learning*; yet everybody feels that some connection there must be between the meditative life which produced *The Advancement of Learning* and the practical life devoted to the advancement of Bacon.

Who, then, *was* the man who is so execrated for selling justice, and so exalted for writing the *Novum Organum*?

This question can never be intelligently answered, unless we establish some points of connection between the spirit which animates his works and the external events which constitute what is called his life. As a general principle, it is well for us to obtain some conception of a great man from his writings, before we give much heed to the recorded incidents of his career; for these incidents, as historically narrated, are likely to be false, are sure to be one-sided, and almost always need to be interpreted in order to convey real knowledge to the mind. It is ever for the interest or the malice of some contemporary, that every famous politician, who by necessity passes into history, should pass into it stained in character; and it is fortunate that, in the case of Bacon, we are not confined to the outside records of his career, but possess means of information which conduct us into the heart of his nature. Indeed, Bacon the man is most clearly seen and intimately known in Bacon the thinker. Bacon thinking, Bacon observing, Bacon inventing, — these were as much *acts* of Bacon as Bacon intriguing for power and place. "I account," he has said, "my ordinary course of study and meditation more painful than most parts of action are." But his works do not merely contain his thoughts and observations; they are all informed with the inmost life of his mind and the real quality of his nature; and, if he was base, servile, treacherous, and venal, it will not require any great expenditure of sagacity to detect the taint of servility, baseness, treachery, and venality in his writings. For what was Bacon's intellect but Bacon's nature in its intellectual expression? Ev-

everybody remembers the noble commencement of the *Novum Organum*, "*Francis of Verulam thought thus.*" Ay! it is not merely the understanding of Francis of Verulam, but Francis himself that thinks; and we may be sure that the thought will give us the spirit and average moral quality of the man; for it is not faculties, but persons using faculties, persons behind faculties and within faculties, that invent, combine, discover, create; and in the whole history of the human intellect, in the department of literature, there has been no exercise of live creative faculty without an escape of character. The new thoughts, the novel combinations, the fresh images, are all enveloped in an atmosphere, or borne on a stream, which conveys into the recipient mind the fine essence of individual life and individual disposition. It is more difficult to detect this in comprehensive individualities like Bacon and Shakespeare, than in narrow individualities like Ben Jonson and Marlowe; but still, if we sharply scrutinize the impression which Bacon and Shakespeare have left on our minds, we shall find that they have not merely enlarged our reason with new truth, and charmed our imagination with new beauty, but that they have stamped on our consciousness the image of their natures, and touched the finest sensibilities of our souls with the subtle but potent influence of their characters.

Now if we discern and feel *this* image and *this* life of Bacon, derived from his works, we shall find that his individuality—capacious, flexible, fertile, far-reaching as it was—was still deficient in heat, and that this deficiency was in the very centre of his nature and sources of his moral being. Leaving out of view the lack of stamina in his bodily constitution, and his consequent want of those rude, rough energies and that peculiar Teutonic pluck which seem the birthright of every Englishman of robust health, we find in the works as in the life of the man no evidence of strong appetites or fierce passions or kindling sentiments.

Neither in his blood nor in his soul can we discover any of the coarse or any of the fine impulses which impart intensity to character. He is without the vices of passion,—voluptuousness, hatred, envy, malice, revenge; but he is also without the virtues of passion,—deep love, warm gratitude, capacity of unwithholding self-committal to a great sentiment or a great cause. This defect of intensity is the source of that weakness in the actions of his life which his satirists have stigmatized as baseness; and, viewing it altogether apart from the vast intellectual nature modifying and modified by it, they have tied the faculties of an angel to the soul of a sneak. While narrating the events of his career, and making epigrams out of his frailties, they have lost all vision of that noble brow, on which it might be said, "shame is ashamed to sit." Shame may be there, but it is shame shamefaced,—aghast at its position, not glorying in it!

With this view of the intellectual character of Bacon, let us pass to the events of his life. He was born in London on the 22d of January, 1561, and was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Keeper of the Great Seal. His mother, sister to the wife of Lord Treasurer Burleigh, possessed uncommon accomplishments even in that age of learned women. "Such being his parents," quaintly says Dr. Rawley, "you may easily imagine what the issue was likely to be; having had whatsoever nature or breeding could put into him." Sir Nicholas was a capable, sagacious, long-headed, cold-blooded, and not especially scrupulous man of the world, who, like all the eminent statesmen of Elizabeth's reign, acted for the public interest without prejudicing his own. Lady Bacon had, among other works, translated from the Italian some sermons on Predestination and Election, written by Ochinus, a divine of that Socinian sect which Orthodox religionists, who hated each other, could still unite in stigmatizing as pre-eminent wicked; and, if we may judge from this circumstance, she must have

had a daring and discursive as well as learned spirit. The mind of the son, if it derived its weight, moderation, and strong practical bent from the father, derived no less its intellectual self-reliance and audacity from the mother; and as Francis was the favorite child, we may presume that the parents saw in him their different qualities exquisitely combined. As a boy, he was weak in health, indifferent to the sports of youth, of great quickness, curiosity, and flexibility of intellect, and with a sweet sobriety in his deportment which made the Queen call him "the young Lord Keeper." He was a courtier, too, at an age when most boys care as little for queens as they do for nursery-maids. Being asked by Elizabeth how old he was, he replied that he "was two years younger than her Majesty's happy reign," with which answer, says the honest chronicler, "the Queen was much taken." Receiving his early education under his mother's eye, and freely mixing with the wise and great people who visited his father's house, he was uncommonly mature in mind when, at the age of thirteen, he was sent to the University of Cambridge. With his swiftness, and depth of apprehension, it was but natural that he should easily master his studies; but he did more, he subjected them to his own tests of value and utility, and despised them. Before he had been two years at college, this smooth, decorous stripling, who bowed so low to Dr. Whitgift, and was so outwardly respectful to the solemn trumpery about him, was still inwardly unawed by the authority of traditions and accredited forms, and coolly removed the mask from the body of learning, to find, as he thought, nothing but ignorance and emptiness within. The intellectual dictator of forty generations, Aristotle himself, was called up before the judgment-seat of this young brain, the pretensions of his philosophy silently sifted, and then dismissed and disowned, — not, he condescended to say, "for the worthlessness of the author, to whom he would ever ascribe all high attributes,"

but for the barrenness of the method, "the unfruitfulness of the way." By profound and self-reliant meditation, he had already caught bright glances of a new path for the human intellect to pursue, leading to a more fertile and fruitful domain,—its process experience, not dogmatism; its results discoveries, not disputations; its object "the glory of God and the relief of man's estate." This aspiring idea was the constant companion of his mind through all the vicissitudes of his career, — never forgotten in poverty, in business, in glory, in humiliation, — the last word on his lips, and in the last beat of his heart; and it is this which lends to his large reason and rich imagination that sweet and pervasive beneficence, which is felt to be the culminating charm of his matchless compositions, and which refuses to allow his character to be deprived of benignity, even after its pliancy to circumstances may have deprived it of respect.

Before he was sixteen, he left the university without taking a degree; and his father, who evidently intended him for public life, sent him to France, in the train of the English ambassador, in order that he might learn the arts of state. Here he resided for about two years and a half, enjoying rare opportunities for observing men and affairs, and of mingling in the society of statesmen, philosophers, and men of letters, who were pleased equally by the originality of his mind and the amenity of his manners. He purposed to stay some years abroad, and was studying assiduously at Poitiers, when in February, 1579, an accident occurred which ruined his hopes of an early entrance upon a brilliant career, converted him from a scholar into an adventurer, and, in his own phrase, made it incumbent on him "to think how to live, instead of living only to think." A barber it was who thus decided the fate of a philosopher. His father, while undergoing the process of shaving, happened to fall asleep; and so deep was the reverence of the barber for the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, that he did not presume to shake into consciousness so

august a personage, but stood gazing at him in wondering admiration. Unfortunately a draft of air from an open window was blowing all the while on "the second prop of the kingdom," and murdering him by inches. Sir Nicholas awoke shivering; and, on being informed by the barber that respect for his dignity was the cause of his not having been roused, he quietly said, "Your politeness has cost me my life." In two days after he died. A considerable sum of money, which he had laid by in order to purchase a landed estate for Francis, was left unappropriated to that purpose; and Francis, on his return from France, found that he had to share with four others the amount which his father had intended for himself alone. Thus left comparatively poor, he solicited his uncle, the Lord Treasurer, for some political office, and, had his abilities been less splendid, he doubtless would have succeeded in his suit; but Burleigh's penetrating eye recognized in him talents, in comparison with which the talents of his own favorite son, Robert Cecil, were dwarfed; and, as his heart was set on Cecil's succeeding to his own great offices, he is suspected to have systematically sacrificed the nephew in order that the nephew should not have the opportunity of being a powerful rival of the son.

Bacon, therefore, had no other resource but the profession of law; and for six years, between 1580 and 1586, he bent his powerful mind to its study. He then again applied to Burleigh, hoping, through the latter's influence, to be called within the bar, and to be able at once to practise. He was testily denied. Two years afterwards, however, he was made counsel learned extraordinary to the Queen. This was an office of honor rather than profit; but, as it gave him access to Elizabeth, it might have led to his political advancement, had not his good Cousin Cecil, ever at her ear, represented him as a speculative man, "indulging in philosophic reveries, and calculated more to perplex than promote public business."

Probably he obtained this idea from a letter written by Bacon to Burleigh, in 1591, in which — wearied with waiting on fortune, troubled with poverty, and haunted by the rebuking vision of his grand philosophical scheme — he solicits for some employment adequate for his support, and which will, at the same time, leave him leisure to become a "pioneer in the deep mines of truth." "Not being born," he says, "under Sol, that loveth honor, nor under Jupiter, that loveth business, but being wholly carried away by the contemplative planet," he proceeds to follow up this modest disclaimer of the objects which engrossed the Cecils with the proud, the imperial declaration, that he has "vast contemplative ends, though moderate civil ends," and "has taken all knowledge for his province." This appeal had no effect; and as the reversion he held of the registrarship of the Star Chamber, worth £1,600 a year, did not fall in until twenty years afterwards, he was still fretted with poverty, and had to give to law and politics the precious hours on which philosophy asserted but a divided claim.

But politics, and law as connected with politics, were, in Bacon's time, occupations by which Bacon could succeed only at the expense of discrediting himself with posterity. Whatever may have been his motives for desiring power, — and they were doubtless neither wholly selfish nor wholly noble, — power could be obtained only by submitting to the conditions by which power was then acquired. In submitting to these conditions, Bacon the politician may be said to have agreed with Bacon the philosopher, as the same objectivity of mind which, as a philosopher, led him to seek the law of phenomena in nature, and not in the intelligence, led him as a politician to seek the law of political action in circumstances, and not in conscience. "Nature is commanded by obeying her," is his great philosophical maxim. Events are commanded by obeying them, was probably his guiding maxim of civil prudence. In each case the principle was derived from without,

and not from within ; and he doubtless thought that, as one led to power over nature, so the other would lead to power over states. As his political life must be considered an immense mistake ; as the result of his theory in civil affairs was to make him the servant, and not the master, of his intended instruments ; as he was constantly inferior in power to persons inferior to him in mind ; as he had to do the bidding of masters who would not profit by his advice ; and as his wisdom was no match, in the real tug of affairs, for men who acted either from good or from bad impulses and instincts,—it is well to trace his failure to its source. The fault was partly in Bacon, partly in his times, and partly inherent in politics. He thought he possessed the genius of action, because, in addition to his universality of mind and universality of acquirement, he was the deepest observer of men, had the broadest comprehension of affairs, and could give the wisest counsel, of any statesman of his time. He was practically sagacious beyond even the Cecils ; for if they could, better than he, see an inch before the nose, he could see the continuation of that inch along a line of a thousand miles. Still his was not specially the genius of action, but the genius which tells how wisely to act. In the genius of action, the mind is passionately concentrated in the will ; in the genius which tells how to wisely act, the force of the will is somewhat expended in enlarging the area over which the mind sends its glance. In the genius of action, there is commonly more or less effrontery, wilfulness, cunning, narrowing of the mind to the mere business of the moment, with little foresight of consequences ; in the genius which tells how to wisely act there is true, practical wisdom. Unhappily, principles are, in politics, so complicated with passions, and power is so often the prize of insolent demerit, that the two have rarely been combined in one statesman ; and history exhibits scores of sterile and stunted intellects, pushed by rough force into ruling positions, for one instance of comprehen-

sive intelligence impelled by audacious will.

As a politician, Bacon had to play a difficult game. Entering the House of Commons in 1593, he at once showed himself the ablest speaker and debater of his time. It is said that Lord Eldon, the staunchest of Tories, declared in his old age, that, if he could recommence his political career, he would begin “in the sedition line” ; and Bacon at first tried the expedient of attacking a government measure, in order to force his abilities on the notice of Burleigh, and perhaps obtain by fear what he could not obtain by favor. But the reign of the haughty and almost absolute Elizabeth was not the period for such tactics, and he narrowly escaped arrest and punishment. He then resorted to a design, formed three years before, of opposing the Lord Treasurer by means of a rival ; for at the Court and in the councils of the Queen there were two factions,—one devoted to Burleigh, the counsellor of Elizabeth ; the other to the Earl of Essex, her lover. These factions were divided by no principle ; the question was not, *how* should the government be carried on, but *by whom* should the government be carried on ; and the object of each was to engross the favor of Elizabeth, in order to engross the power and patronage of office. Bacon judging that Essex, who held the Queen’s affections, would be successful over Burleigh, who only held her judgment, had already attached himself to the fortunes of Essex. It may be added that, as his grand philosophical scheme for the interpretation of nature depended on the patronage of government for its complete success, he saw that, if Essex triumphed, he might be able to gratify his philosophic as well as political ambition ; for the Earl, with every fault that can coexist with valor, generosity, and frankness,—fierce, proud, wilful, licentious, and headstrong,—had still a soul sensitive to literary as to military glory ; while Burleigh was indifferent to both. It may be doubted if Bacon was capable of intense all-

sacrificing friendship for anybody, especially for a man like Essex. It is probable that what his sagacity detected as the rule which governed the political friendships of Cæsar may to some extent apply to his own. "Cæsar," he says, "made choice of such friends as a man might easily see that he chose them rather to be instruments to his ends than for any good-will to them." But it is still certain that for ten years he was the wisest counsellor of Essex, by his admirable management kept the Earl's haughty and headlong spirit under some control of wisdom, and never allowed him to take a false step without honestly pointing out its folly.

Essex, on his part, urged the claims of Bacon with the same impetuosity with which he threw himself into everything he undertook. But he constantly failed. In 1594 he tried to get Bacon appointed Attorney-General, and he failed. He then tried to get Bacon appointed Solicitor-General, and failed, — failed not because the Queen was hostile to Bacon, but because she desired to show that she was not enslaved by Essex. He then urged Bacon's suit to Lady Hatton, whom Bacon desired to marry, not for her temper, which was that of an eccentric termagant, but for her fortune; and here, fortunately for Bacon, he again failed. He then gave Bacon a landed estate, which Bacon sold for £1,800; and soon afterwards Bacon was in such pecuniary distress as to be arrested and sent to a sponging-house, for a debt of £500. Such were the obligations of Bacon to Essex. What were the obligations of Essex to Bacon? Ten years of faithful service, ten years of the "time and talents" of the best head for large affairs in Europe. At last the Queen and Essex quarrelled. Bacon, himself serenely superior to passion, but adroit in calming the passions of others, exerted infinite skill and address to reconcile them, but the temper of each was too haughty to yield. The occasion of the final and deadly feud between them looks ludicrous as the culminating event in the life of a hero. Essex held

a monopoly of sweet wines; that is, the Queen had granted to him, for a certain period, the exclusive privilege of plundering all her subjects who drank sweet wines. He asked for a renewal of his patent, and was refused. He then, taking this refusal as a proof that his enemies were triumphant at court, organized a formidable conspiracy against the government, and for a purely personal object, without the pretence of any public aim, attempted to seize the Queen's person, overturn her government, and convulse the kingdom with civil war. He was arrested, tried, and executed. Bacon, as Queen's counsel, appeared against him on his trial, and, by the Queen's command, wrote a narrative of the facts which justified the government in its course. For this most of his biographers represent him as guilty of the foulest treachery, ingratitude, and baseness. Let us see how it probably appeared to Bacon. The association of politicians of which Essex was the head, and to which Bacon belonged, was an association to obtain power and office by legal means; treason and insurrection were not in the "platform"; and the rule of honor which applies to such a body is plain. It is treacherous for any of the followers to betray the leader, but it is also treacherous for the leader to betray any of the followers. Nobody pretends that Bacon betrayed Essex, but it is very evident that Essex betrayed Bacon; for Bacon, the confidant, as he supposed, of the most secret thoughts and designs of Essex, liable to be compromised by his acts, and already lying under the suspicion and displeasure of Elizabeth on account of his strenuous advocacy of the Earl's claims to her continued favor, suddenly discovers that Essex has given way to passions as selfish as they were furious; that he has committed high treason, and recklessly risked the fortunes of his political friends, as well as personal confederates, on the hazard of an enterprise as wicked as it was mad. Henry Wotton, who was private secretary to Essex, but not engaged in the conspiracy, still thought it prudent to escape to the Continent, and

not trust to the chances of a trial ; and Bacon was more in the confidence of Essex than Wotton. If Essex had no conscience in extricating himself from his difficulties by treason, why blame Bacon for extricating himself from complicity with Essex by censuring his treason ? To the indignation that Bacon must have felt in finding himself duped and betrayed by the man whose interests he had identified with his own must be added his indignation at the treason itself ; for the politician had not so completely absorbed the patriot but that he may have felt genuine horror at the idea of compassing personal ends by civil war. In the case of Essex, the crime was really aggravated by the ingratitude which Bacon's critics charge on himself. Bacon, it seems, was a mean-spirited wretch, because he did not see the friend, who had given him £1,800 in the public enemy. But is it to be supposed that a friend will be more constant than a lover ? And Essex, the lover of the Queen, made war upon her, — upon her who, frugal as she was in dispensing honors and money, had lavished both on him. She had given him in all what would now be equivalent to £300,000 ; and then, on her refusal to allow him to continue cheating those of her subjects who drank sweet wines, the exasperated hero attempted to overthrow her government. But Essex acted from his passions, — and passions, it seems, atone for more sins than even charity can cover. History itself has here sided against reason ; and Bacon, the intellectual benefactor of the world, will probably, through all time, be sacrificed to this hot-blooded, arrogant, self-willed, and greedy noble. Intellect is often selfish ; but nothing is more frightfully selfish, after all, than passion.

It would be well if the character of Bacon were justly open to no severer charge than that founded on his connection with Essex. But "worse remains behind." In 1603 Elizabeth died, and James, King of Scotland, succeeded to the English throne. Bacon at once detected in him the characteristic defect

of all the Stuarts. "Methought," he wrote to a friend, "his Majesty rather asked counsel of the time past than of the time to come." To James, however, he paid assiduous court, and especially won his favor by advocating in Parliament the union of England and Scotland. By a combination of hard work and soft compliances he gradually obtained the commanding positions, though not the commanding influence, of his political ambition. In 1609 he was made Solicitor-General ; in 1613, Attorney-General ; in 1616, Privy Councillor ; in 1617, Lord Keeper ; in 1618, Lord Chancellor and Baron Verulam ; in 1621, Viscount St. Albans. These eighteen years of his life exhibit an almost unparalleled activity and fertility of mind in law, politics, literature, and philosophy ; but in the reign of James I. no man could rise to the positions which Bacon reached without compromises with conscience and compromises with intelligence which it is doubtless provoking that Bacon did not scorn. Even if we could pardon these compromises on the principle that events must be obeyed in order to be commanded, it is still plain that his obedience did not lead to real command. He unquestionably expected that his position in the government would enable him to draw the government into his philosophical scheme of conducting a systematic war on Nature, with an army of investigators, to force her to deliver up her secrets ; but the Solomon who was then king of England preferred to spend his money for quite different objects ; and Bacon's compliances, therefore, led as little to real power over Nature as to real power in the direction of affairs.

As it is not our purpose to excuse, but to explain, Bacon's conduct, — to identify the Bacon who within this period wrote *The Advancement of Learning*, *The Wisdom of the Ancients*, and the *Novum Organum*, with the Bacon who within the same period was connected with the abuses of James's administration, — let us survey his character in relation to his times. He lived

in an epoch when the elements of the English Constitution were in a state of anarchy. The King was following that executive instinct which brought the head of his son to the block. The House of Commons was following that legislative instinct which eventually gave it the control of the executive administration. James talked, and feebly acted, in the spirit of an absolute monarch; looked upon the House of Commons as but one mode of getting at the money of his subjects; and when it occupied itself in presenting grievances, instead of voting subsidies, he either dissolved it in a pet or yielded to it in a fright. Had Bacon's nature been as intense as it was sagacious, had he been a resolute statesman of the good or bad type, this was the time for him to have anticipated Hampden in the Commons, or Strafford in the Council, and given himself, body and soul, to the cause of freedom or the cause of despotism. He did neither; and there is nothing in his writings which would lead us to suppose that he would do either. The written advice he gave James and Buckingham on the improvement of the law, on church affairs, and on affairs of state, would, if it had been followed, have saved England from the necessity of the Long Parliament, of Oliver Cromwell, of William of Orange. As it was, he probably prevented more evil than he was made the instrument of committing. But, after counselling wisely, he, like other statesmen of his time, consented to act against his own advice. He lent the aid of his professional skill to the court, rather as a lawyer who obeys a client than as a statesman responsible to his country. And the mischief was, that his mind, like all comprehensive minds, was so fertile in those reasons which convert what is abstractly wrong into what is relatively right, that he could easily find maxims of state to justify the attorney-general in doing what the statesman *in* the attorney-general condemned, especially as the practice of these maxims enabled the attorney-general to keep his office and to hope for a higher. This was largely the cus-

tom with all English public men down to the time when "parliamentary government" was thoroughly established. Besides, Bacon's attention was scattered over too many objects to allow of an all-excluding devotion to one. He could not be a Hampden or a Strafford because he was Bacon. Accomplished as a courtier, politician, orator, lawyer, jurist, statesman, man of letters, philosopher, with a wide-wandering mind that swept over the domain of positive knowledge only to turn dissatisfied into those vast and lonely tracts of meditation where future sciences and inventions slept in their undiscovered principles, it was impossible that a man thus hundred-eyed should be single-handed. He also lacked two elements of strength which in that day lent vigor to action by contracting thought and inflaming passion. He was without political and theological prejudice, and he was without political and theological malignity.

But, it may be asked, if he was too broad for the passion of politics, why did he become a politician at all? First, because he was an Englishman, the son of the Keeper of the Great Seal, and had breathed an atmosphere of politics — and not of very scrupulous politics — from his cradle; second, because, well as he thought he understood nature, he understood human nature far better, and was tempted into affairs by conscious talent; and third, because he was poor, dependent, had immense needs, and saw that politics had led his father and uncle to wealth and power. And, coming to the heart of the matter, if it be asked why a mind of such grandeur and comprehensiveness should sacrifice its integrity for such wealth as office could give, and such titles as James could bestow, we can only answer the question intelligently by looking at wealth and titles through Bacon's eyes. His conscience was weakened by that which gives such splendor and attractiveness to his writings, — his imagination. He was a philosopher, but a philosopher in whose character imagination was co-ordinated with reason. This

imagination was not merely a quality of his intellect, but an element of his nature; and as, through its instinctive workings, he was not content to send out his thoughts stoically bare of adornment, or limping and ragged in cynic squalor, but clothed them in purple and gold, and made them move in majestic cadences, so also, through his imagination, he saw, in external pomp and affluence and high place, something that corresponded to his own inward opulence and autocracy of intellect; recognized in them the superb and fitting adjuncts and symbols of his internal greatness; and, investing them with a glory not their own, felt that in them the great Bacon was clothed in outward circumstance, that the invisible person was made palpable to the senses, embodied and expressed to all eyes as the man

"Whom a wise king and Nature chose
Lord Chancellor of both their Laws."

So strong was this illusion, that, when hurled from power and hunted by creditors, he refused to raise money by cutting down the woods of his estate. "I will not," he said, "be stripped of my fine feathers." He had so completely en-souled the accompaniments and "compliment extern" of greatness, that he felt, in their deprivation, as if portions of the outgrowth of his being had been rudely lopped.

But a day of reckoning was at hand, which was to dissipate all this visionary splendor, and show the hollowness of all accomplishments when unaccompanied by simple integrity. Bacon had idly drifted with the stream of abuses, until at last he partook of them. It is to his credit, that, in 1621, he strenuously advised the calling of the Parliament by which he was impeached. The representatives of the people met in a furious mood, and exhibited a menacing attitude to the court; and the King, thoroughly cowed, made haste to give up to their vengeful justice the culprits at whom they aimed. Bacon was impeached for corruption in his high office, and, in indescribable agony and abasement of spirit, was compelled by the King to plead guilty to the charges,

of a large portion of which he was certainly innocent. The great Chancellor has ever since been imaged to the honest English imagination as a man with his head away up in the heaven of contemplation, seemingly absorbed in sublime meditations, while his hand is held stealthily out to receive a bribe! Of the degree of his moral guilt it is difficult at this time to decide. The probability seems to be that, in accordance with a general custom, he and his dependants received presents from the suitors in his court. The presents were given to influence his decision of cases. He — at once profuse and poor — took presents from both parties, and then decided according to the law. He was exposed by those who, having given money, were exasperated at receiving "killing decrees" in return; who found that Bacon did not sell injustice, but justice. He was sentenced to pay a fine of £40,000; to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure; to be forever incapable of any office, place, or employment in the state or commonwealth; and forbidden to sit in Parliament or come within the verge of the court. Bacon seems himself to have considered that a notorious abuse, in which other chancellors had participated, was reformed in his punishment. He is reported to have said, afterwards, in conversation, "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years; but it was the justest censure in Parliament that was these two hundred years." The courts of Russia are now notoriously corrupt; in some future time, when the nation may imperatively demand a reformation of the judicial tribunals, some great Russian, famous as a thinker and man of letters, as well as judge, will, though comparatively innocent, be selected as a victim, and the whole system be rendered infamous in his condemnation.

Bacon lived five years after his disgrace; and, during these years, though plagued by creditors and vexed by domestic disquiet, he prosecuted his literary and scientific labors with singular vigor and success. In revising old

works, in producing new, and in projecting even greater ones than he produced, he displayed an energy and opulence of mind wonderful even in him. He died on the 9th of April, 1626, in consequence of a cold caught in trying an experiment to ascertain if flesh might not be preserved in snow as well as salt; and his consolation in his last hours was, that the "experiment succeeded excellently well." There are two testimonials to him, after he was hurled from power and place, which convey a vivid idea of the benignant stateliness of his personal presence,—of the impression he made on those contemporaries who were at once his intimates and subordinates, and who, in the most familiar intercourse, felt and honored the easy dignity with which his greatness was worn. "My conceit of his person," says Ben Jon-

son, "was never increased towards him by his place or honors; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself; in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity, I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want." And Dr. Rawley, his domestic chaplain, who saw him as he appeared in the most familiar relations of his home, remarks, with quaint veneration, "I have been induced to think that if there were a beam of knowledge derived from God upon any man in these modern times, it was upon him."

In our next paper, we propose to consider Bacon's literary and philosophical works in connection with his personal character.

FREE PRODUCE AMONG THE QUAKERS.

THE war, which affected all interests, building up, creating, and tearing down, involved in the overthrow of slavery the humble interest of one man who had the least possible complicity with the system, who had no fellow in his disaster, and yet must have watched the approach of emancipation with something of the feelings of those who manufactured osnaburgs and cowhides for the Southern market. But the rebellion had been suppressed for two years, and four years had elapsed since the Proclamation, when George Taylor, in the spring of 1867, put up the shutters for the last time on his free-produce store in Philadelphia, and went back to the paternal farm, his occupation gone. Already customers of a dozen years, grudging the extra price he charged for indulging a harmless sentiment, had said they no longer felt bound to patronize him; and our Orthodox Friend would reply, "Ah, *all*

of slavery's not gone yet." That plea served him while it might,—as it has served those devoted Abolitionists who would not disband their society when there were no more slaves, but a nation of Abolitionists. Had he owned their logic, he would have continued at his post so long as any product of human industry was tainted with injustice, hardship, suffering, or oppression. But he took a narrow view of the meaning of "free-produce," and when he could not decently pretend to be singular, he took down his sign, and joined the unbroken ranks of free laborers and cultivators. He could at least congratulate himself that he had shown no unseemly haste to abandon his principles, and that he had never omitted an opportunity, in antislavery meetings, to declare the importance of his mode of warfare against the common enemy. And when this speaker had exposed the proslavery character of the Con-

stitution, and that speaker had recited the latest instance of plantation cruelty, and a third had called for renewed energy in rousing the nation to a consciousness of its sinfulness and its peril, Friend Taylor was wont to ask with solicitude, "Cannot something be done, cannot *something* be done, to make people buy free-labor sugar?"

It was not a new question to the people of Philadelphia. In August, 1827, in his *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, Lundy had announced, "with pleasure," that a Rhode Island manufacturer had adopted the system of working cotton produced by free labor, and that the muslins made from such cotton could be had by the bale of James Mott & Co., in Philadelphia; and the editor earnestly recommended the encouragement of this enterprise. The same Lundy, in the course of the following year, called a meeting in the Quaker City to consider the subject of encouraging free-labor products, — the first of the kind, it is believed, ever held in America; and it was about this time that Baldwin and Thompson opened the store which George Taylor was to close. They were succeeded by Lydia White, and she by Joel Fisher, from York; after him came Taylor. Lundy was also the first to urge the formation of societies to give consistency to the movement; but the Free Produce Society of Philadelphia was not formed before 1837, having for its organ the *Non-Slaveholder*, of which Samuel Rhoads and Abraham L. Pennock, both Friends, and able and most estimable men, were the editors.

The free-produce doctrines were never adopted by the Abolitionists as a body. At a time when — as now, in the transition period of our government — all questions, and social questions particularly, were discussed, and men sought to square their conduct daily as if for the millennium; when the diet, the dress, the mode of wearing the beard, the theories of medicine, the rights of property, the equality of the sexes, the true nature of marriage, the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, were seri-

ously laid to men's consciences, — the scruple of using slave-products could not fail to arise and to prevail with many. In the *Abolitionist* of March, 1833, is printed an address from W. J. Snelling before the New England Antislavery Society, in which this passage occurs: —

"Do we not offer the South a market for the produce of the toil of her slaves? Could the system of slavery subsist for another year, nay, for a single day, were that market closed? Every one who buys a pound of Southern sugar or a yard of Southern cotton virtually approves and sanctions an hour or more of slave-labor."

And it was out of homage to this sentiment that the committee who conducted the paper reprinted these lines (by "Margaret") from the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*: —

"No, no, pretty sugar-plums! Stay where you are! Though my grandmother sent you to me from so far;

You look very nice, you would taste very sweet,
And I love you right well, — yet not one will I eat.

"For the poor slaves have labored, far down in the South,

To make you so sweet and so nice for my mouth;
But I want no slaves toiling for me in the sun,
Driven on with the whip, till the long day is done."

"Thus said little Fanny," etc.

It is not difficult to remember, among the gifts which British friends of the cause sent over to antislavery fairs — among the yellow card-boxes for antislavery pennies, and inkstands and tea-cups stamped with "Am I not a man and a brother?" — a brown-stone bowl, of which the cover was early broken in a certain family, and whose rim bore the delusive legend, — EAST INDIA SUGAR, NOT MADE BY SLAVES. Alas! they had forgotten to send the sugar to make good the profession, and we ate from the pretty bowl whatever Cuban or Louisianian sweetness a large household and a moderate purse could compromise upon; for that was one of the compromises which Abolitionists had often to make in spite of themselves. And we ate sugar-plums when we could get them, and bought cotton cloths the day after Mr. Snelling's address, and made them into pocket-handkerchiefs

printed with antislavery mottoes or "Margaret's" verses. For we lived not in Pennsylvania, but where people say *shall* once in a while instead of *will* always, and eat codfish instead of terrapin, and chicken as rarely as they call it *chick'n*, and grow squashes, and associate wooden shutters with country groceries. Yet we did our share of employing colored dentists because they were colored, and colored painters and carpenters for the same reason, though sometimes against the grain. The Quakers not alone, but distinctively, cherished the sacred flame of free produce.

Penn, we all know, was a slaveholder in his province in 1685, having followed the fashion of his Virginia neighbors without much thought of the matter, except to make the yoke easy. In a will dated 1701 he liberated his slaves; but still for three quarters of a century the Friends forbore to make slaveholding a disciplinable offence, and it was long after 1776 that those of Great Britain went to the half-breeds of Brazil for cotton which freemen had tilled and of which Pernambuco is now the busy mart.

Clarkson, in his *History of the Abolition of the Slave-Trade*, names 1791 as the year in which the feelings of the English people in regard to the existence of this evil "which was so far removed from their sight, began to be insupportable." The entire passage is worth reproducing here, for the sake of comparing the free-produce movement in the two countries. "Many of them," he continues, "resolve to abstain from the use of West India produce. In this state of things a pamphlet, written by William Bell Crafton of Tewksbury, and called 'A Sketch of the Evidence, with a Recommendation on the Subject to the serious Attention of People in general,' made its appearance; and another followed it written by William Fox of London, 'On the Propriety of abstaining from West India Sugar and Rum.' These pamphlets took the same ground. They inculcated abstinence from these articles as a moral duty; they incul-

cated it as a peaceful and constitutional measure; and they laid before the reader a truth which was sufficiently obvious, that, if each would abstain, the people would have a complete remedy for this enormous evil in their own power." In an extended tour which Clarkson made, "there was no town," he remarks, "through which I passed, in which there was not some one individual who had left off the use of sugar. In the smaller towns there were from ten to fifty by estimation, and in the larger from two to five hundred, who made this sacrifice to virtue. These were of all ranks and parties. Rich and poor, Churchmen and dissenters, had adopted the measure. Even grocers had left off trading in the article in some places. In gentlemen's families, where the master had set the example, the servants had often voluntarily followed it; and even children who were capable of understanding the history of the sufferings of the Africans, excluded with the most virtuous resolution the sweets to which they had been accustomed from their lips. By the best computation I was able to make from notes taken down in my journey, no fewer than three hundred thousand persons had abandoned the use of sugar."

Penn was still lingering under his fatal paralysis when Anthony Benezet, born across the Channel in Picardy, was brought to London by his Huguenot parents fleeing their confiscated estates. Embracing the Friends' doctrine in 1727, he again accompanied his parents when they emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1731. Dissatisfied with a mercantile life, and having sought contentment in vain as a cooper, he turned school-teacher, holding ideas of instruction to which Rousseau and Pestalozzi afterwards gave a definite shape and a reforming vitality. It was in 1750 that he began to be struck with the enormities of the slave-trade, and to lift up his voice against it, and to begin a career of antislavery activity which has been seldom surpassed. He established an evening school for colored girls, wrote in Franklin's almanacs and in the news-

papers, published innumerable tracts and solid works on the slave-trade, and corresponded with crowned heads and eminent philanthropists in all parts of Europe. Especially did he labor for the conversion of Friends. As a Frenchman, Benezet had received and comforted the exiled Acadians who had drifted to Philadelphia; not less as a Frenchman at yearly meeting on one occasion did he carry the day against those who would have temporized with slavery. At the critical juncture, says one account, he "left his seat, which was in an obscure part of the house, and presented himself, weeping, at an elevated door, in the presence of the whole congregation, whom he addressed in the words of the Psalmist, 'Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.'" Veritable *coup de théâtre*! In 1775 he was free to turn his attention to outside organization, and, in company with Dr. Rush, James Pemberton, and others, he founded the Society for the Relief of Free Negroes unlawfully held in Bondage, and was instrumental in rescuing a body of negroes who had been kidnapped from New Jersey, and were being taken South through Philadelphia. The law enacted in 1780 for gradual abolition in Pennsylvania was due in great measure to his zealous initiative.

Benezet died in 1784. He had adopted conscientiously the Quaker severity of attire, which had come in since Ellwood and Penn, but was concerned only, so far as we know, for the outward style, — little, if at all, for the history of the material as produced by free labor or by slave. Towards the close of his life, at the sacrifice of his strength, he relinquished animal food, from a feeling of mercy for the brute creation, though he probably thought none the worse of George Fox for having worn a suit of leather. It remained for another Friend — whose life was contained within the limits of Benezet's, and who was one of three belonging to the same society and natives of the same State,*

* John Woolman, born at Northampton, Burlington County, New Jersey; Isaac T. Hopper, born in

that distinguished themselves in opposition to slavery — to feel and avow his repugnance to the use of slave-grown products, and to avoid them as he was able. John Woolman was born in 1720. The testimony of the Monthly Meeting of Friends in Burlington (1st 8th month, 1773) says of him that he was "for many years deeply exercised on account of the poor enslaved Africans, whose cause, as he sometimes mentioned, lay almost continually upon him," and "particularly careful as to himself not to countenance slavery even by the use of those conveniences of life which were furnished by their labor." In his Diary, which can never be read without profit by any generation, Woolman has left a circumstantial record of his rise to the high moral plane in which the maturity of his life was spent.

"Through weakness," as he says, when twenty-three years of age, he wrote a bill of sale of a negro woman for his employer, who sold her to an elderly Friend; but he said, in the presence of both purchaser and seller, that he "believed slave-keeping to be a practice inconsistent with the Christian religion." Twelve years later (presumably in consequence of Benezet's agitation) he was so much strengthened in this belief that he would not write a will, disposing of slaves, for an "ancient man of good esteem in the neighborhood"; and when, still later, the same testator applied to him to write a fresh will, Woolman again declined unless the slaves were set free, which was done accordingly. On another occasion he wrote part of a will, rather than afflict the person desiring it, who was very ill; but declined pay for his services, or to finish out the document except a negro mentioned therein were set free; and this too was done. In 1746, making a tour in South Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, he remarks: "When I ate, Deptford Township, near Woodbury, Gloucester County, New Jersey; and Benjamin Lundy, born at Handwich, Sussex County, New Jersey, — all, we may add, belonging to the last century in point of birth.

drank, and lodged free-cost with people who lived in ease on the hard labor of their slaves, I felt uneasy." Where, however, the master did his portion of the work, and lived frugally, neither overtasking his slaves, nor providing ill for them, he was less disturbed in mind. But he discerned on this trip, with great spiritual clearness for his time, the real nature of slavery: "I saw in these Southern provinces so many vices and corruptions, increased by this trade and this way of life, that it appeared to me as dark gloominess hanging over the land; and though now," he adds, prophetically, "many willingly run into it, yet in future the consequences will be grievous to posterity. I express it as it hath appeared to me, not at once, nor twice, but as a matter fixed on my mind." He experienced similar premonitions in June, 1763, when among the Indians in the Blue Ridge and Great Lehigh wilderness (whither Benezet followed in 1776): "Here I was led into a close, laborious inquiry whether I, as an individual, kept clear from all things which tended to stir up or were connected with wars, either in this land or Africa; . . . and I felt in that which is immutable that the seeds of great calamity and desolation are sown and growing fast on this continent." (A hundred years pass, and slavery has been abolished by proclamation; but the doubtful scale has still to be turned at Gettysburg.) The passage is interesting as connecting the free-produce movement among the Quakers immediately with their peace doctrines, rather than with their general philanthropy.

"Until this year," writes John, of 1756, "I continued to retail goods, besides following my trade as a taylor; about which time I grew uneasy on account of my business growing too cumbersome." He had begun, it appears, with selling trimmings for garments, then cloths and linens, and so was in a fair way to do a large business. "But I felt a stop in my mind," he says; and, heeding it, he returned more to "tayloring," with no apprentice, and looked also after his apple-trees. We cannot

say positively that he made from these the famous Jersey cider, but the inference will serve to connect the mention of them with that which follows in the context. He had noticed, as one of his storekeeping experiences, the "great inconveniences" which some people were led into by the "too liberal use of spirituous liquors," with which he associated "the custom of wearing too costly apparel."

We should ask pardon here for a seeming digression, if our object were not to exhibit the sensitive conscience of Woolman, and to compare it with that of others of whom in this rambling sketch we are obliged to speak. In the autumn of 1769 he had a strong desire to visit the West Indies; but so many scruples stood in his way that he had to unbosom himself to the owner of the ship on which he purposed taking passage for Barbadoes. In this letter we find another allusion to his storekeeping, which had grown less agreeable to him to think of the farther he got away from it. "I once," he writes to the ship-owner, "some years ago, retailed rum, sugar, and molasses, the fruits of the labor of slaves; but then had not much concern about them, save only that the rum might be used in moderation,* nor was this concern so weightily attended to as I now believe it ought to have been; but of late years, being further informed† respecting the oppressions too generally exercised in these islands," &c., he wanted to apply the "small gain" he "got by this branch of trade to promoting righteousness on earth." He was to promote righteousness, i. e. pursue his function of preacher, by going to Barbadoes, paying his way, and living on a lowly subsistence. But the doubt arose, whether he could take passage on a vessel engaged in the West India trade, for which he was yearning to do penance. "To trade freely with op-

* Was it about this time, or later, that in North-boro', Massachusetts, three groceries consumed regularly per month a hogshead of rum each?

† "By Anthony Benezet's Caution [and Warning] to Great Britain and her Colonies relative to enslaved Negroes in the British Dominions, 1767."

pressors, and, without laboring to dissuade from such unkind treatment, seek for gain by such traffic, tends, I believe, to make them more easy respecting their conduct." But, on the other hand, "the number of those who decline the West India produce on account of the hard usage of the slaves who raise it appears small, even amongst people truly pious; and the labors in Christian love, on that subject, of those who do, not very extensive." And "were the trade from this continent to the West Indies to be quite stopped at once, I believe many there would suffer for want of bread." Moreover, a small trade with the West Indies might be right if ourselves and their inhabitants generally dwelt "in pure righteousness"; but then the passage-money would "for good reasons," i. e. owing to the diminished freight, be higher than now. So having dismissed the thought of "trying to hire a vessel to go under ballast," believing "that the labors in gospel love, yet bestowed in the cause of universal righteousness, are not arrived to that height," Woolman proposed to protest against a "great trade and small passage-money," and in favor of less trading, by paying more than common for his passage.

The argument is a little intricate, but it is worth following to what we must call its preposterous end. It is a most curious instance of a morbidly sensitive conscience directing to an act the only result of which could have been to extend the trade in slave products by adding to the capital of a trader. The letter probably had its effect upon the members of his own denomination, to whom he therein submitted the proposition that "the trading in, or frequent use of, any produce known to be raised by the labors of those who are under such lamentable oppression, hath appeared to be a subject which may yet more require the serious consideration of the humble followers of Christ, the Prince of Peace." After all, he did nothing more in the matter, being shortly attacked with pleurisy. For Woolman was a saint with a traditional

body. One reason for his taking a sea-voyage is implied in his entry for the 12th 3d month of the same year: "Having for some years past dieted myself on account of a lump gathering on my nose, under this diet I grew weak in body, and not of ability to travel by land as heretofore." During the attack of pleurisy in the winter of 1769-70, he considered himself sufficiently "weaned from the pleasant things of life" to die acceptably; yet if God wanted him for further service, he desired to live. "I may with thankfulness say that in this case I felt resignedness wrought in me, and had no inclination to send for a doctor; believing that if it was the Lord's will, through outward means, to raise me up, some sympathizing friends would be sent to minister to me; which were" — he continues, we must not say with Quaker slyness — "*which were accordingly.*" Meanwhile his feet grew cold, and death seemed near, yet he would not for some time ask the nurse to warm them; but the desire for life and further service set in strongly upon him, and "I requested my nurse to apply warmth to my feet, and I revived; and the next night, feeling a weighty exercise of spirit, and having a solid friend sitting up with me, I requested him to write what I said," — an empty manifesto.

The pious Woolman was never ill but he must endeavor to guess for what he was punished; and it would seem as if, when a "concern" fastened upon him, his mind worked over it till his health gave way. "The use of hats and garments dyed with a dye hurtful to them, and wearing more clothes in summer than are useful, grew more uneasy to me, believing them to be customs which have not their foundation in pure reason." Thereupon, May 31, 1761, he was taken down with fever, and conformity to customs was revealed to him as the cause of his affliction. He "lay in abasement and brokenness of spirit," and presently felt, "as in an instant, an inward healing in his [my] nature." "Though I was thus settled in mind in relation to hurtful dyes, I felt easy [the thrifty Friend!] to wear my

garments heretofore made ; and so continued about nine months." Then he got him a hat "the natural color of the furr," which "savored of singularity," as he was still wearing his dyed stuffs ; and as those "who knew not on what motives I wore it carried shy of me, I felt," he says, "my way for a time shut up in the exercise of the ministry."

The time came when Woolman was to make a voyage to England, — a long voyage, from which he never returned. His beloved friend, Samuel Emler, Jr., had taken passage in the cabin of the ship "Mary and Elizabeth," "and I, feeling a draft in my mind toward the steerage of the same ship, went first and opened to Samuel the feeling I had concerning it." Samuel wept for joy, though John's "prospect was towards the steerage."

"I told the owner that, on the outside of that part of the ship where the cabin was, I observed sundry sorts of carved work and imagery, and that in the cabin I observed some superfluity of workmanship of several sorts ; and that, according to the ways of men's reckoning, the sum of money to be paid for a passage in that apartment hath some relation to the expense in furnishing it to please the minds of such who give way to conformity to this world ; and that in this case, as in other cases, the moneys received from the passengers are calculated to answer every expense relating to their passage, and, amongst the rest, of those superfluities ; and that in this case I felt a scruple with regard to paying my money to defray such expenses."

So he cast his lot among the seamen, and only stayed in the cabin, as he is careful to state, about seventeen hours, during a particularly heavy storm (May 8, 1772), having been frequently invited, and believing the poor wet mariners needed all the room of the steerage. He suffered not a little by his choice of a berth, and could have crowed with the dunghill fowls, which, he had observed, had been dumb since they left the Delaware, when the shores of England hove in sight.

Woolman did not share the scruples of Benezet about the eating of meat. At Nantucket, in 1760, he remarks without comment, "I understood that the whales, being much hunted, and sometimes wounded and not killed, grew more shy and difficult to come at." But when he and a friend were riding on a hot day "a day's journey eastward from Boston," they dismissed their guide, who was "a heavy man," "believing the journey would have been hard to him and his horse," — as it unquestionably would have been, had they gone due east from Boston. In England, Woolman learned that the stage-coach horses were overdriven, and often killed or else made blind, and that the postboys often froze in winter ; therefore he cautioned Friends at Philadelphia and at London yearly meetings "not to send any letters to him [me] on any common occasion by post." The self-denial of this counsel may be judged from the fact that he was thus cut off from news of his family. In effect, no protracted correspondence would have been possible. In September, Woolman took the small-pox, and was to offer his last testimony against slave labor upon his death-bed. He would not send for a physician, but when a young apothecary had happened in, "he said he found a freedom to confer with him and the other friends about him ; and if anything should be proposed as to medicine, that did not come through defiled channels or oppressive hands, he should be willing to consider and take it, so far as he found freedom." It is doubtful, though, whether a treatment in accordance with "pure reason" could have availed against his feeble constitution.

A more impressive death-bed, though not more true to conviction, was that of the Long Island schismatic, Elias Hicks. As he lay shivering, a few hours before his decease, a comfortable was thrown over him, and he, after feeling of it, made a strong effort to push it away. Too weak to succeed in the first attempt, he made another, with a renewed show of abhorrence. And when

his friends asked, "Is it because it is made of cotton?" he nodded; where-upon a woollen blanket was substituted, and he died satisfied and with composure (February 27, 1830). As Benezet had stimulated by his writings Sharp and Wilberforce and Clarkson to their anti-slavery zeal, and had confirmed Woolman in his original aversion to human servitude, so both Benezet and Woolman must have done much to shape the sentiments and belief of Elias Hicks, born later than they, in 1748. Preaching in the Free States, he exhorted all the people to abstain from slave produce. "These views," says Mrs. Child, in her *Life of Isaac T. Hopper*, "were in accordance with the earliest and strongest testimonies of the Society of Friends." We have seen, however, that the facts do not warrant so unqualified a statement. So little, indeed, were they respected as traditional that they formed a *corpus delicti* against the religious doctrines of Hicks; and a sermon preached by him against slave-produce in 1819 precipitated that open hostility which has left an unhealed and unhealable wound in the bosom of the Friends' Society, and gave rise to scandalous quarrels, in which the Orthodox sought to exclude the Hicksites from the meeting, and even from the burying-ground. Two anecdotes of Elias Hicks we cannot, as faithful chroniclers, omit in this place. Among his own followers he was always received and entertained with a sort of veneration, yet, being at the house of one of them in Southern Pennsylvania, he was proffered sugar in his tea.

"Is it free-labor sugar?" he inquired.

"Elias," said the son of the matron, "why don't thee do as Paul advised, — 'eat, asking no question for conscience' sake'?"

"Paul was only a man," answered the unwary Hicks.

"Well, is thee anything more?"

When Charles Collins was keeping a free-produce store in New York, the story goes that Elias one day brought him, with great satisfaction,

his pamphlet denouncing the use of slave products. Collins, who was an ardent disciple, but something of a wag, cautiously received the document, not with his hand, but with a pair of tongs, and immediately thrust it into the open fire. "Friend Hicks," he said, roguishly, "I can't defile my store with slavery-cursed paper"; and, in fact, his own stock was made of linen rags. The preacher found himself much in the condition of the Pope, when he used the press to circulate his encyclicals against general enlightenment and modern civilization, of which the press is the main element.

More practical than any of the foregoing was Benjamin Lundy, who was born in 1789, in New Jersey. Both his parents, their ancestors, and most of their connections, were members of the Society of Friends, and were derived from England and Wales. His great-grandfather settled at Buckingham, Berks County, Pennsylvania. They had connections also in North Carolina, and Lundy formed in a certain town of that State an antislavery society, with a militia captain for president and a Friend for secretary. We shall not pretend to follow him in his early migrations, full as they were of romance and earnest purpose. At Mount Pleasant, Ohio, in 1821, he established the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, which he afterwards had printed at Steubenville, twenty miles off. "I went," he says, "to and from that place on foot, carrying my papers, when printed, on my back." He fought slavery "on that line" for eight months, and abandoned it only to take an advanced position in the South. From Tennessee Lundy removed his paper to Baltimore, in 1824, and there, opening a free-produce store, he worked with a journeyman on his paper by day, and wrote nights and Sundays for it. In 1825 he took eleven slaves from North Carolina to Hayti as freemen; afterwards, through his advice, a Virginian settled eighty-eight slaves there; North Carolina Friends were persuaded to send one hundred and nineteen

slaves; and in 1829 he himself made a second visit to the island in company with twelve slaves from Maryland. His object was to build up in Hayti a free-negro State to rival the cotton-growing South, and to make her labor system unprofitable. Between his first and his last trip he visited Boston, and there got eight clergymen, of various sects, together. "Such an occurrence, it was said, was seldom if ever before known in that town." It was during this visit (1828) that he chanced upon William Lloyd Garrison, in the house at which he put up. Going Lynnward, our "moderate Quaker," as he described himself, found sectarianism a great stumbling-block to his progress among Friends. At Albany he was moved to declare that "philanthropists are the slowest creatures breathing. They think forty times before they act." His great journeys in Canada (winter of 1830-31) and Texas and Mexico (summer of 1831-32; 1833-35), performed almost entirely on foot,—for Lundy was an indefatigable pedestrian,—were solely with a view to extend on the main, on the then borders of the United States, a cordon of free-labor colonies composed of blacks, after the Haytien example. It was a fair dream; and Lundy actually obtained of the governor of Tamaulipas a grant of one hundred and thirty-eight thousand acres of land, on condition of his introducing two hundred and fifty settlers with their families. Returning to the North, he began to invite persons to join his colony, and among those who at first consented to go were David Lee and Lydia Maria Child. Many colored persons applied to be admitted,—some of them slaves who were promised their freedom. The first shipment was fixed for February, 1836; but meanwhile the Texas conspiracy had burst into violence, and the friends of the negro in the United States were compelled to ward off, while it was yet possible, the accession of more slave territory and war with Mexico. In the midst of this desperate controversy, Lundy lost, in the burning by a mob of Pennsylvania

Hall (May, 1838), his papers, books, clothes, and everything of value except his journal in Mexico,— "a total sacrifice on the altar of Universal Emancipation."

It is an honorable history,—this of the free-produce movement in America,—and embraces leaders who would have shed lustre upon any reform. To those who were always taking an observation of their consciences, the doctrine embodied in the extract from Mr. Snelling's address seemed simple, logical, irresistible. If an error, it was "upon the right side," and those who sincerely held to it were neither to be reproached nor despised. Not one of them, however,—not Elias Hicks himself, as we have seen,—was ever consistent; and if they flattered themselves that they could escape using the technical fruits of slave labor, they never could escape dependence on oppression in some form or other. They were sentimentalists trying to subtract themselves from mundane necessities; and the value of this part of their lives was not in the eschewing of certain fabrics and grains, but in the conspicuousness of their testimony against slavery, and its undoubtedly powerful influence in opening the understandings of others to the inhumanity of that barbarism. What is called the common-sense, as well as the indifference and convenience, of the generality of men was opposed to their plan of overcoming an evil so gigantic as slavery, as it was also opposed to the Quaker modes of suppressing frivolity and vanity in dress, and of correcting a false deference between men who were all equal in the sight of God. The Abolitionists proper, we repeat, although always stigmatized as impracticable, never mounted this hobby as if the battle-horse of victory. They did acknowledge the justice of John Woolman's scruples against trading freely with oppressors, "without laboring to dissuade" them from their crime; and they claimed for themselves, almost in the name of the slaves, the right above all others to wear the product of their blood and travail. If it be

said that the Abolitionists might have used this excuse in voting under a pro-slavery Constitution, instead of idly assailing it from without, it may be replied that there was no necessity for them to swear to support an instrument which they abhorred; that they despaired, and, as events have proved, justly, of reconciling under the Constitution irrepressible antagonisms, and that they sought by a political divorce to clear the North of complicity with the villany of the South. And, in order to be free from suspicion of ambitious motives, they had to withdraw themselves from all share in the government, to decline all offices, and to endure to be called fanatics, because they were content to be independent critics. It may be said that common-

sense people left them aside to join the Republican party. War, having cut short a peaceful experiment, the common-sense of the Abolitionists cannot be tested by their success in proselyting; but it is fully vindicated by the wrathful acknowledgment of the South, that they were aiming at the vitals of slavery, as aiming not from within, but through and over the Constitution and the Union. The attempt, thirty years ago, to educate the people into a greater regard for justice and human brotherhood than for the national character, traditions, and unity, was bold, perhaps preposterous; but if any one had undertaken then to prepare the North to resist the encroachments of slavery by force of arms! . . .

THE FINANCES OF THE UNITED STATES.

ONE of the most striking features in our great conflict was the financial power of the Northern States. Relying chiefly on their own innate strength, they were enabled for five successive years to put into the field armies increasing and expanding gradually to a million of men, admirably equipped with the most effective weapons; they were able also to fill their arsenals with rifles, artillery, and military stores; to command horses for their cavalry and transportation; to provide fleets of steamships, and blockade a coast of three thousand miles; and to place under the guns of Fort Fisher forty iron-clads impervious to shot, while they destroyed the ramparts, mines, and armaments of that bulwark of the Confederacy. The conflict began with empty coffers and a failing credit, but the treasury was soon replenished, and the credit of the nation restored so that it raised more than three thousand millions by loans, and, during the last year of the war, more than a thousand millions, half

by loans and half by taxes, in a single season,—the greatest achievement in finance which history records. Nor was the country exhausted. The loyal States could have continued the struggle for years. So far were they from debility, that, in the three years which have succeeded, they have reduced their funded debt three hundred and fifty millions, their floating debt at least one hundred and fifty millions more, and their interest fifty millions in addition, and paved the way for a further diminution. Such is still our affluence, that, after repealing half the imposts of the war, the nation finds revenues sufficient to meet the interest of the debt, the bounties for the volunteers, and the pensions for the wounded and the orphans and widows of the honored dead.

Providence favored our country. It sent up the oil springs from their rocky cells to sustain our commerce and revenue; it gave us the placers of the Pacific, rich in gold and silver; prolific wheat-fields and pastures west of the Mississippi, and new exports in place

of cotton ; and brought fortune to our manufactures in the diminished supply of cotton. Issuing our loans at par during the war and floating them on our expanding currency, we could reduce our interest, and change the option of renewal which we gave the creditor to options in favor of the nation.

Having shown our ability to raise one thousand millions in a single year, having preserved the unity and prestige of the nation, we have reduced our interest and expenses the present year to less than one third of the expenditure during the war, and may reduce it to a fourth of that amount in the coming year, while our growing population and wealth will lighten still further the charges of the war. Indeed, we may well hope that taxes on our vices, — as imposts on liquors and tobacco, — will alone meet the interest on our debt, and extinguish the principal before the close of the century.

In the long contest of England with Napoleon, she resorted, as we did, to a paper money, and nearly doubled her consols by issues at fifty to sixty-five per cent in a depreciated currency. We took the opposite course, issuing our loans at par in the shape of compound-interest notes, — seven-thirties, five-twenties, and certificates of indebtedness, — reserving the privilege of paying at an early day ; and we may return to gold with a reduction of twenty per cent on the amount of our debt. Although we have realized more money than England, having diminished our debt since the war by taxes imposed during its continuance, we may now, in place of forty-two hundred millions, exhibit but twenty-five hundred millions of debt, one seventh of which bears no interest.

The South has suffered severely, but it already finds in the price of its cotton a return larger than it realized from both cotton and rice before the war ; while the North, strong in its wool, wheat, corn, petroleum, minerals, railways, and factories, feels the effects of the war chiefly in the diminution of its shipping and in an irredeemable currency, — incidental effects of a protracted

contest. In this posture of affairs the nation, after restoring the Southern States and giving equal rights to all its people, is about to enter upon the election of its rulers.

There naturally has been, and still is, a solicitude to lighten our taxes and to equalize our burdens ; and doubtless, in some of the States, a few penurious men have sought to escape their just share of the taxes by investments in the public bonds. This solicitude and these evasions supply a little capital to the recreants who forsook our flag during the war, but now readily volunteer to fill the offices of the State, and exclude those who risked life and fortune for their country. They propose to the country, while it still wears the laurels it has won in war and finance, to rob the men who trusted it in its hour of trial, to withhold the interest it has promised them, or to pay in paper which it has reduced to a discount of twenty-four per cent, and which it can depreciate at its pleasure. It may well be presumed that the men who propose these steps have no confidence that either the House or the Senate will sanction such disreputable measures ; they are doubtless designed to win the votes of the ignorant and degraded, and to carry them or their friends into office ; but as they have been adopted by a party, and find some countenance among Radical leaders, it is well to glance at the arguments by which their baseness is defended : —

“ In law what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil. In religion
What damned error but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text.”

The men who favor such disgraceful measures urge that our bonds were issued in a depreciated currency ; that, while they promise to pay the interest in gold, they are silent as to the way in which the principal shall be met ; that other nations borrow at reduced rates of interest and impose taxes on their coupons. Let us examine the strength of these positions. If the currency was depreciated, by whom was it depreci-

ated? Was it the act of the debtor or of the creditor which depressed it? and who should suffer, the debtor, compelled by impending danger to make a discount on his notes, or the friend who took the risk of his paper? Can the man who has saved his life and fortune by the aid of his friend properly say to him? — I am greatly obliged to you for your aid, but I propose to deduct twenty-five per cent from my debt; it is true I am rich enough to pay ten times that amount, that no one else would trust me when you did, and that I fixed the rate of interest myself; still, you made your advances, not in gold, but in my own depreciated paper. — Is it a fact that gold or its equivalent was not given for most of the bonds of the United States? Of the whole amount of our national loans, there is reason to believe that two thousand millions were taken by the following classes, viz. : —

By Mortgagees,	\$ 600,000,000
“ Banks,	600,000,000
“ Savings Banks,	200,000,000
“ Officers and Soldiers,	200,000,000
“ Ship-owners,	100,000,000
“ Owners of horses, mules, and stores, early in the war,	300,000,000
	\$ 2,000,000,000

If this be so, two thirds of the loans were taken by men who gave either gold or gold values for their securities. At the commencement of the war a large portion of our community was deeply indebted, and large amounts were lying in mortgages then overdue at six and seven per cent. As business contracted, and greenbacks came into use, the currency began to be affected, there was a wish to pay the mortgages with legal-tenders. The party who declined a tender risked his debt. To preserve his capital and income he invested the proceeds of his mortgages in government obligations.

In 1860 there were in the United States at least six million heads of families in a population of thirty-two millions. If we assume that they owed on the average two hundred dollars, or that every tenth man owed two thousand, the aggregate would exceed

twelve hundred millions; and, if half these mortgages were paid during the war, the amount would be six hundred millions. This is, of course, but an approximation; it is, however, supported by the fact that the trustees of one estate in New York, holding in 1861 ten or fifteen mortgages, were required to receive more than half their loans, and invested the legal-tenders they received in national obligations.

There is good ground for the conclusion that six hundred millions lent in gold on mortgages was paid in greenbacks, and the proceeds invested in government securities.

As respects the banks: At the commencement of the war, their capital exceeded four hundred millions, and their loans, made in gold or its equivalent, were more than twice that amount. At least three fourths of these loans, when the national banks were organized, were called in, and reinvested at par in government securities. In this case the equivalent of gold was given for the national bonds to the extent of six hundred millions. Again, the Savings Banks, whose investments in two States, — New York and Massachusetts, — alone exceed two hundred millions, called in their loans, and invested at least that sum in national securities.

An equal amount was taken by officers and soldiers from the coffers of the nation in compound-interest notes, or was invested by them in other securities; they gave, often with their lives, a full equivalent. At least a hundred millions more were taken by the ship-owners, who were obliged, early in the war, to sell their ships abroad and invest the proceeds in bonds, because the nation gave them no adequate protection. From these the nation had its equivalent. And finally, in the early stages of the war, before paper had been seriously depreciated, tents, harnesses, provisions, mules, horses, and other necessities were furnished, to at least the amount of three hundred millions, — or more than one twelfth of our whole expenditure, — and the proceeds invested in bonds.

There is good reason to presume that two thousand millions of our whole debt, a sum equal to the whole amount now funded, was issued for a full equivalent, while the residue, chiefly to contractors, was issued in compound notes or certificates of indebtedness, since in great part paid, while much of the remainder is outstanding in greenbacks, or has gone into the hands of our friends abroad. Most of our debt is held by banks or small capitalists, little by corporations or manufacturers enriched by the war. They took certificates of indebtedness, and, requiring their capital for their business, sold their securities. Mercantile credit was paralyzed by the war, and those who bought their certificates or compound notes have been already paid. The small capitalists, who have generally paid full prices, who have been compelled to live upon their interest and pay the high prices of the war, would be defrauded and impoverished, were they required to reduce the values they have paid to the depreciated rates of the government paper. How can these classes be made whole or requited, unless they are paid in a specie currency? and are they to suffer because manufacturers and contractors have realized profits in their transactions with government? Upon what ground are they to be classed as speculators in a depreciated currency?

But, were it true that the loans were made in a depreciated paper, was not the depreciation due to over-issues and to the war, and did not the lender take the risk of the war? were not the issues of greenbacks limited? and had we not a right to presume that a currency nowhere expressly sanctioned by the Constitution, and of questionable character, a mere temporary expedient, would cease with the struggle in which it originated?

Great Britain, when she returned to specie, not only carried her consols from fifty to par or gold, but has paid them at par in sovereigns; and this, too, with half the population, and less than one half the resources, the United States possess at the present moment. Pen-

dleton and his associates, Hampton, Hill, Forrest, and Belmont, who have made a platform of cypress and cottonwood for the Democratic party, say there is no express promise to pay the principal of the five-twenties in gold, although the interest was thus payable.

The reason for this distinction was obvious; the interest was payable at once, while the principal would not be paid until the close of the war. The creditor was anxious that his interest should be paid in gold, not in greenbacks, the currency of the war. The Secretary of State had repeatedly promised that the war should be finished in less than six months. The agents of the loans and the Secretary of the Treasury assured them that the government would pay in gold, that the greenbacks were a temporary expedient.

Relying on these assurances and on the unvarying usage of the government for the last eighty years to pay in gold, people took the bonds; and the nation is now estopped from saying that it has a right to pay in paper which it can depreciate to such extent as a political faction may determine. It is urged that other nations pay less interest, and impose taxes on their coupons; but how does Holland obtain money at three and England at three and a quarter per cent? It is not by taxing interest; they have never resorted to such injustice, or allowed the debtor to reduce interest without the consent of his creditor. England exempts even from her light income tax of one and two thirds per cent the coupons of every man who resides out of Great Britain. And what is the condition of Austria and Italy, which have taxed their coupons, and justify the act upon the plea of necessity? While one taxes her five-per-cent bonds fifteen per cent, and the other imposes ten per cent on hers, the bonds of Italy sell at fifty-five, and those of Austria at sixty-five per cent in the London Exchange, — a just punishment for such tergiversations. Do we wish to put our nation, which has preserved its honor untarnished for

eighty years, through five wars, in the same financial category with that Austrian Empire which Webster so vividly portrayed? Will it be worldly wisdom for us, who have two thousand millions of debt to renew, to reduce it in value to fifty-five or even sixty-five per cent? How much shall we gain by paying in paper worth seventy-four in gold, if we bring down our loans from one hundred and ten to fifty-five per cent? And if, like Massachusetts, during the most trying period of the war, we can by a strict regard to honor, by a rigid adherence to punctuality in the payment of interest and principal in gold, obtain money at three and three fourths in gold, is this not preferable to taxing six per cent coupons unjustly and disgracefully down to five and forty one-hundredths? Does not simple honesty pay better than fraud or hypocrisy? Is it not painful to see a distinguished Senator resorting to compulsion, and proffering to the creditor, in discharge of his five-twenties, a bond at four or five per cent, payable in specie? Is it not humiliating to see the United States, in the flush of their youth and of a prosperity that surpasses that of any nation of the past or present age, placed for a moment in the attitude of an insolvent debtor in their dealing with the friends and supporters who stood by them, in the day of their trial? What else, however, should we expect from those who conspired to effect our ruin?

The condition of dismembered Austria, with an accumulating debt, is doubtless similar to that of impoverished Italy; and let us draw a parallel, for a moment, between the condition of Italy and that of the United States. In Italy, with twenty-eight millions of people, the imports are one hundred and ninety-five millions; the exports, one hundred and forty millions. In the United States, the exports, reduced to gold values, exceed the imports, and are triple those of Italy. In Italy, the average interest is seven and three fourths per cent. In the United States, the five per cents are at one hundred and seven dollars. In Italy, the revenue has been

one hundred and sixty millions; the expense, two hundred millions; while the deficit in time of peace has been as large as one hundred millions. In Italy, the average income of two and a half millions of families is from fifty to one hundred dollars. In the United States the average income of eight million families exceeds one thousand dollars in gold.

For four years past our Minister of Finance has been a statesman. He has educed order from the confusion of the war, husbanded our means, studied our sources of income, and aided in removing those temporary burdens which, however necessary in the hour of peril, on the return of peace bore heavily on the commerce of the nation. He has paved the way for a return to specie. He has faithfully fulfilled the obligations of the nation. He has urged the withdrawal of our depreciated paper, and an early return to gold. Under his administration our debt has been reduced a fifth, our interest a third, our taxes nearly or quite a half; and, under his guidance, the nation will soon reduce its tariff, and meet its interest with diminished taxes on liquors and tobacco. With a religious adherence to our engagements, our interest is fast falling to four and one half per cent and to an aggregate of one hundred millions. In this posture of affairs, the Pendletonians come forward with a new programme, as unsound as their other theory, that the debt is to be taxed, and both principal and interest to be paid in depreciated paper. The Pendletonian policy is developed in the Sunday Courier of Boston, a Democratic paper, as well as on the Democratic platform. The first step is to be the suppression of the Freedmen's Bureau; but this has already performed its mission of mercy in guiding the colored race, suddenly raised from servitude to freedom, through a state of transition, and terminates with the current year, before the Pendleton party, if successful, can be placed in power. The second measure shadowed forth is the extinction of the right of

suffrage on the part of the negro, and his exclusion from the militia.

It may well be asked whether it will be politic for the nation to disarm and disfranchise a race thoroughly loyal, because they have been prevented by their masters from acquiring education or property, and to allow them no voice in the choice of their rulers, or in the defence of their homes, when we have within ten years seen the rulers of Louisiana reduce to slavery the free French and Spanish Creoles, whose rights were guaranteed under our treaties with France; when we have seen South Carolina send to prison the colored freemen of both Old England and New England, because an African sun had given a dark shade to their complexion; when we have seen all access to the courts denied to the black prisoner; when our highest court of judicature has determined that a black was not a man, but a chattel. Such questions will be discussed elsewhere. Let us confine this discussion to measures of finance.

According to the *Courier*, Mr. Pendleton proposes to issue three hundred millions more of depreciated paper, and with this to extinguish the bank-notes, and cancel an equal amount of bonds, pledged for the bank-notes. He promises thus to save twenty millions yearly. Let us analyze this measure, and point out the fallacies on which it rests. In the first place, a large portion of these bonds are at five per cent, and the aggregate interest is but sixteen and a half millions; here is a deficit of more than three millions annually in the amount of saving. Again, these bonds are not due, and they command, on the average, ten per cent premium; and here we find a further deficiency of thirty millions, or at least a million and a half of interest yearly. Thus the apparent saving is reduced to fifteen millions yearly; and, if we remove all unnecessary taxes, as Congress proposes, in the interest of commerce, we extinguish Mr. Pendleton's surplus of forty-eight millions more, which he would convert, with his twenty millions, into a hundred

million of currency by selling gold at forty per cent premium. But his sixty-eight millions — did they exist — would, at forty per cent, produce but ninety-five millions; and here we have a further deficit of five millions annually. By this process, the whole hundred millions a year, with which he proposes in fourteen years to extinguish the debt, subsides to fifteen millions a year in gold, or twenty millions a year for the present in currency. Let us pursue his fallacies a little further. He assumes that, for fourteen years to come, we are to have an irredeemable currency, and to sell our gold at forty per cent premium, when intelligent merchants and skilful financiers believe that within two years we may return to specie. Is the Pendleton era to be the golden age of Democracy, of which Old Bullion used to write and speak? Is irredeemable paper the same currency for the creditor and the people set forth in the new platform? We have funded our floating debt, except the greenbacks, within a year, and might fund them in compound notes at three per cent. We are throwing our whole interest on liquors and tobacco, and our pensions on stamps and licenses. What impediment, then, remains to be surmounted on the way to specie? Before specie payments, the fourteen years' term of national insolvency — the dream of Mr. Pendleton — will vanish, and leave him with but fifteen millions of possible annual saving. But if the bank circulation is redeemed as Mr. Pendleton proposes, what becomes of the tax of one per cent on bank circulation, or three million dollars, which the nation has for some years collected? or the additional tax of one per cent more, which the House has voted, making an aggregate of six million dollars? If we deduct these, the saving, which was in fourteen years to pay our debt, falls to nine million dollars a year. But this is not all; if the bonds are cancelled, we lose also the five per cent which the fifteen millions pay to the income tax, and thus reduce the imaginary saving to eight and a quarter millions. And

how insignificant does this saving, accomplished by harsh and unjust measures, appear, when we contrast it with the saving, which the punctual payment of our interest in gold will effect, by reducing the annual interest on eighteen hundred millions from six to four and a half per cent, — a legitimate annual saving of twenty-seven millions in place of eight and a quarter millions. The difference alone would, before the close of the century, nearly extinguish our indebtedness.

But the Pendleton theory is based on another fallacy, — the fallacy of continuing onerous taxes, like those on incomes, railways, premiums of insurance, and excessive duties, — serious checks to our comfort and commerce, — during fourteen years to come, for the mere purpose of paying the principal of our debt. Why pay this debt with such unequal taxes, when the reduced taxes on liquors and tobacco alone will, in the last three decades of the present century, pay both interest and principal. But then it is proposed, on the Pendleton platform, to tax the debt ten per cent. How are such taxes to be imposed? By the express terms of the loan acts, the States are forbidden to tax the public debt, and the Supreme Court has sustained the prohibition.

The States cannot tax; and how is the nation, after making an express contract with its creditors, — who may reside in some foreign country, — to pay a specific rate of interest, at liberty as a debtor to reduce it, by tax or legislation, to either five, four, three, two, or one per cent, or to extinguish it altogether? If it is at liberty to do the one, it is free to do the other. Who shall prescribe the limits? When it contracted, did it receive the power either to reduce the standard of value or the rate of interest? If local courts have no power to restrain, — and this is by no means conceded, — would it be justified in the court of nations, or before Heaven, or in the eyes of its own subjects, in such repudiation? Let us personify the United States by a prosperous merchant, carried through

adverse times by friends, both at home and abroad, who have poured their treasures into his lap, and taken his notes of uncertain value at his own offers. Let us imagine him restored to prosperity, in affluent circumstances, and, while placed himself beyond the reach of the sheriff, forgetful of honor and of future contingencies, insisting, like a fraudulent debtor, that his friends shall reduce the interest he volunteered to pay, and lose a fourth of their principal. This is the Pendleton theory, the cypress or cottonwood plank, of the new platform. The cry of "Tax the national debt; pay the bonds in paper!" may, like a passing breeze, fill the sails of a few time-serving politicians, and may delude the ignorant, and float incompetency into office; but this can never be the policy of a great nation, which, for eighty years, has preserved its honor and its prestige, and, from the days of Hamilton to the present hour, has been faithful to its creditors. The country cannot afford to lose its financial credit; it is an element of power, — its great *corps de réserve* in the future. We may expect insidious attacks on our credit from those who have felt the weight of this power; but the true patriot would resign our rifles and iron-clads sooner than our national credit.

Payment of the Debt.

There is no occasion at present to pay the debt bearing interest. For twenty years to come we have the option to pay most of it at our pleasure, at rates averaging five and three fourths per cent; while Austria and Italy, on whose level our Pendleton politicians would place us, pay seven and three fourths per cent, — not levied on a rich population like ours, but on a people impoverished by ages of oppression.

The silent operation of our imposts on liquors and tobacco will, without effort on our part, soon meet our interest, and provide a sinking fund for the principal. Stamps, licenses, and bank circulation will pay for pensions and the instruction of the negro; and customs under a reduced tariff will meet,

as before the war, the current expenses of the nation. We require our growing capital, not for the extinction of our debt, but for the development of our industry and for diversity of employment.

The war has injured certain branches of industry which require renovation. It has swept away horses and mules for cavalry, artillery, and wagons; it has diminished our animal force, while it has increased our mechanism. It has taken for rations many of our Western cattle, replacing them by twelve millions of sheep, and converting grass land into wheat-fields. Consequently, horses are dear, and beef and dairy products command unwonted prices, while our wheat product is exuberant. It has checked the construction of ships, steamers, factories, houses, piers, and public improvements. Agriculture and commerce demand more facilities, and Young America requires new homes and workshops. While the war has given an impulse to mining, and lowered the price of coal—if we reduce paper to gold—to the prices current before the war; while it has nearly doubled the manufacture of wool, and given us mills and machinery sufficient to spin and to weave as much wool as England converts into cloth, it has given a check to cotton. While it has opened the ore-beds of Lake Superior, that now yield seven hundred thousand tons of rich magnetic ore, and has carried the yearly manufacture of pig-iron from one to two millions of tons, and extended our railways to forty-four thousand miles, and convinced us that we may pursue successfully the manufacture of linen, worsteds, silks, alpacas, and fabrics of jute and mohair, it has shown us the necessity of many more public improvements to carry food and raw material to our factories or to points of shipment.

The great object of the statesman now should be, not to trifle with the debt, but to remove burdens, to extend our agriculture, cherish and diversify our manufactures, revive commerce and ship-building by a return to specie, and

the extinction of those war duties which were imposed to counterbalance the taxes we have removed from manufactures.

This is the province of the true statesman,—this is what the true interest of the nation imperatively demands. First, let us have no national taxes that can be dispensed with, no taxes on locomotion or on insurance, and no invasions of our privacy to tax the incomes of trades and professions, with which our industry creates taxable capital. Second, let us, instead of increasing our war tariff, at once remove all prohibitory and excessive duties.

Before the war, our tariff averaged less than fifteen per cent on all our importations. It has been raised to an average of more than forty-five per cent. How has this been effected? First, by new taxes on tea and coffee, and by increased imposts on other groceries, which now yield nearly sixty millions,—nearly as much as our whole return from customs before the insurrection. These doubtless carried the average of our duties to nearly thirty per cent; and most of those which have been judiciously fixed by our Revenue Commissioner, Mr. Wells, it will doubtless be politic to retain, although it might be well to reduce the duties on tea and spices to specific rates, not exceeding sixty per cent, for both tea and spices are coming in free from Canada.

Duties on fruits and raw materials, and counteracting duties on manufactures to aid the home produce, have carried the average of our tariff from thirty to more than forty-five per cent, and most of this excess should be repealed. Let us refer for illustration to the duties on fruit, salt, wool, woollens, coal, and iron. We have many ships, and should have more, in the trade with the Mediterranean. Liverpool alone, in the last twenty years, abandoning a fleet of schooners, has put eighty thousand tons of screw steamers into the Mediterranean trade, and her imports and exports in this commerce now exceed a million of tons yearly. We send from Boston and New York many

barks and brigs through the Straits, laden with fish, flour, alcohol, oil, lard, provisions, cotton goods, dye-woods, sugar, and coffee, and returning with fruit, salt, wool, dye-stuffs, saltpetre, and materials for our manufactures. The fruit and the salt are sent westward as far as the Missouri, and are of great value both to health and agriculture.

Is it politic to tax either of these articles, on which we now place duties ranging from twenty-five to two hundred per cent? The return freight on fruit and salt lightens the charges on exports of our own products, and our imports enable us to export. If salt in Sicily or Spain is made by solar heat at ten cents per hundred pounds, is it our true policy to tax it two hundred per cent, to enable a few owners of salt-springs to convert a weak lime into an inferior salt, for preserving beef and pork, by the waste of our forests and coal-beds? Do not our railways thus also lose an important item of return freight? and is it not the policy of our nation, instead of forcing these springs into an unnatural production, to keep them as reserves for time of war, and to stimulate our farms, railways, ships, exports and imports, by a natural and enriching commerce?

As respects coal, iron, wool, and woollens, we have tried the experiment of excessive duties, and what is the result? We have over-stimulated coal by a duty of a hundred per cent on the foreign article, and thus made our coal-mines unprofitable. We are doing the same with iron. The ore of Michigan is crowding that of Pennsylvania. The wages of her iron-workers have been carried above those of judges and governors, and the manufacturers and shipwrights of the East, who require iron at the lowest price for their boilers and engines to compete with those of Europe, and can best supply their wants from the iron which returns in the vessels carrying out our wheat, flour, and provisions, are deterred, by the high price of iron, from building ships and factories. Last year, we unwisely placed a duty on wool and a compensating

duty on woollens. What is the result? We have lost and are losing our export trade in flour, fish, lumber, and provisions to Africa, Australia, and the valley of the La Plata, while the tailors of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia supply the wardrobes of a large part of New York and New England; the high prices of cheese and butter are thinning the flocks of Vermont and Ohio, while neither Texas nor California, where the sheep roam through the year in rich pastures, demand protection. Indeed, the idea of protecting agricultures by duties, in a country which gives its land to settlers, contrasts strangely with the policy of England, France, and Belgium, which have repealed all duties on wool, although they maintain twice as many sheep as we do, and this, too, on land worth four hundred dollars per acre. Let us repeal all duties on salt, fruit, and raw material, and impose no duties on manufactures exceeding thirty-five per cent, and make those specific.

Third, let us return to specie and welcome again a gold currency, assimilated to that of France as recommended by that distinguished statesman, the Hon. S. B. Ruggles,—to whom we owe the enlargement of the Erie Canal,—and let us have the French system of weights and measures. The war is over, and it is time to discard an irredeemable currency debased and degraded by our over-issues. Why should we wear longer the badge of insolvency, and be at the mercy of the Jews of the gold-board to-day and of the sales of the Treasury to-morrow? We pay for the risk of a decline in gold in all our purchases. The accountant, the clerk, the clergyman, and often the laborer, suffer from the depreciation. Why are rents and goods so dear? and why do we abandon our mission on the ocean? It is because we dare not build the houses, stores, factories, and ships that are required, for fear of a fall in value when the currency rises to par. Our traditions are all in favor of an early return to specie; for when in former days the banks suspended, Boston

and New York, by an early resumption recovered their prosperity, while Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati were seriously injured by a continued suspension. The return to specie within a reasonable period can be effected by contraction, and that contraction would be almost imperceptible were Congress to impose a tax of two per cent on bank circulation, and for a year to come, as the internal taxes are paid, convert each greenback into a compound-interest note at three per cent, payable in three years, in cash or five per cent securities, and convertible into four per cent bonds at thirty years, free from all taxation. Such compound notes like those issued during the war, for which we may thank the Hon. Amasa Walker, would be self-funding, and almost imperceptibly carry us back to a specie standard, while the tax on bank circulation and deposits would meet the three per cent interest.

Subsidies and Remission of Duty.

We must recover our navigation, the loss of which is one of the painful incidents of the war, and of the unfriendly policy of England. Had England discharged the duties which international law imposes on neutral nations, had she stopped the cruisers built in her ports or arrested them when they took refuge in her colonies, our shipping, which once equalled that of the whole British Empire, would not to-day be reduced to one half of the tonnage of Great Britain. We cannot resign our strength upon the ocean. Without it we could not have preserved the unity of the nation: it was one of the chief elements of our power; but now, while Great Britain has seven and a quarter million tons of shipping, we have less than three and a half millions, though it is true that we have sold many of our ships, most of which sail under the British flag. We must remember that iron and coal are cheap in Great Britain and dear with us, that Great Britain holds a million tons of fast steamers, each of which is equivalent to four or five ships in its freight-carry-

ing power; and, if we do not intend to wean our masters, mates, and sailors from the sea, we must begin at once the construction of new steamers. How is this to be done? How has it been done by England and France? It has been accomplished by subsidies, by a very trifling annual expenditure for the carriage of the mails, to which we contribute largely, and which has not in the case of either nation, thus far, much exceeded the receipts from foreign letters, and in the case of England has been met by the profits of the penny postage. Great Britain thus maintains more than two hundred and fifty fine steamships, averaging two thousand tons, has seventeen lines running to America, making thirteen hundred and twenty-two passages yearly, and holds them always officered, manned, and equipped, and ready for conversion into steam frigates. During the war of the Crimea and her difficulties with this country, and her recent war with Abyssinia, she actually used a large part of them as despatch-frigates and steam-transporters for troops and military stores, and other naval offices. They constitute the vanguard, the most efficient fleet of the British navy. We must, and soon, have such steamships. Great Britain pays from one dollar to two and a half dollars, and France three dollars, per mile for her mail service. By paying less than France has found it necessary to pay, and giving the effective protection Great Britain gives to her shipping in freedom from taxes by a remission of five to ten dollars per ton in gold on each new ship, to cover the extra cost due to duties, we may compete with European steamers. On the ocean there can be no protection; we must enter the contest on equal terms, and then we may safely rely on the genius, education, and courage and inventive power of our mariners for success. The West is most deeply interested in this question. To construct, maintain, and navigate a tonnage equal to that of the British Empire would require a maritime population of four millions, who would

consume the surplus products of at least six millions devoted to agriculture. But if we resign the ocean to Europe, would not most of the four millions be absorbed by agriculture? and where would the ten millions find a market for their surplus?

Agriculture, manufactures, and public safety demand the restoration of our shipping.

Relations with Great Britain.

The restoration of amity with Great Britain is of the utmost importance to both nations. It is not merely the amount of our claim and interest, now seven millions sterling, a large portion of which is held by English Insurance Companies, that is involved, but great interests of both nations suffer from the questions between them, and the British Provinces suffer more than either nation. While Great Britain asserts her claim to San Juan, denies compensation for all our losses, even for the ships of our whalemén, burned in time of peace by her cruisers in the Arctic Sea, and declines to punish any of her pirates, who return to her ports after their ravages on the deep; while she seeks to awe the United States by military roads and new batteries at Halifax and Victoria; while she arrests our naturalized citizens, and claims their allegiance after she has banished them from her soil and we have adopted them, — hostile tariffs, consular fees, and interdicts must succeed to moderate duties and treaties of reciprocity. Great Britain requires the wheat of California and Minnesota, the corn, beef, and pork of Illinois, the petroleum, bark, and clover-seed of Pennsylvania, at least thirty thousand tons of the cheese of New York and New England, and the market which eight millions of prosperous families afford. We require her metals, chemicals, and other products. We need the fisherman's salt, wood, and timber, the herrings, alewives, salmon, eggs, cattle, wool, barley, white wheat, and potatoes of Canada; and Canada needs our corn, tobacco, pork, carriages,

coal, and manufactures. The townships which lie between the St. Lawrence and New England can best supply our factory towns with hay, oats, barley, cattle, horses, and potatoes in exchange for the products of New England. England has ever held her colonies with tenacity, but her American Provinces have now grown to man's estate; she has abandoned her colonial system, and draws her pine and spruce chiefly from Norway; she gives her colonists no priority in her markets. They have few interests in common with her; for the last decade their trade has been chiefly with us, and not with each other. Nova Scotia is commercial; New Brunswick is devoted to ship-building and lumber; Canada and Prince Edward Island are agricultural. While they might easily enter as States into our republic, they are not homogeneous, and Nova Scotia and New Brunswick would be powerless in Canada. At the present moment Great Britain incurs an annual expense of four or five millions sterling to protect them from the Fenians, and derives from their trade no equivalent for the outlay. As members of our Union they would partake of a coasting-trade we cannot concede to British subjects, and enjoy the free trade of a continent. If our debt is larger than theirs, our wealth, population, and resources are proportionate to our interest. The possession of the Provinces weakens Great Britain: it would add to the strength and commerce of our Union. It would bring to us an amount of shipping which would compensate for two thirds of our losses by the war. In the century which expires in 1869 our population will have increased from two and a half millions to forty millions, or sixteen fold. In another century, at this rate of increase, our population will exceed that of China and require the entire continent. We now hold Maine and Alaska, which overlap the territory of Great Britain, and we already require the forests and arable lands of British America.

Nearly the whole of British America

from Lake Superior to the Pacific is now held by the Hudson Bay Company as a hunting-field, and yields it a revenue of two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars only, or five per cent less than the cost of Alaska. What a field is there found for Secretary Seward! Were British America annexed, we should require no barriers or custom-houses from Quebec to Sitka, and should save in the revenue we now lose by smuggling and custom-house expenses the interest of twice the cost of Alaska. Is not the acquisition of British America and the admission of the Provinces as States of our Union the true solution of our questions with Great Britain? Were the Provinces members of our Union, we should at once relinquish the Intercolonial Railway through the wilds of New Brunswick, and complete the European and American line from Halifax and Louisbourg to Bangor, and thus reduce to six days the run from the Cove of Cork to Boston, and reach Japan in four weeks from London. We should at once deepen the canals of the St. Lawrence, make a ship-canal around Niagara, carry the navigable waters of the St. Lawrence into Lake Champlain, and join hand in hand with the people of the Provinces in opening the railway from Lake Superior to the Red River of the North and the forks of the Missouri. Thus should we open to commerce the great wheat-fields of the Assiniboin, Saskatchewan, and Peace Rivers, where the elk and buffalo of the plains now resort to calve and winter.

A ton of sugar is now carried from Boston to Chicago, *via* Ogdensburg, for six dollars, and may be taken for the same rate to the head of Lake Superior; with a direct railway finished to the Red River, wheat may at this rate be taken from the valley of the Saskatchewan to Boston or New York for twenty-five cents a bushel. The prolific West requires new avenues to the seaboard; and the cheapest route is by propellers to the foot of Lake Ontario, and thence by rail to the sea-shore.

Export of Wheat.

Under the census of 1860, our annual yield of Indian corn was returned as eight hundred and thirty-six millions of bushels; while wheat was comparatively deficient, — actually less by one third than the yield of France, as it was but one hundred and seventy-two millions of bushels in 1859, the year preceding the census. It gave us, however, seventeen millions of bushels in grain and flour for exportation in 1860. Since 1859, the high price of flour has stimulated production; new farms have been opened, and new railways built in Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and the culture of wheat has become more profitable than the gold-mines in California; and this year, with a propitious season, our crop of wheat is rated at nearly three hundred millions of bushels, which should give a surplus of one hundred millions of bushels for exportation. Nor have we yet reached the maximum of production. The land and climate of Minnesota, on the route of the North Pacific, the valleys of the Red River of the North, the Assiniboin and Saskatchewan Rivers are adapted to winter wheat, and give larger and surer crops than Ohio or Illinois. A short railway of two hundred and fifty miles from the head of Lake Superior to the Red River, which may be built for half the money paid out in dividends at Boston on the first of July, would open to commerce those valleys, and permit the delivery of their wheat at a freight of thirty cents a bushel in Boston. In the rich valleys and on the fertile hillsides of California, wheat yields, without fertilizers, more than fifty bushels to the acre; and a single man, with the aid of improved mechanism, — reapers, drums, and threshers, — raises five thousand bushels. There ten farmers, or one farmer with nine assistants, can load a ship of a thousand tons with wheat costing the farmer but twenty-five cents per bushel; and, at one time last spring, there were one hundred and fifty ships on their way from San Francisco to the Atlantic

ports, laden with seven million bushels of wheat; the only check to production being a deficiency of ships, and the circuit by Cape Horn, which allows a ship to make but one voyage to the year. Were a canal cut through the Isthmus, each ship could make two voyages in a year, and, with the screw, each ship could make five voyages, in place of two, each season to New York. So large is the area fit for wheat-fields in California and Oregon, that, after reserving ample space for vineyards and sheep-walks, which nearly equal the culture of wheat in importance, twenty thousand men, — actually less than the emigration of a single year, — could produce there annually a hundred millions of bushels, on three thousand square miles, near navigable waters, and load two thousand ships, of one thousand tons, with wheat. One fourth of these ships might be built annually on the coasts of California, Oregon, the Straits of Fuca and Alaska; for there the towering pines and cedars stand waiting for the shipwrights on the very sea-shore, and the first freight of wheat would suffice to pay one third of the cost of construction.

A nation like ours, with a front on each ocean, and such resources, should, by due concessions and subsidies, set the shipwright in motion, and should connect the two oceans. As far back as the seventeenth century Scotland founded the Colony of Darien, and raised five hundred thousand pounds to open a ship-canal. The route was traced by Patterson, the founder of the Bank of England, and here, he wrote, was "the Gate of the Universe"; but the colony and the enterprise were ruined by the jealousy

of both Spain and England. Here, as Admiral Davis reports to Congress, is the true route for a ship-canal of but twenty miles, between deep and spacious harbors, where neither tunnels nor lockage are required, and where but a single ridge, whose ravines rise to an elevation of one hundred and fifty feet, intervenes between ocean and ocean. It can in all probability be made for less than one third the cost of the ship-canal which France and Egypt are opening across the Isthmus of Suez, a hundred miles long, a hundred yards wide, and ten in depth; and the whole cost might be defrayed by the light tax on oil, which the House voted a few days since, or by the assessment proposed on bank circulation as a compensation for exclusive privileges.

The Pacific Railway is a reproductive investment. It makes dividends to its originators even before it is finished, and will carry hosts of travellers, specie, silks, teas, spices, dry goods, boots and shoes, and local freight. The Panama Railway earns regularly twenty per cent. The canal will pay at least as well as the railways. The nation will derive more benefit from its expenditures on such enterprises than from any pitiful attempt to compel its creditors to take paper in place of gold, or to force a reduction of interest. It is preposterous for the nation, after its triumph, in its hour of prosperity, to assume the attitude of the insolvent, — as preposterous as it would be for Belmont, Stewart, or Astor, after having made a little discount on paper during a revulsion which had ended, to call their creditors together, if they have any, and propose a compromise.

P A N D O R A .

I T A L Y, loved of the sun,
Woody of the sweet winds and wed by the sea,
When, since the nations begun,
Was other inheritance like unto thee?

Splendors of sunshine and snows
Flash from thy peaks to thy bath in the brine;
Thine are the daisy and rose,
The grace of the palm and the strength of the pine:

Orchard and harvested plain;
Lakes, by the touch of the tempest unstirred;
Dells where the Dryads remain,
And mountains that rise to a music unheard!

Generous gods, at thy birth,
Heaped on thy cradle with prodigal hand
Gifts, and the darling of earth
Art thou, and wast ever, O ravishing land!

Strength from the Thunderer came,
Pride from the goddess that governs his board;
While, in his forges of flame,
Hephæstus attempered thine armor and sword.

Lo! Aphrodite her zone,
Winning all love to thy loveliness, gave;
Leaving her Paphian throne
To breathe on thy mountains and brighten thy wave.

Bacchus the urns of his wine
Gave, and the festivals crowning thy toil;
Ceres, the mother divine,
Bestowed on thee bounties of corn and of oil.

Phœbus the songs that inspire,
Caught from the airs of Olympus, conferred;
Hermes, the sweetness and fire
That pierce in the charm of the eloquent word.

So were thy graces complete;
Yea, and, though ruined, they fascinate now:
Beautiful still are thy feet,
And girt with the gold of lost lordship thy brow.

Ah! but the gods, the malign,
Cruel in bounty and blessing to smite,
Mixed with thy dowries divine
The gifts that dethrone and the beauties that blight.

Thine was the marvellous box,
Filled with the evils let loose in the past:
Thine is the charm that unlocks
The spirits that flatter and cheat us at last.

Life, from thy symmetry fed,
Shrinks from encounter that makes it supreme;
Gropes in the dust of thy dead
Till Faith is a legend, and Freedom a dream!

Mysteries flow from thy lips,
Subtle to fetter the soul, and betray:
Lieth the world in eclipse
Of thy shadow, and not in the light of thy day!

Thou, that assumest to lead,
Holding the truth and the keys of the skies,
Art the usurpress indeed,
And rulest thy sons with a sceptre of lies.

Spirit of beauty and woe,
Clad with delusions more lovely than truth,
In thy decrepitude show
The ills that were hid in thy splendor of youth.

Teach us thy charms to resist,
Siren, so potent to bind and control:
Stain not the lips thou hast kissed,
But let us enjoy thee in freedom of soul!

Let us accept what thou hast, —
Sovereign beauty, and phantoms of fame, —
Choose from thy Present and Past
The noblest and purest, nor share in thy shame.

Thus shall we yield, and o'ercome;
Conquer while loving thee, — love, but withstand:
Then, though thy children be dumb,
Our songs shall remember thee, ravishing land!

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Myths of the New World: a Treatise on the Symbolism and Mythology of the Red Race of America. By DANIEL G. BRINTON, A. M., M. D., Member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, etc. New York: Leypoldt and Holt.

THE thoughtful general reader, for whom, rather than the antiquary, Dr. Brinton professes to have written his book, must be pleased with the sensibleness which is one of its prominent characteristics. In the treatment of the myths of the New World there was occasion for so great critical dryness, and so much uncritical and credulous sentimentality, that we confess ourselves rather surprised than otherwise to find them handled entertainingly, and discussed with sympathy and candor, and in a tone at once moderate and confident. The field of inquiry extends over the whole hemisphere, but it has been so conscientiously and carefully wrought, that there is little confusion in the presentation of results; all extraneous growths have been weeded out, and the Red Race's idea of the supernatural is given as distinctly and fully as it can be evolved from the vague and varying traditions and records of the past. Of course, an end is made of many popular illusions concerning the religion of the aborigines, and there is sad havoc of authorities: the Great Spirit turns out an effort of the native imagination to conceive of the white man's God, and Mr. Schoolcraft is mentioned as a man of "deficient education and narrow prejudices, pompous in style and inaccurate in statement," and his famous work as a "monument of American extravagance and superficiality," while Hiawatha appears a recent and "wholly spurious myth." These great landmarks in Indian symbolism being overthrown, the general reader drifts helplessly upon the course of their fables, and quite at Dr. Brinton's mercy.

A very large part of their supernaturalism is the reverberation of the misunderstood sermons of missionaries; but when this is rejected the indigenous mythology still makes a respectable figure. Much of what remains is very beautiful, and some of it very significant; but as it was usually distinct from ideas and systems of

morality, it may be doubted whether the burden of his own proof is not against the proposition that Dr. Brinton seeks to establish, and whether any of its qualities did much to elevate the red race; though there is no question that its cruel and revolting forms of worship tended to degrade them. For the most part the weak ethical instincts of humanity seem to have been powerless before superstitions pointing to a future in which the place of the soul was fixed, not by its good or bad acts, but by the nature of the body's last sickness, and teaching gods who ruled in fear, and knew neither right nor wrong, but only offerings and self-sacrifice in their worshipper; and even where the Indians, as in Peru and Mexico, had a civic life better than their creed, their creed still stained their civilization with horrible crimes and infamies, or prepared it to fall at the first blow from without.

According to Dr. Brinton, there never was a race so universally and so cunningly priest-ridden as our aborigines. These savages who had so vague and intangible a theology that it has often been doubted whether they believed at all in a future state, had a very complex supernaturalism, and a priesthood skilled far beyond our revivalists in appealing to the imagination and emotions. But in establishing this fact Dr. Brinton is very far from assenting to the doubt which chiefly renders it remarkable. On the contrary, he asserts in the most decided terms the belief of all the American tribes in a hereafter, and denies that it was really wanting even in those poor *Pend d'Oreilles* to whom the Catholic missionaries could convey an idea of the soul only by describing it as "a gut that never rotted," while other Oregon tribes, who attribute a spirit to every member of the body, the Algonkins and Iroquois, who give each man two souls, and those Dakotas who give him four, afford our author almost a riotous abundance of proof for his argument. Indeed, unless we are to hold as utterly meaningless the burial customs of all the tribes, and as wholly false all the accounts of Peruvian and Mexican ceremonies pertaining to the dead and dying, we must grant Dr. Brinton's claim on behalf of the existence of an aboriginal

hereafter, with its paradise in the sun, and its curious subdivisions into heavens and hells appropriate to the complaint or act by which the soul was separated from the body.

A very interesting part of this book is that in which the author treats of the origin of the world and of man as he finds the idea in the uncorrupted myths of the aborigines. The native imagination never grasped the notion of creation. Matter, for them, always existed; but there was a fabulous period when a flood of waters hid everything, and when the dry land began to emerge. Back of this period they could not go; yet they had no trouble in supposing an end of matter, and they had no clearer belief than that of the destruction of the world, of a last day, and of a resurrection of the dead. All their myths teach more or less directly that man was not growth from lower animal life or from vegetable life, but "a direct product from the great creative power."

Dr. Brinton examines at length into the nature of those myths by virtue of which the cardinal points of the compass and the number four became sacred to the aborigines, and by which the Cross became the symbol of the east, west, north, and south, as widely and universally employed as the knowledge of these points.

"The Catholic missionaries found it was no new object of adoration to the red race, and were in doubt whether to ascribe the fact to the pious labors of Saint Thomas or the sacrilegious subtlety of Satan. It was the central object in the great temple of Cozumel, and is still preserved on the bas-reliefs of the ruined city of Palenque. From time immemorial it had received the prayers and sacrifices of the Aztecs and Toltecs, and was suspended as an august emblem from the walls of temples in Popoyan and Cundinamarca. In the Mexican tongue it bore the significant and worthy name 'Tree of our Life,' or 'Tree of our Flesh' (*Tona-caquahuil*). It represented the god of rains and of health, and this was everywhere its simple meaning. 'Those of Yucatan,' say the chroniclers, 'prayed to the cross as the god of rains when they needed water.' The Aztec goddess of rains bore one in her hand, and at the feast celebrated to her honor in the early spring victims were nailed to a cross and shot with arrows. Quetzalcoatl, god of the winds, bore as his sign of office 'a mace like the cross of a bishop'; his robe was covered with them

strewn like flowers, and its adoration was throughout connected with his worship. When the Muyscas would sacrifice to the goddess of waters, they extended cords across the tranquil depths of some lake, thus forming a gigantic cross, and at their point of intersection threw in their offerings of gold, emeralds, and precious oils. The arms of the cross were designed to point to the cardinal points and represent the four winds, the rain-bringers. To confirm this explanation, let us have recourse to the simpler ceremonies of the less cultivated tribes, and see the transparent meaning of the symbol as they employed it.

"When the rain-maker of the Lenni Lenape would exert his power, he retired to some secluded spot and drew upon the earth the figure of a cross, (its arms toward the cardinal points?) placed upon it a piece of tobacco, a gourd, a bit of some red stuff, and commenced to cry aloud to the spirits of the rains. The Creeks at the festival of the Busk celebrated, as we have seen, to the four winds, and, according to their legends instituted by them, commenced with making the new fire. The manner of this was 'to place four logs in the centre of the square, end to end, forming a cross, the outer ends pointing to the cardinal points; in the centre of the cross the new fire is made.'

"As the emblem of the winds who dispense the fertilizing showers it is emphatically the tree of our life, our subsistence, and our health. It never had any other meaning in America, and if, as has been said, the tombs of the Mexicans were cruciform, it was perhaps with reference to a resurrection and a future life as portrayed under this symbol, indicating that the buried body would rise by the action of the four spirits of the world, as the buried seed takes on a new existence when watered by the vernal showers. It frequently recurs in the ancient Egyptian writings, where it is interpreted *life*; doubtless, could we trace the hieroglyph to its source, it would likewise prove to be derived from the four winds."

Throughout Dr. Brinton's work there is a prevalent synthetic effort, by which the varying forms of the aboriginal myths are brought to one expression, and the ruder traditions are made to approach their interpretation through the perfected symbolism of the civilized Mexicans and Peruvians. Here, as nearly everywhere else, the author has most readers in his power; but we

have a conviction that he does not abuse his power. In any case, the result is in many respects absolutely satisfactory. Something is evoked from chaos, that commends itself both to the reason and the fancy, and makes Dr. Brinton's book a very entertaining one; and that doubt, scarcely more merciful than atheism, whether man might not somewhere be destitute of belief in God and his own immortality, is removed, so far as concerns the Americans. Their supernaturalism included both ideas, and from it all our author evolves his opinion that the supreme deity of the red race was a not less pure and spiritual essence than Light. Their God, however, destroyed them, for always connected with belief in him was their faith in that immemorable tradition which taught that out of his home, the east, should come a white race to conquer and possess their land, and to which Dr. Brinton is not alone, nor too daring, in attributing the collapse of powers and civilizations like those of Peru and Mexico before a handful of Spanish adventurers.

Hans Breitmann's Party. With other Ballads. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

THE reader laughs at the fantastic drollery of these ballads, and, acknowledging the genuineness of the humor, cannot help wishing that it had a wider range and a securer means of expression. Its instrument is not a dialect or patois characterizing a race or locality, but merely the broken English of the half-Americanized German fellow-citizen, which varies according to accident or individual clumsiness, and is not nearly so fixed in form, or so descriptive of generic facts and ideas, as the Irish brogue. We own it is funny; and for once it did very well. Indeed, few American poems have been held in better or more constant remembrance than the ballad of Hans Breitmann's Party. It is one of those perennials, which, when not blossoming in the newspapers, are carefully preserved in many scrap-books, and, worn down to the quick with handling, and with only enough paper and print about them to protect the immortal germ, are carried round in infinite waistcoat-pockets. The other ballads here printed with it are a good deal like it, and betray not so much a several inspiration, as a growth from its success. They celebrate chiefly the warlike career of Hans Breit-

mann, who, many years after his famous "Barty," is

"All goned afay mit de Lager Beer
Afay in de ewigkeit,"

appears in a personal combat with a reprobate son among the rebels, and as a raider in Maryland, and finally as a bummer in the train of Sherman's army. While doing duty in the latter quality, he is "goppied oop" by the rebels; and

"In de Bowery each bier-haus mit crape was oop-done

Ven dey read in de papers dat Breitmann vas gone;

And de Dutch all cot troonk oopon lager and wein
At the great Trauer-fest of de Tooner-Verein."

But the gobbled bummer suddenly reappears among his comrades.

"Six bistols beschlagen mit silver he wore
Und a gold-mounted sword like an Kaiser he bore;
Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt — or votever he be —
Moost hafe broken some panks on his vay to de sea.

Und ve roosh to embrace him, und shill more ve find

Dat wherever he 'd peen, he 'd left noding pehind.
In bofe of his poots dere vas porte-moneys crammed,
Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haversack jammed;
In his bockets cold dollars vere shinglin' deir doons,
Mit two doozen votches, und four doozen shpoons,
Und two silber tea-pods for makin' his dea,
Der ghosdt haf bring mit him, en route to de sea."

This is true history as well as good fun, we imagine; and we suspect that the triumphal close of the ballad of "Breitmann in Kansas," whither he went, after peace came, on one of those Pacific Railroad pleasure-parties, which people somehow understand to be civilizing influences impelled by great moral engines, is more accurately suggestive of the immediate objects of such expeditions: —

"Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;

He have a pully dime;

Bu 't vas in oldt Missouri

Dat dey rooshed him up sublime.

Dey took him to der Bilot Nob,

Und all der nobs around:

Dey spreed him und dey tea'd him

Dill dey roon him to de ground.

"Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas

Troo all dis earthly land;

A vorkin' out life's mission here

Soobyectifly und grand.

Some beobleth runs de beautiful,

Some works philosophie,

Der Breitmann solfe de Infunide

Ash von eternal shpre!

The ballad of Die Schöne Wittwe, and mock-romantic ballad at the end, are the poorest of all, yet they make you laugh; and "Breitmann and the Turners" is as

good as any of the war-ballads, with a peculiarly wild movement of spirit, and a jolly breadth of drollery : —

“Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners,
Dey all set oop some shouts,
Dey took'd him into deir Toornor Hall
Und poots him a course of sphrouts.
Dey poots him on de barrell-hell bars
Und sltands him oop on his head,
Und dey poomps de beer mit an engine-hose
In his mout' dill he 's 'pout half tead !

“Hans Breitmann choin de Toorners,
Mit a Limburg cheese he coom :
Ven he open de box it smell so loudt
It knock de music doomb.
Ven de Deutschers kit de flavor
It coorl de haar on dere head ;
But dere vas dwo Amerigans dere,
Und by tam ! it kilt dem dead !”

Throughout all the ballads, it is the same figure presented, — an honest Deutscher drunk with the new world as with new wine, and rioting in the expression of purely Deutsch nature and half-Deutsch ideas through a strange speech. It is a true figure enough, and recognizable ; but it was fully developed in the original ballad, and sufficiently portrayed there.

Cannot Mr. Leland, who is in every way so well qualified to enjoy and reproduce the peculiarities of Pennsylvania Dutch, give us some ballads in that racy and characteristic idiom ?

Appleton's Short-Trip Guide to Europe. (1868.) *Principally devoted to England, Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, France, Germany, and Italy ; with Glimpses of Spain, Short Routes in the East, etc. ; and a Collation of Travellers' Phrases in French and German.* By HENRY MORFORD. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

THE short-trip American — as Mr. Morford calls the kind of tourist for whom this book is written — will ask for “Oon cohto” and “Oon forchet” in Parisian restaurants where the waiter has failed to give him a knife and fork ; and generally

he will take care in speaking the French tongue to place the words in “the exact reverse of the English” order, and will remember that “the more they are chopped up, mangled, swallowed, and ejected through the nose (like tobacco-smoke by old smokers), the more possibility will exist of their being understood by a Frenchman.” While travelling at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour on the recklessly managed German railways, he can profitably employ his leisure in committing to memory the phrases, “Ich habe mich das Bein — den Arm zerbrochen” ; but we hope nothing free and enlightened — not even a short-trip American, — will ever be brought so low in strange lands as to stand in need of the German for “I am very poor ! Give me an alms for God's sake ! or, For the Holy Virgin's sake !” and we should be very sorry if any traveller came into possession of those obsolete Italian coinages which Mr. Morford is at the pains to reduce into United States money.

The author devotes eighty of his three hundred and thirty pages to advice for the exigencies of a sea-voyage, and the conduct of short-trip citizens abroad ; twenty to those remarkably “Useful Phrases in French and German,” of which we will own that we have not given the most useful, — though we have to add that we have but faintly hinted the general absurdity of Mr. Morford's ideas of language, — and ten to puffs of American hotels and watering-places. Consequently there are but two thirds of the book given to actual information, which is always of the meagerest and scrappiest kind, and delivered with an air of indescribable vulgar jauntiness, and the accompaniment of silly and irrelevant stories. We must complain particularly of our author for advising his short-trip Americans to practise corruption of European customs-officers. The advice is not only immoral, but, as addressed to citizens of a country offering the largest inducements in the world to smuggling and bribery, appears to us quite superfluous.